

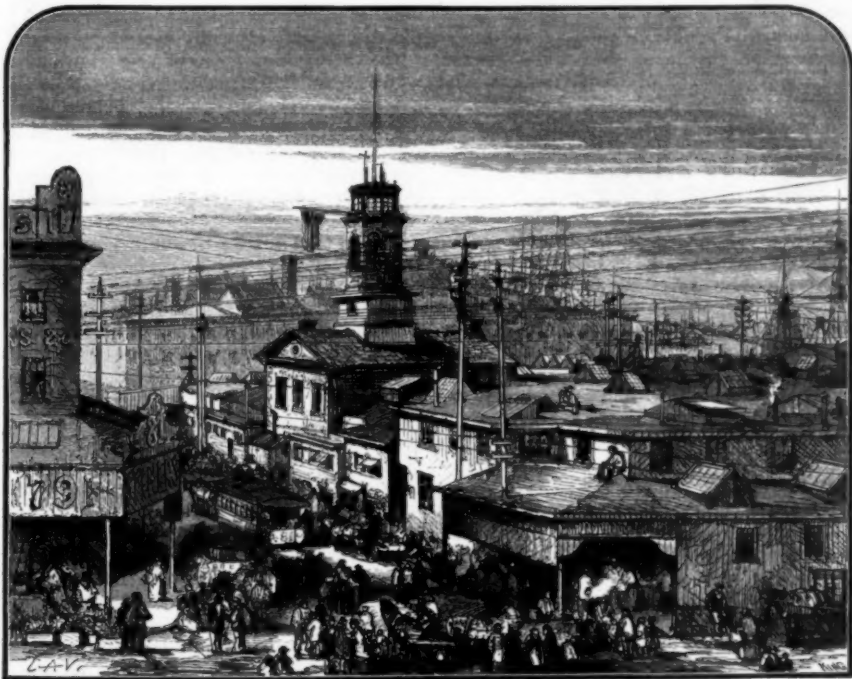
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1877.

No. 6.

HOW NEW YORK IS FED.



GENERAL VIEW OF WASHINGTON MARKET.

THERE are ten public markets in New York City and not one of them is worthy of the extent of business done or deserving of praise on economic or sanitarian grounds.

The shabbiness of the water-front is at its worst near Washington Market on the North River, and here the greater part of the city's food is bought and sold. Over one hundred million dollars are expended annually among the stand-holders, of whom there are five hundred, paying an annual rental of one hundred and forty-four thousand dollars into the city treasury. About one hundred and eighty are butchers, wholesale, retail and "shirk," or small-meat

men; forty-two are dealers in poultry and game; sixty in vegetables and fruit, eighty in butter and cheese, and twenty-three in provisions. Separated only by a narrow street is the wholesale branch, West Washington Market, where there are four hundred and fifty stand-holders, each doing an immense business, and increasing the rent-roll to the comfortable total of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The two buildings have been called bad names so often by the daily press that we need not repeat the charges of inadequacy and uncleanness made against them. Washington Market proper was built sixty-four

years ago on a site chosen by the Jersey men and women for the sale of their butter and eggs. Since then light wooden extensions have grown out from its brick center on all sides. The nucleus still holds together, and a partly effaced sign over a small arched door-way bears witness to the high-flown opinion the builders had of their work, "The Grand Country Market." A picturesque old belfry, the only attempt at ornamentation, crept upward from the roof, threatening to tumble off in windy weather, but this was recently taken down. The additions to the old brick market are more rickety than the main part. The floors, walls and roofs are of rough timbers, the whitewash of which records abundant dirt and brings out in a strong light the complete ugliness of the building. In the beginning it was shapeless and infirm, and time has so visibly undermined its weak constitution that plastering and patching cannot save it from downfall much longer.

Bad as the condition of the market itself is, the approaches to it are worse. On wet days the streets adjacent are ankle-deep in thick mud,—sloughs of despair to the trimly dressed housewife who desires to cross them, and at all times perilous, owing to the endless train of wagons passing through. But while the shabbiness of the water-front surpasses here, the traffic is unequaled at any other point. The approaches braved, you are launched upon a scene of activity that has few parallels in the city,—buffeted by an eager crowd, deafened by shrill cries, and bewildered by strange sights.

Choose a Saturday morning for a promenade in Washington Market, and you shall see a sight that will speed the blood in your veins,—matchless enterprise, inexhaustible spirit and multitudinous varieties of character. The best of stock is on sale,—prime beef, the fattest poultry, the freshest vegetables,—and the prices are the lowest. New Yorkers endure all the inconveniences of a street-car ride from Manhattanville or Harlem that they may have the traditional benefits of Washington Market in replenishing their larders. As you drift through the aisles,—gangways, the market-men call them,—the traders, who appear to have already more business than they can attend to, cheerily call your attention to their stock. "Nice quarter of mutton, sir?" "Prime sirloin of beef, twenty cents a pound?" "Here you are, sir! Haunch of venison, or a brace of

ducks?" And so on through a long catalogue. There are avenues with crimson drapery,—the best of beef in prodigious quarters; and avenues with soft velvet plumage of prairie-game from floor to ceiling; farther on a vegetable bower, and next to that a yellow barricade of country butter and cheese. You cannot see an idle trader. The poulterer fills in his spare moments in plucking his birds, and saluting the buyers; and while the butcher is cracking a joint for one purchaser he is loudly canvassing another from his small stand, which is completely walled in with meats. All the while there arises a din of clashing sounds which never loses pitch. Yonder there is a long counter, and standing behind it in a row are about twenty men in blue blouses, opening oysters. Their movements are like clock-work. Before each is a basket of oysters; one is picked out, a knife flashes, the shell yawns, and the delicate morsel is committed to a tin pail in two or three seconds.

In the east side of the market a number of alcoves are occupied by some old Irish-women, who deal in small wares of various kinds, from crockery to shoe-strings, and whose business does not engage them so closely that they cannot find a moment for placid reflection, or gossip with their neighbors over a refreshing pipe. Some of them are morose, however, and, hidden in a corner of their incommodious boxes, smoke away hours in waiting for customers, with no other relief to their existence than the inroads of some evil-minded small boy. The sidewalk merchants were once thick in the neighborhood of Washington Market, but most of them have been driven away. The only ones who dare remain and trust to the good nature of the policemen are a few itinerant venders of poisonous cigars, who accost you with one or two samples in their hands, and a box beneath their arm.

Constant in their rounds are some old vegetable-scorpions, who forage in the garbage-sweepings and fill their baskets with refuse that the dogs reject. They are terrible examples of the lowest poor, so gaunt and utterly woe-begone that we pause to wonder in what depth of poverty they breathe. A sharp contrast thrusts itself upon us as, after watching one of them poring over a festering heap of decayed stalks and leaves, and raking over each morsel with hungry care, we re-enter the market and mix with the rosy butchers and their well-to-do purchasers.

"Much cry and little wool," respectable a proverb as it is, meets with refutation at Washington Market; for with all the noise that attends the trading, little time is wasted in idle chaffing. Each dealer might inscribe over his stand that fine principle crystallized by Mr. Silas Wegg: "I never 'aggles." Most of the stand-holders are men of honest countenance and honest manner, whose reputations inspire the confidence of the buyers. Some of them, too, have stood in the market during the greater part of their lives, and have served the same customers for half a century. At stand No. 48 we are welcomed by John Harris, who was an apprentice to Daniel Spader under the same roof fifty-four years ago. A short distance from him we encounter Joseph Levinus, another veteran, whom our grandmothers patronized, and a few steps farther bring us to the stands of Justus D. Hiscock and John Walling, who were to be found dealing in fish and poultry at the old market forty-eight years ago, when Thomas F. DeVoe, the superintendent of markets until December last, was a butcher's apprentice. In alluding to market celebrities, we cannot omit mention of the latter gentleman, who is the author of two valuable works, in which he modestly subscribes himself, "Thomas F. DeVoe, butcher." He is a prominent member of the New York Historical Society, and is the possessor of a fund of local reminiscences gleaned in the spare hours of his trade. Entering an office which had been misused and corrupted under "ring rule," he at once devoted himself to the improvement of the markets, and during his incumbency he did excellent service. At a stand almost in center of the building the Rev. Halsey W. Knapp is found expatiating on a prime stock of poultry and game. He is an ordained minister in the Baptist church, and a nephew of the noted revivalist, Elder Knapp, and every Sunday preaches gratuitously to a large congregation in the chapel

at Laight and Varick streets. We might fill our article with sketches of market characters, but these brief examples show what good



ALCOVE, WASHINGTON MARKET.

material the market-men represent. A more honest or more courteous community cannot be found.

Nevertheless, some black sheep occasionally creep in, and offend by offering impure meats for sale, such as beef from animals that have died a natural death, or have been slaughtered in a bruised, starved, diseased or feverish condition; veal from very young calves; mutton and lamb from animals diseased or slaughtered in a starving or injured condition; pork from hogs smothered in the cars; poultry, stale or musty from long carriage or sudden change of weather, and treated to a chemical preparation to revive their color, and game that has died from starvation owing to deep snows. This is not a pleasant story, but it is not so bad as it might be were these diseased meats permitted to be sold. Fortunately, they have been seized almost as soon as exposed, and immediately carried away to the offal dock. Both the market officers and the attachés of the Board of Health combine to suppress this abominable traffic, and have partly succeeded.

Between sunset and midnight the business is dull, but with the first morning hour it

begins anew and is at a heat again before day-break. At 2 A. M. in summer, the wholesale business is opened, and a chance loiterer about the harbor-front at that hour finds life and light in the heart of the stillness and dark. From the adjacent streets and ferries there is a noisy outpouring of vehicles, some bringing tons of meat from the slaughter-houses, and others carrying it away. There are wagons from Newark, Paterson, Elizabeth, Jersey City and from towns as far up the Hudson as Peekskill. For not only is food supplied to the great city, but also to many of the suburbs within a radius of twenty-five or thirty miles. There is more system in this night market than in the day-time, and very little noise. Gangs of butchers load the wagons and dispatch them on their lonely journey home. An hour or two later, wagons come from city stores, and toward five or six o'clock the purveyors of hotels and restaurants, and the earlier retail purchasers, flock in—for the most part fresh-looking matrons of the laboring class—and ramble from stall to stall until their clean wicker baskets are filled.

The poor mostly frequent Catharine Market, situated at the foot of Catharine street, on the East River side. This, too, is a gloomy, incommodious structure, not so much inclined to tumble down as Washington Market, and not at all overcrowded. During most of the week it is a quiet, sleepy place, with none too much business. The eighty stand-holders who occupy it, and who pay seven thousand dollars annually into the city treasury for rent, solicit many a passer-by without finding a customer. There is hunger enough in the neighborhood,—creatures with monstrous appetites in each of the near tenement houses, but they are only small consumers, and live on bread and water through pinching necessity. Yet frugal as these people are, they choose one day in the hard-worked week for a feast, and on Saturday night go marketing in earnest. Then the business overflows the building, and spreads up the street on both sides as far as Chatham square. Then the famished masses come out of their obscure homes and barter with shrill eagerness for the modest luxuries they have been greedily anticipating for a week past. As you enter Catharine street from the Bowery and look down toward the river, the sidewalks seem aflame from the spouting jets of tar-oil illuminating the long lines of costermonger's wagons that are drawn close to the curbstone. The crowds are fairly wedged to-

gether, and a desperate struggle for room is waging all the while. The women who congregate here are often sharp, meager and scolding, plainly suffering from privations and excessive toil. But there are a few others whose good-humor and comely appearance are diffusive, and whose cheery laughter rings pleasantly in the Babel around. The great demand is for cheapness, and as the sidewalk venders usually undersell the store-keepers and stand-holders, they attract most customers. Some of their carts are filled with poultry, not as wholesome-looking as it might be, and a stout fellow mounted on one of the wheels bellows to the people passing, "Here y' are now. Ten cents a pound, only ten cents a pound!" A slight, cadaverous, slatternly woman with a basket on one arm, and a small boy clinging to her skirts, pauses and thrusts a bony hand into the heap at the bottom of the cart. She brings out a flabby duck, and submits it to a severe examination. First she pinches it; then smells it, pinches it again, and throws it back into the cart, bringing out another and another until her exacting taste is satisfied. Meanwhile, the owner of the stock watches her jealously, and will only be appeased by a purchase. Should she go away without that he makes her the subject of a coarse witticism, but not until she is out of hearing, for he knows well what a tongue she has, and fears it. Poor, overburdened soul! she has been cheated too often not to suspect such a vagabond as he, and she only follows the example of those around her, who finger the stock quite as warily. Next to the poultry-man's there are carts filled with lemons, apples, oranges, cocoanuts and other fruits, and next to them fish-stands, improvised out of boards, redolent of brine and worse things. The Hebrew face and the Hebrew voice are often met and heard. Many of the permanent stores are "slop-shops," and as we pass them a rude hand is placed on our arm and an unpleasant voice entreats us to "puy." There is a confusion of tongues, and as many varieties of the human face as there are varieties of nationality. A few stands are presided over by Chinamen, sly fellows, whose commodities are cigars and fruits. A perpetual grin plays across their yellow faces, expanding marvelously at every little unpleasantness that vexes their neighbors.

Business flows until nearly midnight, and then it ebbs. The poor go home, with heavy baskets and light anticipations for the mor-

row. The carts, their stock depleted, begin to depart one by one; at last only two or three remain, and their owners, anxious to be off, lower their prices and shout the louder to the stragglers in the now quiet street. Some poor wretches have waited all the evening for this, and come forward and buy what has been contemptuously tossed aside by a

\$20,562; the Clinton, 158 stands, rent, \$13,188; the Tompkins, 78 stands, rent, \$31,610; the Essex, 66 stands, rent, \$31,977 and the Union, 37 stands, rent, \$10,668.

We have said that not one of these buildings is a credit to the city. It is not too much to add that several are a disgrace. The only creditable market building is prac-



VENDER WAGONS AROUND CATHARINE MARKET AT NIGHT

hundred others only a penny richer than they are. They too will have their Sunday's dinner, and as they disappear,—a gleam of happiness, perchance, crossing their worn features,—the lights of the market are put out. On Sunday morning the market is open again, but it is closed at the sound of the church bells.

The other public markets now occupied are the Fulton, containing 340 stands, rent annually, \$68,486; the Center, 161 stands, rent, \$11,540; the Jefferson, 70 stands, rent,

Manhattan Market is one of the finest and largest buildings in the city; and perhaps it is not surpassed by any building used or intended for the same purposes in the world. Its exterior is the only ornament the North River front can boast. A cluster of nine spires ascends from an oval roof, wrought out of many-colored slates and ground glass. Pressed brick, stone and iron, are combined effectively in its high walls. The principal tower attains a height of 260 feet from the ground and 167 feet from the

roof. The entire structure covers an area 800 feet long and 200 feet wide. There is in addition a plaza of 14 lots for the accommodation of 500 farmers' wagons, and a capacious pier, 550 feet in length, 60 feet in width, with a water-front of 200 feet on the bulkhead, which can be approached by vessels of the greatest draught.

In the interior the walls rise to a great height and terminate in a lofty arch, which is supported by an ornamental iron frame. The coloring is in delicate tints. Ample light comes through the windows during the day, and at night from 31 large gas reflectors in the ceiling, in addition to a row of burners which extends around the walls. At each end of the building there are galleries containing offices and small store-rooms. A main aisle 800 feet long and 20 feet wide, extends through the building from Eleventh to Twelfth avenue, and is intersected by a central aisle running through from

Thirty-fourth street to Thirty-fifth street, which divides the wholesale from the retail department. There are also many doors, leading into every part of the market. The stands are divided into neat squares, and are built out of black walnut and spruce. The sanitary arrangements are perfect. Between the front and the rear there is an incline of 7 feet, with four 15-inch sewers passing through. The floors are of a very durable and smooth cement, and there is abundant water for washing purposes. The market was built by a joint-stock corporation, since dissolved. It cost \$1,500,000, and although it has 767 stands, very few of them are occupied. The greater part of its space has been recently turned into a slaughter-house.

Having glanced at the markets and shown how the city's food is distributed, our next step will be to show the system by which it is gathered and prepared.

Of the slaughter-houses and stock-yards the most complete and extensive are conveniently located in Jersey City, contiguous

to the Erie and Pennsylvania Central railways, which deliver the cattle brought from the West on their grounds. These establishments are called abattoirs, but they do not compare with the establishments of Paris from which they have taken their name, and in some notable instances they are open to objections on sanitary grounds. The best equipped are those of the Central Stock-yard and Transit Company, which erected



WEIGHING CATTLE.

and opened three years ago a new abattoir and stock-yards at Harsimus Cove, adjoining the Pavonia Ferry, at a cost of \$800,000. The buildings are entirely of wood, covering a water area of 2,200 by 320 feet, and have accommodations for 6,000 head of cattle and 20,000 sheep. All the live-stock arriving over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad are delivered here, and the receipts from the beginning have amounted to 80 or more car-loads a day, each car containing 120 hogs, 200 sheep or 16 beeves. At the eastern end of the structure there are extensive offices and a slaughter-house, with a capacity for killing 2,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep a day. On the Hackensack River, about two miles away, the company has erected another building especially for hog-slaughtering and fat-rendering, where over 10,000 hogs can be killed per day, and where the offal from both buildings is rendered for manufacturing purposes. Trains are constantly arriving; and there is scarcely an hour in the day when the yards are not

crowded. From a window in one of the upper offices, two hundred and forty pens, equal in size, can be seen extending out over an eighth of a mile. The brown and white cattle are thickly gathered within them. A long lane without a turning divides them into two rows, and at the right-hand side the railroad runs in, erected on piles over the water like the rest of the structure. Many droves are tramping out of one pen into others; some into a boat for conveyance to the city, and others into the slaughter-house. Occasionally a dealer enters one of the pens, and moves familiarly about among the long-horned Texan steers, whose hot tempers have been subdued on the journey from their pastures. He tries their fatness and counts their bruises in the manner of a connoisseur; perhaps wags his head misgivingly, and hurries off to find a purchaser. A strong likeness runs through all these cattle dealers and drovers, by the way. The dealers are huge fellows, bluff in bearing, shrewd at a bargain; dressy after their tastes, and so frequently the wearer of enormous seal-skin caps that they may be said to be uniformed. The drovers are a reckless, tattered, turbulent, hallooing crowd from across the sea, and are frantic in their work. Hoofs thunder down the lanes; in the pens there are constant bleatings and lowings; men rush hither and yon on one errand,—after cattle. A fierce whistle bursts through the air, and a long train of cars sweeps round the bend into the yard. More cattle,—twenty carloads of oxen from points west of Chicago. The new arrival breeds a fresh excitement, and the consignees, who have been notified by telegraph, are ready on the ground with their drovers, to transfer the stock from the cars to the pens. The poor beasts are herded close together, cramped, bruised and lean. One or two are found dead in the bottom of the cars,—a loss borne by the shipper. In a journey of over a thousand miles, occupying five or six days, they have been fed and watered only twice, once at Coast-line and once at Pittsburg. The drovers scramble behind the cars, and drive them out with as much noise as possible, using sticks and oaths with the utmost liberality. One car-load is unshipped at a time to prevent confusion among the different consignments. The poor beasts are then led off to the pens and fed and watered a third time. The manner of their transportation is inhuman in the extreme. An ox weighs about 1,200 pounds, and loses at least 120

pounds through starvation and close confinement in the journey from the West. Instances are known in which the shrinkage has been much greater, and in which whole trains of cattle have been run through from Pittsburg to New York without receiving food.

The main buildings of the abattoir, two stories in height, include two spacious halls, one for the shelter of drovers and another for the dealers, where they can transact their business. The Western Union and the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Companies have both established direct wires to all parts of the country, and there is also a special fire alarm telegraph to the Jersey City fire department. A restaurant is among the other conveniences and is patronized with a voracity that speaks well for the healthfulness of the trade. The upper story is divided into sheep-pens, and small offices for magnates of the company. Facing the river and adjoining a pier several hundred feet long are the slaughter-houses, which are lofty, well ventilated and well lighted. There are about twenty partitions ranged evenly through the building, and over each we observe a large wooden wheel, worked by a handle below. Each partition has a stall in which the beasts are kept and brought out one by one to the butchers. The hind feet are bound securely, and the head slipped through the noose of a rope attached to the wheel overhead. The butchers are stout, ruddy, muscular fellows in blue overalls, who do their work with astonishing precision and speed. At a signal from one of them, two powerful men begin to turn the crank-handle, and the massive beast is hoisted into the air. His past companions in the stall gaze on placidly the while, and exhibit the most stupid unconcern in his impending fate. An experienced knifeman with bared arms advances, and at one vigorous stroke cuts deep into the throat, dispatching life in an instant. The beast is next passed over to the men standing by; brought down from the gallows and suspended from one of the cross-beams. Knives ply like lightning about the carcass, and in about fifteen minutes more the hide and offal are removed, and the meat is almost ready for market. The blood is drained from the cement floors into tanks for sugar refining, and the offal is carted away to the Hackensack house, where it is rendered in air-tight iron tanks. A skillful butcher can slaughter and dress an ox in eleven minutes, but the time usu-

ally occupied, as shown above, is about fourteen or fifteen minutes.

The hogs are driven into a small pen, at one end of which is a semicircular set of iron cog-wheels and rods attached to the under side of elevated beams. Extending

and to improve rather than impair the health of their localities. Almost as many miracles are performed within them as at the shrines of winking Madonnas and other saintly remains. Superintendent De Voe tells us that in his own experience a child, whose



MARKING CATTLE AT THE STOCK-YARDS.

from these are chains with clasps, which are fastened to the hog's hind legs. The animal is hoisted from the floor, and after it has been stabbed and life is extinct, the carcass is swung around by the cog-wheels and rods, and deposited in scalding-tubs, where the bristles are removed. Thence it passes into the hands of the cleaners, and in two or three minutes from the time it was hoisted it is dressed and stored away. In this way 6,000 or 7,000 hogs are killed in a day. Most of the cattle slaughtered in the abattoirs are for Washington Market, and a large number alive are transported to the slaughter-houses in New York. In this service two steamboats are employed, carrying 600 or more head of cattle each trip.

The atmosphere of slaughter-houses is said to possess remarkable healing powers,

lower limbs were weak and shriveled, was brought to a slaughter-house by its mother three times a week. As the warm entrails were taken from the animals and placed in a tub, the mother thrust the child's puny legs into them, and had the satisfaction of seeing vitality imparted to the limbs. Under the same treatment the paralyzed limb of another and older boy was restored to its natural condition; and a youth whose life was despaired of was thus changed from a confirmed invalid to an active, muscular man.

At Oak Cliff, a short distance from Jersey City, is still another immense stock-yard for the reception of all cattle arriving over the Erie Railway. The average receipts are 1,347 car-loads a month, 462 cars of bullocks, 236 of sheep, 16 of calves, and 633 of hogs. With the exception of the

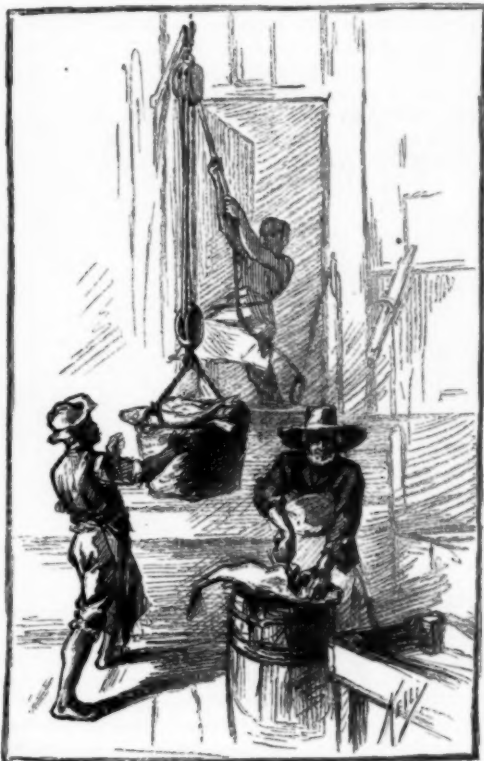
latter, which are packed and exported, nearly all this live-stock is for consumption in avenues and alleys of our hungry city.

There remain for mention the stock-yards and slaughter-houses in New York City. At Fifty-ninth street and North River all the cattle coming over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad is delivered. We are not enabled by the managers to give the exact figures, but the receipts may be set down as about equal to those of the Erie. This stock is mainly divided among the slaughter-houses in the city, of which there are about fifty. These establishments include some which are wholly unfitted for their uses, and which are "raided" time and again by the health officers without other than a temporary effect. The buildings are condemned, their proprietors are fined, and for a week or two they no longer offend the nostrils. But when the excitement against them has subsided, they are in as full blast as ever. Many of them are single-storied and built entirely out of wood. The drainage is bad, and the floors retain pools of putrid animal matter. The walls are a horrible color and often are not treated to whitewash in weeks. Offal is retained on the premises instead of being at once removed, as the health regulations require, and it often happens that such sins as these against cleanliness are coupled with others against humanity.

At the foot of Fortieth street, North River, all the hog slaughtering is done, amounting to about 1,270,263 hogs in a year, valued at \$15,000,000. At least 300 firms are engaged in the business, and they employ over 3,000 men.

Texan beef is usually disliked, and has been classed among the poorest meats,—not, we are told, because the animal is naturally inferior to other breeds, but because in transportation from its pastures to the New York slaughter-houses it has been beaten, half starved, and tortured. From the rich Texan pasture land, it has been customary to drive the animals a seven months' journey to the prairies of Kansas and Colorado. Thence after a severe winter they have been packed in the railway cars and

brought a journey of 1,800 miles, with, perhaps, only two supplies of food and water on the way. On arriving in the east they have been found bruised and emaciated, and the meat is discolored and tasteless. A company is now in operation which takes the beeves directly from the pastures to the slaughter-house in Texas where the meat, dressed and prepared for the market, is shipped in "refrigerator" cars to the metropolis. The Texas and Atlantic Refrigerator Car Company was chartered in July, 1873, and at once built fifty cars, the number of which has since been largely increased. Extensive slaughter-houses were constructed at Denison, and connected with houses for cooling



DRESSING COD-FISH, FULTON MARKET.

the meats and rendering tallow. The cars are run on special time and are delivered at the Erie dépot in Jersey City five and a half days after leaving Denison, a distance of 1,800 miles. They are made of two thicknesses of board, which are packed with ice

and sawdust. The slaughtered meat is thoroughly cooled before it is put on board, and on arriving at its destination has lost very little color, although in hot weather it is liable to "sweat." Those who disparage the experiment of the company declare that it becomes unfit for food shortly afterward, and those who are interested assert that the meat is still wholesome and remains so for a considerable time. The material point with many, however, will be this: the slaughtered and dressed beef can be transported at one-third the cost of live-stock, and can be sold with profit at six cents a pound when beef slaughtered in New York is sold at eight cents without profit. Such is the statement of the agent of the company.

While the abattoirs are hot and reeking, a picturesque fleet of sloops and schooners are beating through the local fisheries in search of food of another sort. There are 130 vessels of varying tonnage thus occupied,—some on the south side of Long Island, and others on the coast and in the bays of New Jersey. With a hardy crew,



UNLOADING FISH-CARS AT FULTON MARKET.

they cruise about in storm and sunshine eight or ten days at a time, and do not return to the city until they are loaded down with fresh fish. The principal market is at Fulton Ferry, our American Billingsgate,

and there, in the busy season, you may see twenty or thirty discharging their cargoes at once. The market is a substantial wooden structure, which was built in 1869, at a cost of \$126,000, and the owners are the Fulton Market Fishmongers' Association, the members of which include none but stand-holders. There are eighteen of these, each doing only a wholesale business, amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$3,000,000 yearly. They do not supply the city alone; indeed, about seventy per cent. of the stock is shipped by rail and steamship to points as far as 400 miles away, and a swarm of men are constantly packing the fish for distant transportation as fast as it is delivered by the vessels at the market. Old sugar-boxes are used for the purpose, the fish and ice being placed in alternate layers. The quantity of ice used is in proportion to the distance the fish has to go, and when it exceeds 300 miles the two articles are packed in equal proportion. Each firm has the same amount of space in the market, with a door entering on South street, an office and an extension to the water-front, where vessels deliver their stock to each firm separately. Sometimes a belated sloop or schooner comes to the wharf after the market has closed, and it might be expected that she would rest in peace until morning. But the fishermen are too thrifty and industrious for that. Extending in a straight line from each stand into the dock are ten or twelve strong boxes, something like scows, which have movable lids and are called "cars." The fish are unloaded into these, which are partly filled with salt water; a brief statement of the consignment is deposited in the letter-box, the brown and well-worn sails are hoisted, and before daylight the old craft is out at sea again, her nets trailing in the gray depths for prey. It is a pretty sight to see one of these old coasters enter the wharf and unload in the moonlight, her crew, a rough-visaged, brawny set of men, with bare legs and arms, gathered on the deck over the glittering cargo, and working silently in the pale light. The sails cling loosely about the masts, dripping with spray, and not furred, as they are so soon to taste the breeze once more. Soon the fishermen haul out into the stream again; there is a creaking of ropes, and with helm hard up to the wind, the boat speeds down the broad bay and into the ocean.

The boats are mostly owned jointly by the crew manning them and the dealers in the market. A few are exclusively owned by

the fishermen themselves, however, who deliver their cargoes at the market to be sold on commission. From the south side of Long Island, weak-fish, bass, blue-fish, Spanish mackerel, flounders and eels are obtained in the summer and fall. In the winter, only eels and flounders. From the coast of New Jersey, mackerel, shad and

houses. In this condition they will keep for six months or longer, and when melted are found as fresh to the taste and sight as a fish just captured.

Some fish are brought to the city and sold on the wharves, including about forty schooner-loads of herrings during the winter; but much the greater part of the business is concentrated



FULTON FISH-MARKET BY MOONLIGHT.

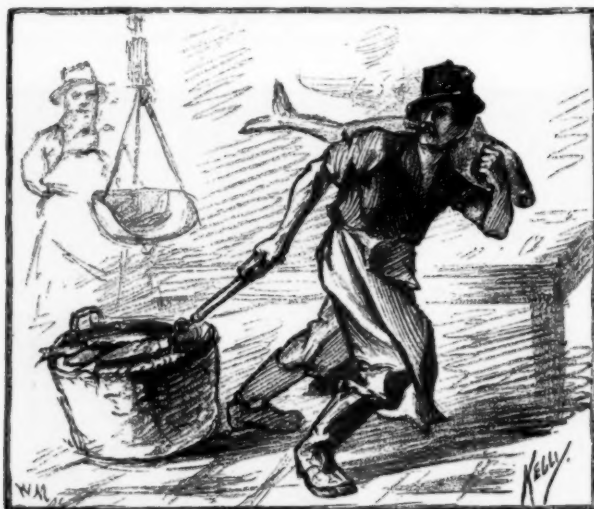
sea-bass are brought in the spring and summer; blue-fish and striped bass in the fall, and cod in the winter. From the bays of New Jersey, sheep's-head, weak-fish, king-fish, bass and perch during the several seasons. Fish is also brought to the market from the fresh and salt water grounds in all parts of the United States. The season for salmon is between April and September, when that fish is obtained from Canada, Maine and California; but by a novel system a supply is kept in the market all the year round. A freezing-house has been established in connection with the market at No. 119 Front street, and during the month in which the salmon is plentiful, quantities of it are frozen there and packed in ice-

in the market. The packing-houses are supplied by other vessels, on board of which the fish is salted down before it is brought to the city.

"What is cheap and abundant in New York?" a despairing housekeeper, newly arrived from England, recently asked the writer, after he had enumerated the high prices of many articles of food. The answer was "fruit," which is to be had here in greater luxuriance and at lower prices than in London or Paris. A few paces south of the fish-market are the tropical fruit-quays, where are anchored the sunburnt vessels which bring to the metropolis its supply of bananas, cocoa-nuts, oranges, lemons and pine-apples. Standing here on a summer's day you may

dream yourself into the far south lands with little effort of the imagination. There are the odors, the vivid colors and the dreamy laziness of the tropics. The tumble-down old sheds have a true southern aspect, the vessels

which shippers suffer heavy losses, a whole cargo occasionally proving unfit for the market. The hatches should always be open, and when rough weather makes it necessary to close them, the loss is very great. Thunder-storms are also fatal to the fruit. An instance is recorded of a vessel which arrived off lower Quarantine one night and was detained there for several hours. During the delay a heavy thunder-storm occurred, and the pine-apples on board were almost totally destroyed. Nevertheless, the trade is very extensive, and two firms in New York City alone buy at least half a million annually for canning. Large numbers are also sent hence by rail; they are imported from Eleuthera, San Salvador, Matanzas, Havana, Abaco and Baracoa.



MARKET HAND-CART, FULTON MARKET.

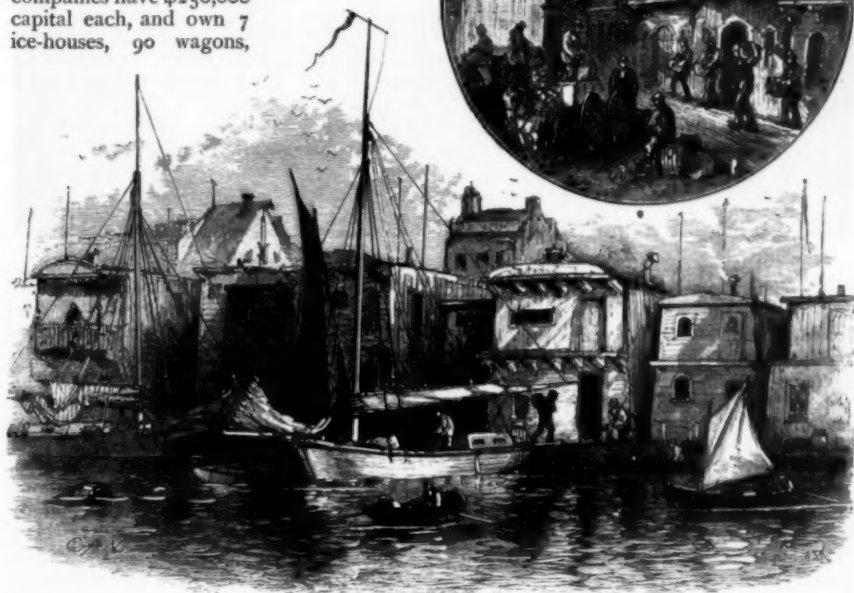
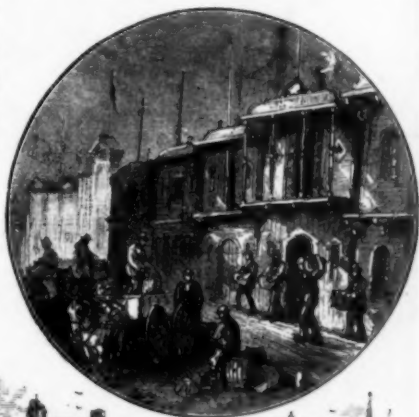
drawn close together in their berths are blistered and whitened with heat. The people alone have the touch of northern vigor, and they are slightly tamed by the strange atmosphere and aspect of the place. Yonder is a schooner unloading a cargo of bananas from Baracoa, which are scattered on the dock, waiting for removal in the wagons that are stationed on the wharf. The crew are idling on the forward deck, stretched out at luxurious full-length and covered by a tattered old sail. The hatches are off the hold, and, glancing down, we see the depths of fruit. The bottom of the boat is lined with cocoa-nuts, which serve as ballast, and the bunches of bananas are carefully packed in upright positions. It is a tender fruit, and sometimes an entire cargo is ruined on the passage. Prowling about the wharf are several women and girls, hucksters by trade, who buy the damaged and over-ripe portions, selling them from their stands at street corners with no little profit. On the deck are more bananas packed in crates and raised on boards to allow the water to pass underneath. Alongside this vessel is another, weighted down with pine-apples, also from Baracoa, which are piled on the deck and are deep in the hold. This, too, is a fruit upon

Cocoa-nuts come from Baracoa, San Blas, Roca del Tora, Ruatan, and other West Indian and South American ports. About one-fifth of the quantities shipped is lost on the voyage through decay. As with pine-apples, however, a considerable business is done in them, and one firm in New York desiccates and cans about 150,000 of them monthly. As we linger on the wharf a third vessel enters laden with oranges. This fruit is gathered by men and boys, after which it is assorted by women, wrapped in paper by young girls, and finally packed in boxes, the oranges without stems being rejected. Such care is only taken in the gardens on the Mediterranean coast, and is exceptional in the West Indies. There the oranges are often shaken or beaten from the trees; sometimes carted from the interior by ox-teams over rough roads, and frequently shipped in a damaged condition. Not many other kinds of tropical fruit than these we have described are brought to the city. Limes are received in increasing numbers every year, and a small number of mangoes are sometimes seen in the market, but they are very delicate, and it is almost impossible to bring them to New York. All foreign fruits are sold at auction in lots of not less than twenty boxes soon

after their arrival. About \$4,000,000 of capital are invested in the trade. The supply of American fruits in the New York markets is also ample and of the best kind. The choicest of the peninsular peach-growers' crop is brought here, with blackberries from New Jersey and Delaware; raspberries from the Hudson River towns, water-melons from the South; pears and grapes from California. Whatever is richest in the products of America is contributed to the daily food-supply of the great sea-board metropolis.

Ice is provided for the city by five companies with an aggregate capital of \$3,750,000. The Knickerbocker Company owns an ice area of 283 acres at Rockland Lake, a few miles from the Hudson River, opposite Sing Sing, 20 ice-houses with a capacity for storing 500,000 tons, 600 delivery wagons, 36 barges, and about 1,000 horses. During the ice harvest they employ about 5,000 men. The capital of this company alone is \$2,000,000. The Washington Ice Company has a capital of \$1,000,000, 10 ice-houses between Esopus and Coeyman's on the Hudson River, with a capacity for storing 300,000 tons, 180 wagons, 300 horses, and 20 barges,—3,000 men are employed during the harvest. The three other companies have \$250,000 capital each, and own 7 ice-houses, 90 wagons,

160 horses, and 10 barges, giving employment to 1,500 men during the harvesting. The manner of gathering the crop is interesting in the extreme. The houses front on the rivers or lakes from which the ice is taken, and have a storage capacity varying between 10,000 and 50,000 tons. They are built of wood, with two frames, the space between which is closely packed with sawdust from top to bottom; the first floor is also of two thicknesses of planking similarly packed. Forty feet higher is another floor of one thickness, covered with salt-hay, and above that a flat or pitched roof protected with gravel. The house is divided into spaces of 50 feet each, by partitions, which, like the walls, are packed from ground to roof with sawdust, impenetrable to heat. Each partition has an elevator upon which the ice is raised. After the water has frozen, all snow is removed from



OYSTER-BOATS, SHOWING STREET AND RIVER FRONTS.

the surface as fast as it falls. This is done by an instrument resembling a common turnpike-scraper, which is made of wood, with iron sheatings, and is drawn by horses, as a rough plow, with a man guiding. A coating of frozen snow usually remains after this process, and is removed by another scraper, with a fine blade. The ice-men often have to wait months before the ice is in a proper condition for cutting, and have to scrape the surface afresh after every fall of snow—occasionally a fifth or sixth

an iron instrument into oblong squares about 6 feet by 12 in size, which are subdivided into smaller squares, measuring about 22 by 30 inches. The groove made by the marker is followed by a "cutter," drawn by horses, and the large sheet is finally separated from the mass by spades, and propelled by two men to the elevator, through a canal in the river which is made as the work gradually extends outward from the land. A good day's work for 3,000 men would be the gathering of 1,600 tons, and the com-



MILKMEN CROSSING PAVONIA FERRY EARLY IN THE MORNING.

time. Then, as in a mild season like last winter, the alternate slight frosts and thaws protract the work, spoiling the crop to the extent of many hundred tons. A practical ice-man is constantly patrolling the river to discover changes in the condition of the ice, and to announce to the workmen when it is fit for gathering. As soon as that moment arrives there are stirring scenes opposite the houses. The ice is crowded with men and horses, and the crisp air resounds with busy voices. The scrapers are brought out again, and the surface is cleared of all the snow that remains. The ice is first marked out with

panies consider a million tons a good crop for the whole season. Formerly large quantities of ice were exported from New York to Southern ports, but they are now supplied from Boston and Maine.

At about midnight the milk trains begin to arrive at the railway dépôts, the daily receipts by the several roads being as follows: Hudson River, one train, 10,000 gallons; Erie, two trains, 40,000 gallons; New Haven, one train, 3,000 gallons; Harlem, one train, 4,000 gallons; Pennsylvania, one train, 10,000 gallons; New Jersey Central, one train, 9,000 gallons.

The retail wagons are rattling through the

streets the livelong night. At Pavonia Ferry several hundred are seen clustered together, and the sleepy drivers nod on their boxes as they wait for their consignments. They are coming and going constantly, and as the last wagon departs, its driver

bidding the railroad men "good-morning," the city shows signs of waking, and in the east streaks of daylight start out of the night. Faithful servants have been working meanwhile, and food is ready for the hungry million.

AT LAST.

WITH years bowed down, of bud and leaf stripped bare,
 A blasted pine stood trembling all alone;
 And as it stretched its withered limbs in air,
 Its grief welled up in many a sigh and groan;
 Nor flowers, that peeped with pitying, upturned eyes
 From moss and fern that clustered at its feet,
 Nor birds, that swept and warbled through the skies,
 Could make its lot more bearable or sweet.

A storm arose, and from the piercing blast
 A bird sought shelter on an outstretched limb;
 Secure it rested till the clouds had passed,
 Then cheered the tree and woodland with its hymn.
 The aged pine which mourned its fate before—
 That fate which doomed it helpless to decay—
 Now found, with joy that thrilled it to the core,
 It still might comfort in its humble way.



NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"SEE HERE! SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE depositors in the Poor Man's Savings Bank were favored with only one day for the run which they had determined to make upon its ready funds. On the second morning a receiver took possession of it, the door was closed upon the gathering crowd, and a placard, stating the facts, was posted upon it. Many of those who assembled in front of Mr. Benson's house, and prevented his egress, were those who had been turned away from the bank,—men of desperate fortunes and desperate purposes, who were only restrained from violence by the presence of a body of police.

Mr. Benson's note, stating that he was too ill that morning to make his appearance at the bank, was received; and it was concluded to let him alone that day, for rest and recovery, as he would need all his strength for the investigation determined upon.

To Mr. Benson, with his active habits, his accustomed freedom, and his long command of circumstances, the day seemed interminable. To be caged in his own house, with a lost dog for his only companion; to have the attention of the whole city called to his fall by the miserable mob before his dwelling; to be besieged and menaced by the men and women who had so revered and bowed down to him, filled him with anger and shame. He could see no way out of it. Why should he care to live? What would there be left to him when his reputation and money were both gone? Even should he escape the punishment of a prison, he could be nothing but an outcast. The heap of ashes in the street, from which he had called his brute companion, would be his home, and no cry nor whine that he might raise would move to beckoning the hands of sympathy and mercy. The mark of Cain was upon him.

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Every one who found him would, slay him, and he felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Practically, he was already a pauper. He had been practicing the arts of the dead-beat for weeks. He had borrowed, from day to day, on such pretenses as might be necessary to secure success, and the end had come. He could never fulfill his pledges; he could never have a chance to rise again. He could see nothing before him but flight and disgraceful exile, or a, pinched and disreputable life among the scenes through which he had moved for so many years in honor and assured power and prosperity. As the night came down, and the crowd in front of his dwelling dispersed, he found that his untended rooms were growing cold. So he built a fire for himself in his library, and spent the evening in burning papers. Every scrap that could possibly make against him in the examination of his affairs was consumed. He tore the leaves which recorded his knowledge of the stolen bonds out of his note-book and burned them.

An awful purpose was taking possession of his mind. He had not received it fully, but it hung around him like an invisible spirit,—dreadful, but not unwelcome,—bearing the face of an enemy but the hand of a friend; pointing a path out of certainties into uncertainties—out of a known hell into one unknown—out of cruel entities into possible nothingness. He had arrived at a point where what he regarded as his faith had slipped away from him, and skulked in the distance, and laughed at him for a fool. If there had been anything in prayer—if there had been anything in religion—if there was a God above him or a hell beneath—why had he, whose life had been conspicuously religious, been left unhelped and unblest? It was all a foolish, cruel dream.

The heavens were not only brass above him, but they had become burnished brass, in which he could see reflected every unworthy motive by which he had been led to seek the propitiation of the Being who, as he had believed, made them His abode,—his desire for respectability—his wish, for duties rendered, to secure wealth—the yoke of obligation he had borne in the place of a love that should have borne him—the wide and fatal gulf that lay between his religion and his morality. It was all worthless dross—the residuum of a life which he had supposed was pure gold.

The first of the evening hours were busy
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ones. The dog sat and watched him, licking his cold hands when they were at rest. Even the dog seemed to feel that there was another dark shadow present which he could not see. He sniffed the air. He went back and forth between the window and the door. Then he lay down and lapsed into troubled dreams, from which he woke to reassure himself that nothing unwelcome had happened to his new master. The roar from the street was muffled by the intervening rooms, and only made the silence of the house deeper and more dreadful. The clock ticked so loudly that Mr. Benson rose and stopped it—and then the shadowy presence crept closer. It promised escape. It promised forgetfulness. It promised a sudden end of all earthly cares and sorrows. It promised an overwhelming defeat of all earthly enemies. It promised a revenge upon all persecutors. Under its stimulating suggestions he felt a tide of triumph rising in his heart. He was still master of the situation. There was only one consideration which dampened his sense of triumph. Would not the act to which he felt himself moved be a confession? Would it not stain him with a disgrace more dreadful than the alternative life of ignominious poverty?

And then there came the suggestion of a scheme which would relieve him even from this. He knew that Captain Hank would come, and he rejoiced in the thought that the robber was starved and desperate. There was no act at which the miscreant would hesitate, in his blind greed and rage.

It was already getting late. He took out his watch and saw that it lacked but half an hour of midnight. Rising from his chair, he patted the dog's head, and said:

"Old fellow, will you take care of this room?"

The dog understood the question, and wagged his tail in an affirmative response.

He passed out of his library, closing the door behind him without locking it. He slowly mounted to his room, lighted a single burner, poured out a potion from a phial, then crushed the glass into a thousand pieces, and wrapping these in a paper, raised a window and tossed them into the street. Then he carefully removed his clothing, turned down the light somewhat, and placing the potion within his reach, went to bed. He was dressed as usual for his rest, save in a single particular. He had put a handkerchief around

his neck, and tied it loosely, in a hard knot.

A church-bell not far off tolled the hour of twelve, and almost simultaneously he heard the door-bell ring. Captain Hank was true to his appointment. He rang again and again, and then Mr. Benson heard him, wearied and maddened, descending the steps.

The street was still, for the hour had come when the stir and strife of the old day had worn themselves out, and the life of the new day was not begun—that period which, sweet as it is in the country, is full of awe to the waking citizen—that period which seems as if a million hearts had ceased to beat, and the city were dead. The sleepless invalid, the superstitious child, the watchful mother, turned upon their couches, and longed for the sound of wheels, or the step of a passing watchman, to assure them that, amid the dangers of the elements and the machinations of crime, more fearful than storm or fire, some one was awake and abroad.

But Mr. Benson was more than content with the silence. He hoped—he almost lapsed into his habit of praying—that it might not be broken. He had abounding faith in the desperate ruffianism of his midnight visitor, and believed that he had not gone away. He lay still, listening, with every sense alert, to catch the slightest noise that might reach his room. He lay thus an hour, nothing but his throbbing heart disturbing him. At length, when his patience was nearly exhausted, he heard a low, grating noise in the rear of his dwelling. He rose upon his elbow, to make sure that he was not deceived. A creak, as of some fastening severely tried, or slowly giving way, assured him, and then he swallowed his draft to the last drop, and lay down again.

Ah! who can follow him now, even in imagination? Those first sweet, wild dreams, whither did they lead him? Far out to sea, bounding over waves of silver, with the breath of spicy islands regaling his quickened senses? Were there beautiful forms upon the deck around him? Were there marvelous fires in the sky above him? Did he fly, as if the bark that bore him were a thing of the air? Were the elements his slaves? Did the creatures of the deep, with iris-tinted sides, rise up to gambol in his sight, and strew the sea with pearly spray?

Did he hear the bells of his church ring far away—far away—as if their tones fell

down to him like stars, blazing and fading, or flew down to him like angels, from some inaccessible height, and folded their wings as they touched and melted into himself? Did he hear the organ that once led him in his worship, beginning its cadences in some almost inappreciable dream of sound, like a rivulet picking its sweet, complaining way through a distant glen, and then rising by slow accretions of power until the waves of awful music broke out upon the universe, hurrying the clouds out of heaven, and enveloping the world with the screams and thunders and multitudinous voices of a thousand storms? Did he walk through the streets of a golden city, a crown upon his head and a purple robe upon his shoulders, trailing over pavements of ruby and amethyst, while all who met him bowed or knelt in obeisance, and dusky slaves in gorgeous raiment announced his coming, and made wide the path for his feet?

And then, did there slowly come a change? Was he aware that a dog was at his side—a strange creature that would not away, but pressed a cold nose against his shrinking hand wherever he went—a living shadow that followed him, or asserted a place by his side, through whatever glory shone upon him, or whatever ministry of honor was tendered to him? Did he try to fly from the creature, and, as he flew, did he find himself at sea again, the dog, with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth, swimming in the wake of the scudding vessel, his body stretching miles away in serpentine waves and convolutions? Did ships wrapped in flame rush wildly across his path, paving the ocean with fire and painting the clouds with blood, and bursting like rockets into stars of green and gold, and showers of crimson rain? Did his own ship split in twain, with a crack of thunder, and did he slip helplessly into the yawning chasm, his struggling heart grasped in the horny hands of fears that rushed in upon him, impersonated in forms of hideous terror—down—down—down—into the violet water, great monsters, with staring, vacant eyes, chafing him with their slimy sides; rotting wrecks below him, with sleeping skeletons upon their decks; gems on the ocean's floor, that slipped away from him as he tried to grasp them; mocking laughter ringing that seemed to reverberate through interminable galleries, bursting upon one ear, and then echoing wide around the world, and coming back, shivered into spiteful ripples, to the other?

Then by some swift miracle was he in his home again—with a great multitude of weeping, blood-shot eyes gazing up to him from the street, with a thousand tongues loading him with curses, and a thousand hands lifted in menace? And then did he hear a far-off roar, coming nearer and nearer, as if some great engine of wrath and destruction were approaching upon wheels that ground the pavement beneath them to powder, while the faces of the crowd grew white with apprehension? Did it come on, and on, while men yelled and women fainted—on and on, fiery-throated, clothed with triple brass, drawn by demons, and rushing by at last with ponderous, thunderous, irresistible momentum, leaving behind its murderous passage an indistinguishable mass of mangled flesh and comminuted bones, all crimsoned with the vital tide from bursting hearts?

And then, ah, then! when the wheels had passed away, and a strange lull came down and enveloped all things, did he find himself standing in a vast, white silence, that seemed a part of his dream, yet presented materials and visions which had never entered into a dream?

The stuff of which dreams are made was all behind him! As a storm which sweeps from the west, on a late afternoon, with its burden of lightning, and thunder, and rain, and tempestuous wind, lifts its veil from the evening sun, while still its departing skirts trail down the east, so his dream had come and gone. There were flashes back upon the worldward memory, but he had entered a new world, with an everlasting sun.

Was it a desert of illimitable sand, with mocking oases and seductive and deceitful mirages? Was it a land of fair pastures—of flower-bordered paths that led to a golden city with gleaming spires, and welcoming banners, and walls of precious stones? No one knows; and those who have followed him through the possible dream which introduced him to his new life will gladly commit him to the just and pitying One whom he served so poorly and mistakenly in his earthly career.

Captain Hank, unknowing of the tragedy that had occurred during his tedious passage into the house, had at last effected an entrance. The family were gone with their jewels. Thomas and the cook, licensed by their owner, whose determination to end his life had already been dimly taken, had carried off the silver; and he found the available rewards of his guilty enterprise

provokingly scanty. He carried his dark lantern around from room to room, peering into drawers and closets, stopping at intervals to listen, and inwardly cursing his ill luck. He regaled himself in the larder with such viands and wines as he found, and mounted leisurely from story to story, making sure at every step of his backward passage, and looking for the room in which his victim slept. He did not enter the library, where he knew the safe to be, because he would not find the key there. The old grudge which he owed Mr. Benson for circumventing him in getting possession of the bonds, and the new grudge which had been inspired by Mr. Benson's failure to keep his promise with him on that evening, were burning bitterly in his heart. His disappointment at not finding anything in his search that was valuable, and, at the same time, portable, fed the flames of his anger and resentment.

At last he opened the door he sought, and carefully peered within. There lay the man he hated, in a sound and peaceful sleep! Unmindful of his engagement, enjoying the calm repose of a man to whom crime was a stranger, forgetful of the wrongs he had inflicted upon a thousand poor men and women, recruiting himself for another day's machinations and mischief,—there he lay, in a slumber so profound that neither noise nor light turned full upon his face could disturb him!

At first, Captain Hank was struck with a kind of awe. His heart beat thickly in his ears as he stepped within the room. He had seen the handkerchief around Mr. Benson's neck, and had determined what he would do with it if the wearer should stir. He found his clothes, and extracted a bunch of keys from the pockets, and then he looked again, and saw the placid face in a smile that seemed half conscious. He searched the room for treasure, and discovered a watch, which he pocketed. Then he heard, or thought he heard, a noise. Was Mr. Benson waking?

He turned upon him like a tiger, grasped the handkerchief at his throat, and gave it a cruel twist, that carried his knuckles deep into the cold flesh. Then he released his hold, and sprang back as if a viper had stung him.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "the man is dead!"

If invisible fiends haunt such a man and such a scene as this, what inextinguishable laughter must have possessed them when

they saw how cleverly Captain Hank had been entrapped by his wily antagonist! The handkerchief was placed there for him by the man who, proposing to pass out of life, and lingeringly fond of his reputation, contrived everything for the purpose of being reputed a murdered man. In the malediction of the crime of another, words of pity and commiseration would be spoken concerning himself! To be murdered would be to soften the world's judgments! To be murdered would be a calamity so much greater than the loss of money, that the disaster which he had brought upon so many would be forgotten in his own!

There was no cause for haste now. Captain Hank had learned that he was then the only living man in the house. He sat down in a chair, pale in the face, feeling his hands and feet growing cold, and perspiring at every pore. He had not in his heart intended murder, but there lay the evidence of his crime. He recognized all the possibilities and probabilities of the situation, but with the keys in his hand he would not relinquish his quest for treasure until he had visited the safe.

Not a growl, not a whine, had the dog uttered during all the noise, but he stood ready and waiting, with fierce eyes and trembling limbs, to defend what he had agreed to defend. His keen scent had detected the invading personality. He knew already the antagonist he was about to encounter, and every savage, brutal instinct within him was aroused. The moment Captain Hank opened the door, and threw before him the bar of straight, red light from his dark lantern, he saw two blazing eyes that sprang toward him. He darted back, but there was a grip upon his throat. He gave an involuntary yell of pain, and, dropping his lantern in the darkness, fought wildly with his hands. He reached the staircase without knowing it, and then, just as he had drawn a pistol from his pocket, fell headlong, and man and dog rolled to the foot of the stairs together, the aimless firearm exploding during the passage. A groan, a cry, mingling with the growl of the unhurt beast that held him fast, completed the tragedy of the moment.

A watchman who, unknown to Mr. Benson, had been detailed to stand outside during the night, and make sure that he did not fly, heard the tumult within, and knew that some strange and fearful violence was in progress. His club rang upon the sidewalk in a long series of sharply re-

sounding strokes, and, as a police station was but a few rods distant, it was not five minutes before the entire block was surrounded by a cordon of strong and eager men.

The front of the house was bolted and barred, and nothing but extreme violence could effect an entrance there. No response came to the loudest knocking and the most persistent ringing. Then, three or four of the policemen found an opening into the block, and sought the rear of the dwelling. A window was up, and they saw that it had been forced.

One after another, they lifted themselves in, and lighting the gas in the basement, proceeded with their lanterns upstairs. There, stretched upon the floor of the hall, the great dog over him, lay a bleeding form which they recognized at once. They understood the nature of his errand, and did honor to his captor, who looked from his prize up into their faces, and wagged his tail. They patted his head, and told him that he had done well.

The dog seemed to know that these men had authority, and yielded his place to them. Creeping back, he suddenly darted upstairs. He did not stop at the library, but went on, snuffing as he went, and while the policemen were stooping over the prostrate man, trying to determine whether life were still in him, they heard a howl far up among the chambers, so wild, so full of sorrow and the distress of despair, that their strong hearts almost stopped beating.

Having determined that Captain Hank was not dead, a single officer was left to watch him, while the remainder, with solemn faces, mounted the stairs, led by the brute voice that bewailed the lost master, to the room where he lay. It was a plain case. Mr. Benson, with whose dignified figure they had been familiar for many years, was dead, by a murderer's hand. The twisted handkerchief by which the awful deed had been wrought was in its place, and the print of a cruel hand beneath it. The doer of the murder had forced his way into the house. He had been caught in the house; and when they went back to him, too sober and awe-stricken to upbraid or curse him, they found upon his person the evidences that he had been in the room of the murdered man.

Captain Hank had opened his eyes. He looked wildly about him, and saw that he was a captive.

"Take care of the dog," he growled, huskily, "or I'll shoot him."

"Ay, old fellow, and we'll take care of you, too," was the response.

They tried to lift him.

"Hold on, boys! Let me think," he said.

"You'll have time enough to think between this and the rope," was the answer. "Get up, if you can, or we'll help you."

"Hold on a minute," repeated Captain Hank. "There's something I want to say. I can't quite get hold on't. What was it about the rope? Oh, look here! Benson's dead."

"Yes, we know that, and we know who killed him, too."

"See here! He was dead when I found him. Now I remember all about it."

"That wont go down, Captain Hank. You've left your mark on him."

"Boys," said Captain Hank, with a harsh oath, "this is rough on a hard-workin' and slow-savin' man, as comes here by app'intment, to collect his honest debts. Old Benson owed me a pile, an' he telled me he'd pay to-night, an' he wasn't up to his bargain. He couldn't be. He was—he was—dead! I found him dead."

A chorus of derisive laughter was all the response that Captain Hank received for his attempt at explanation and justification, and, with a groan, he realized at last the adverse verdict of appearances, and saw before him a murderer's death.

"Boys, I'm in for it," he said, as he struggled to his feet, and supported himself against the newel of the staircase.

Meantime the dog had descended, and stood guarding the door. They patted his head, and told him his work was done; and as they opened the door into the street, he rushed out, and that was the last that was seen of him. His new master was gone, and he went out on his fruitless quest for the old, to become the degraded occupant of some squatter's shanty in the outer streets, or a vagabond with his houseless fellows.

A force was left in charge of the house, and Captain Hank was conveyed to prison, stoutly asserting all the way that he had committed no crime, but was only trying to reclaim his own, "by app'intment."

As Captain Hank is not a pleasant personage, he can be dismissed here with the statement that the preliminary courts made short work with him, and that, on his trial, he had no defense worth making. But up to the moment when his brutal life was violently ended by the strong arm of public justice, he persisted in the statement that he was not guilty of the crime charged upon him.

The next day after the arrest of Captain Hank, New York had another great excitement, and the crowd before Mr. Benson's door was larger than it was on the previous day. Those who had known Mr. Benson in the days of his power and popularity could not resist the inclination to pass his door and look up at the walls that hid his mortal remains. The hideous, filthy men and women who swarm in the bar-rooms and brothels crept out of their hiding-places, attracted by the scent of crime, and gazed at the notorious mansion. The victims of Mr. Benson's breach of trust came to bid farewell to all hope of regaining their lost treasures, and returned to drop, one after another, into hopeless pauperism. For a whole solemn and sickening week the street was forsaken by passing vehicles, to avoid the lazy, curious crowd.

And then came, too, the sad unfolding of Mr. Benson's deceits, tergiversations, wholesale breaches of trust, slaughters of the fortunes of widows and orphans, and of crime for which none dared to make excuse. The public journals were full of the matter for many days. The church was scandalized, and careless and scoffing paragraph-writers flung his unseemly record and his awful hypocrisies in its face. The men who had regarded him as an honorable citizen and a worthy companion, looked at each other with distrust—almost in despair. If such a man as he could fall,—if such a reputation as his was valueless,—if a man who had been almost boastfully devoted to duty could be basely selfish and even trade upon his own virtue, who and what were there left to be trusted? His death and disgrace shook the very foundations of public and private faith, and helped to make virtue and piety seem like old frippery, to be kicked about the streets by heedless or spiteful feet. Public and private integrity was made a by-word by ten thousand ribald tongues, and the robes of Christianity were smutched by foul hands, as she walked along the streets or took refuge in her gaudy sanctuaries, shame-faced and silent. It was a great public calamity, by the side of which the loss of a few dollars by the suffering poor was as nothing.

Mrs. Benson and her family were so crushed by the death and disgrace of the husband and father that they could not attend his funeral. So the coroner held his inquest, and when he came to his conclusion, which involved the death of still another man, a few formal rites were observed, attended by old friends for humanity's sake, and then

Mr. Benson was committed to his last resting-place. Then some new excitement crowded the old out of mind, and the world rolled on as before.

It is not for us to execrate his memory. He was imperfect, or he would not have been a man. He was sinful, or he would not have been mortal. He was tempted: who is not? He yielded to temptation: who does not? He was mistaken—mistaken in himself, mistaken in the spirit of the religion he professed, mistaken in the motive which ordered his relations to the world around him. None may cast a stone at him. All may toss one upon his dishonored grave, to heap a warning that may drive every erring man to his knees in prayer for manliness and wisdom, and power to resist temptation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a terrific storm, a lurid sunset, a night of slowly coming stars, and a morning. Mr. Benson's history was within the horizon of the little group of friends which engages this swiftly ripening narrative. They were all shocked and saddened by the closing events of that history, but youthful elasticity, interest in daily cares, and springing hopes and anticipations, left the burden behind, to be recalled only at rare intervals by a chance suggestion.

In the mansion of Mr. Coates there was an unhappy woman. Mrs. Coates had seen the season pass by, and still Jenny seemed to be no nearer the consummation of the maternal hopes than she was at its beginning. Nicholas, from whom she had expected so much at first, was past plotting and praying for. The victim of the "numb palsy" had not only ceased to be a victim, but had secured the prize so fondly and greedily coveted for Jenny; and Jenny had seemed to be not only content with her friend's triumph, but heartily glad in it. And there were the happy lovers, in Mrs. Coates's own house, flaunting their happy loves in Jenny's face!

It was a great trial, and when Jenny laughed at her mother's foolishness the tearful response was:

"Wait till you know a mother's feelings, though goodness knows when you'll get a chance! As I told your father about his being converted, it doesn't look as if you'd catch cold with the suddenness of it."

Then Jenny would laugh again, at the utterly unconscious waggery of the reply.

Mrs. Coates had another trial. Glezen

was Jenny's very attentive friend. He visited her frequently, spent long hours with her at the piano, read with her, and became her devoted escort to concerts and assemblies; but, in Mrs. Coates's impatient and practical eyes, he was like a dog in a manger. He would neither appropriate the food within his reach, nor permit others to approach it. It was this aspect of the matter which offended and grieved Mrs. Coates. If he wanted Jenny, why didn't he say so? He was having a nice time at her expense!

Not that the fond mother approved of what she was pleased to call "a professional man," who had not yet become forehanded. And not that she would be unreasonable and oppose "a professional man," if Jenny should prefer one. Not at all! She would make any sacrifice for the happiness of Jenny, who, of course, always refused to be anything but happy.

If Jenny was unimpressible and refused to make any attempt to consider herself a mother, in order that she might be able to fathom the maternal anxiety on her behalf, Mr. Coates had the insensibility of the nether millstone. It was in vain that Mrs. Coates assured him that Jenny's affections were trifled with, that her youth was wasting away in unproductive dalliance with opportunities, that if she were a man she would either bring Glezen to his knees or give him his "walking papers," and that if he could look on and see his own flesh and blood sacrificed to a trifter, he was worse than an infidel.

"G-Glezen's a sly d-dog," Mr. Coates would respond, in a rasping way, which indicated that he rather enjoyed his trifling, and particularly delighted in its effect upon the wife of his bosom.

"Y-yes, G-Glezen enjoys g-girls. I used to enjoy 'em m-myself. I l-like 'em n-now."

"You're not a mother," Mrs. Coates was wont to rejoin, in a tone that seemed steeped in sorrow that she could find no one who could sympathize in her anxieties.

"Don't bl-ame me, w-wife. I n-never had half a ch-chance," were the cold words which drove her to other resorts.

Finding that neither Jenny nor her father could be enlisted to assist in bringing a pressure to bear upon Glezen, she determined to make her next trial upon Nicholas and Miss Larkin, whose completed arrangement fronted the distressed mother as a reproach.

The winter had passed away. The tardy spring had come and almost gone. March,

with its winds, had blown out its boisterous breath. April, with its long, sweet rains and its fickle shine and shadow, had steeped the earth with fruitfulness, and May had clothed the parks with green and dressed the trees with tender foliage. The dead year was alive again, and the day was rapidly approaching when Nicholas was to leave the city for his home, with his fair companion at his side.

Spring is for love and the young. To the old, who have retained their integrity, the spring grows to be more and more a miracle. The skies are never more tenderly sweet, the young verdure and the bursting flowers never more marvelous and enchanting, the rivers, gleaming in the climbing sun, never brighter to any than to those who, still true to truth and purity, are seeing their closing years. But the spring is not a part of themselves. They see more of God in it, and less of human life. They look upon it from the outside, as a beautiful thing from which their own life is retiring. They look forward to it, they look at it, they look back upon it, but they are not in it and of it. The season has not a part of its birth in their own hearts. Is it that they are half or wholly conscious that their life has gone forward and united itself with another spring, of which the springs they are about to leave are types?

Very different is spring to the young! Hopes are springing with the grass. Loves are opening with the flowers. Plans are clothing themselves with foliage. Blood is set free and courses with the rivers. Eyes grow bright with the sun. The breezes, the languors, and all the sights and sounds and influences of the delicious season are answered or matched by sensations and emotions which prove that spring is as much a part of the animal life of youth as it is a part of the vegetable life of the field. Ah! those springs that annually come to the life of the young! Are they not the consummate blossomings of existence? Are they not the stuff of which poetry is made? When we grow old and get outside of them, do we not go back to them to gather our fairest flowers, and steep our senses in their perfumes?

Spring had come to Nicholas. He had been doing the work of an earnest man, and now he felt that he was a boy again. A great, inexpressible joy had taken possession of him. He was happy, high-spirited, playful. His engagement with Grace Larkin was made public, and hearty congratulations met both of them on every hand.

She was growing stronger with every passing month; and, as she reviewed the history of the year, she felt, with the warmest and humblest gratitude, that she had been the subject of the divinest care,—felt, almost, that miracles had been wrought on her behalf. She felt, too, that something of a miracle had been wrought in and upon Nicholas himself. The quiet, aimless, reticent, bashful boy had developed into a self-possessed, forceful, ready-witted and active man, of whom she was not only fond but proud. Out from under the shadow of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's home; out from under the shadow of her long invalidism, out from under the shadow of the brooding despairs which her happy temperament and submissive piety could never wholly dissipate, she regained her old vivacity and *esprit*, and helped, with the much beloved daughter of the house, to make the Coates mansion one of the sunniest homes in the city.

Still Mrs. Coates was not in any degree sunny. She was a mother, with a daughter, and the gravity of the tremendous responsibility pressed the tears from her eyes, and crushed her joys, as a boulder weighing a ton might crush the flowers upon a mossy bank, and press the bank itself to wasteful weeping.

Failing, as has been said, to get satisfaction from her daughter, and that daughter's most unnatural father, she had determined to try her experiment upon Nicholas and Grace Larkin. One day the group was all to be collected at dinner, and she knew, not only that Nicholas would come a long time before Glezen and Mr. Coates, but that Jenny would cling to her room, and, obedient to the golden rule, leave the lovers to themselves.

This was her opportunity; and a few minutes after the arrival of Nicholas, she presented herself before the happy pair, with a handkerchief pinned around her plump throat as a sort of signal of distress, and a lugubrious expression upon her face, which they might have attributed to a toothache if she had not held one hand over the region of her heart.

"I expect you are very happy," said Mrs. Coates, with a sigh, "and I s'pose I ought to rejoice with them that do rejoice, but I can't always command my feelings. I've often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let it never be said, whatever may be our troubles, that we don't rejoice with them that do rejoice, for if we don't do it,

they may rejoice in our calamity and mock when our fear cometh,' says I; but nobody can tell what I suffer unless she is a mother. Here's Jenny, slipping along as cheerful as a lark, and not thinking a thing about a—about a—pervision for life, seeing opportunities as thick as spatter, going around begging for takers, and she just turning up her nose at 'em! It almost drives me distracted. I've often said to her, 'Jenny,' says I, 'opportunities,' says I, 'are things with long legs and quick motions, and they never stop to play by the way. Snatch 'em by the garments,' says I, 'take 'em by the hair,' says I, 'if necessary, but don't let 'em go by. You don't ordain 'em,' says I; 'they are sent in mercy for you to make the most of, and it's a shame and a sin for you to set and see 'em get out of your reach, so that you couldn't touch 'em with a ten-foot pole, if you wanted to ever so much.'"

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean," said Nicholas, with an expression mingled of mirth and mystification.

"No, I don't suppose you do," responded Mrs. Coates; "but if you were a mother you could understand it."

"But you know the difficulties, Mrs. Coates," said Nicholas, biting his lips.

"Yes, I know the difficulties. You can't see anything now but Grace Larkin. I've sometimes thought it would have been better if I'd been took away when the measles went so hard with me, and all I could say was 'catnip,' and if I hadn't said 'catnip,' Mr. Coates would have been a widower, and Providence would have looked after Jenny. Providence,"—and Mrs. Coates regarded Grace with a mourning, tearful gaze,— "seems to do more for a girl than a maternal parent. Here's Grace, with nobody to look after her but Providence, making out well, and all I do comes to nothing."

Nicholas and Grace were exceedingly amused, but kept their countenances in respectful repose.

"Is there anything that we can do?" inquired Nicholas, who was sure that Mrs. Coates had come in with some practical purpose on hand.

"When I was a gal," said Mrs. Coates, "attentions meant something. Now, they don't seem to mean anything. A young professional man can hang around a young woman, who has not made her pervision for life, month after month, scaring everybody else away, and tempting her to sacrifice all her opportunities, and it's nothing! It's just nothing at all! They are only having

a good time! They play and sing together, and he puts her shawl over her shoulders, and she smiles in his face and says: 'thank you!' and he 'scorts her when she goes any where, and he comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and that's all there is of it! I get so provoked sometimes that it seems as if I should bust. I've said to Mr. Coates, again and again, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'are you aware that your daughter's affections are being trifled with? Do you realize that there is a snake in the grass, and that it's your duty to bring his nose to the grin'stone? You have a responsibility' says I. 'You don't like to have a man running into your store every day, looking over your goods and tasting of your sugar and your tea, and never buying a thing.'"

Nicholas understood the drift of these remarks, and was not a little embarrassed by them. He had introduced Glezen to the family, with the best intentions, and a hope that was very strongly sympathetic with that of Mrs. Coates, but between the two young men the name of the young lady in question was very rarely mentioned. Glezen was not communicative concerning his own private affairs; and Nicholas would not obtrude upon him the delicate question which he was almost as desirous of having answered as Mrs. Coates herself.

"You can allude to no one, I suppose, but my friend Glezen," said Nicholas, "and you must let me say this for him, at least, that he is upright and honorable, and would, if he knew it, no more harm your daughter than he would harm one of his own eyes. I am sure that he is pleased with her."

"Then why don't he come to time, and p'opose? That's what I'd like to know;" and Mrs. Coates pressed her lips together, and looked out of the window.

"Perhaps," said Miss Larkin, "he may fear a refusal, or the objection of her parents."

The last suggestion was too much for Nicholas, who suddenly rose, and went to the window to hide his smiles.

"Well, that may be," said Mrs. Coates, softening under the flattering thought. "That may be, and I must say that I did not intend to have Jenny marry a professional man, but I'm not going to stand in the way, if Jenny is satisfied. I've said to Mr. Coates, many's the time, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'it's all very well for you to make a hundred thousand dollars on a jump in sugar, but a man isn't to blame for being a lawyer,' says I. 'He's got to get a living

some way. Don't be hard on the perfections,' says I. 'We've got enough for both of 'em, and you know,' says I, 'that we should never think of marrying off Jenny without giving her a house and furnishing it with the best, if her husband was as rich as mud. Let it not be said,' says I, 'that you and I should stand in the way of our own flesh and blood, even if they can't see the way clear to our ideas.'"

Mrs. Coates had now imparted all the information necessary for a vigorous prosecution of a campaign against Glezen, if Nicholas and Miss Larkin should see fit to undertake it. She had let down the bars to the pasture, salted the rocks, and shaded the spring; and she felt that Nicholas and Grace would indeed be ingrate if they should not manage, in some way, to drive this lawless creature, so prone to grazing by the road-side and browsing across the fence, within the charmed inclosure.

At this moment, however, the guilty man appeared, and saved to the lovers the necessity of making a response to the suggestions of their hostess.

Glezen had left the office earlier than his wont, because this was a special occasion. He was in great spirits, and brought into the room a most fresh and inspiring breeze of vitality. He only paused to give Mrs. Coates and the younger members of the group a hearty greeting, and then he went directly to the piano, and reveled among its grander chords, as if he were plunging into the ocean surf, and enjoying the rhythmic wind and wave like a strong swimmer.

Mrs. Coates regarded him with mingled resentment and distress. This was his old trick for calling Jenny down. She had been familiar with it for months. Whenever the door-bell rang in the evening, and the piano was almost simultaneously aroused from its afternoon nap, both Mrs. Coates and Jenny knew what it meant.

"It's Mr. Glezen, mother," Jenny used to say, "and I shall have to go down," with a happy twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.

And then Mrs. Coates would respond: "Jenny, I wouldn't touch to go down. I'd make him send up his card like other folks. I wouldn't be called as if I was a heifer, and I don't think much of a man who always comes with a band of music, and his banners hanging on the outer wall."

And here he was again, rollicking in music in the old fashion, and her mother knew that at that moment Jenny had risen

and was looking in her mirror, to make sure that she was presentable to the man who was so carelessly toying with her virgin affections.

There was a rustling of silk upon the stairs, a lively tripping of feet, and then Jenny swept into the room, her eyes alight, her cheeks blooming, and a welcome upon her lips, for her accustomed visitor. Mrs. Coates watched her entrance with equal pride and pain, and witnessed her almost affectionate meeting with the young man who seemed to be so unmindful of the obligations which his "attentions" imposed upon him.

The handkerchief of Mrs. Coates still clung to her neck, and her hand to her heart, while the sadness which pervaded every cubic inch of her plump personality found expression in sighs, and indistinct murmurs, and a look compounded of impotent anger, unavailing desire, and maternal pity for her "offspring."

"Oh people, people, people!" exclaimed Glezen, jumping up from the piano. "I've tried my first case of breach of promise to-day. It was an awful case, but it was great fun. You ought to have heard me pitch into the faithless lover. There wasn't anything left of him when I finished. There were several old women in the court-room whose eyes actually swam in a briny flood."

"Give us your speech, Glezen," said Nicholas.

Glezen struck an oratorical attitude, and began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you see before you a—shall I say man, or person? a person, who, intent on the gratification of his own unbridled vanity, enters a peaceful home, shares the hospitality earned and proffered by an industrious father and a virtuous and affectionate mother, wins their beloved daughter by all tender assiduities of affection—all those subtle arts by which, from time immemorial, the lover has moved to responsiveness the heart of his mistress—plights his sacred troth to her, fixes the happy day, and then, basely, perfidiously, insultingly, outrageously, forsakes her, tramples on her affections and his own honor, and consigns her to the cold realms of rejected maidenhood, to be a scoffing and a by-word among her sex, and an outcast from the affections of men! What, gentlemen of the jury, shall I say of this man—this person? How shall I characterize him? Shall I call him a viper entering an Eden to despoil and destroy?—a thief, who robs a

mansion of its treasure, for the mere excitement of theft, and then wantonly drops his stolen goods in the street, though they be the very household gods of the family he has bereft?—an incendiary, who wins his way into a house by flattering courtesies, and then sets it on fire and burns it to the ground, while he looks on and gloats over the smoking ruins?—a liar, who steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?—a scamp, a wretch, a scorpion, a miscreant?"

"I don't think it's a proper thing for a woman to bet," said Mrs. Coates, whose face had been growing red through every moment of the mock harangue; "but if it was, I'd be willing to bet five dollars that the man played the piano."

"No, madam," said Glezen, who saw the point with painful distinctness, though determined not to betray his consciousness; "the man had no music in his soul. He was only fit for treasors, stratagems, and spoils. Indeed, I think I made a remark of that kind in court, though I'm not altogether certain."

Mrs. Coates had discharged her shot, and thought she saw that her missile was lodged where it would rankle. So, amid an awkward stillness that seemed to settle upon the group, and with an expression of melancholy spite about the corners of her mouth, she retired from the room.

Glezen and Miss Coates exchanged amused glances, and then Mr. Coates came in.

"W—what have you been d—doing?" inquired Mr. Coates, who seemed to feel as if he had interrupted some action or conversation.

"I've been making a speech," said Glezen, with a laugh.

"S—successful?"

"Yes; more have stayed in than have gone out."

"G—good t—test!" said Mr. Coates. "W—who's run away?"

"Mrs. Coates," replied Glezen.

"T—too warm, I s'pose. B—butter always runs away when the w—weather g—gets too hot for it."

During the laugh that followed this philosophical explanation, dinner was announced, and Mrs. Coates was discovered already at the table. She was in her silent mood, and had determined that Glezen should understand that in her own mind she held him to be all that he had described in the man whom he had denounced.

"Well, Minturn," said Mr. Coates, good-

naturedly, "I s—s'pose this f—finishes the s—season,—pretty much."

"Yes," said Nicholas. "I have attended to everything, but one."

"M—married n—next week, eh?"

Nicholas blushed, and looked at Miss Larkin, involuntarily, who blushed in return.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Nicholas, how is 'The Atheneum'?" inquired Glezen.

"Going on swimmingly. Talking Tim has all he can do, and finds the reading-rooms full every night. It looks as if they were going to try to get along without me there. I feel a little jealous of the men who have the lead."

"And you've got your bonds back?"

"Yes, thanks to you; but Captain Hank seems to be taken out of my hands, and the other robbers have run away. Never mind; let them go. I don't think they'll trouble me again."

"And you are satisfied with your winter's work, aren't you, Nicholas?" said Glezen.

"Yes, on the whole,—only Benson has made more paupers than I have cured. There's a new crop coming on, and there doesn't seem to be any end to the business."

"B—boys," said Mr. Coates, "there are t—two ends to it. There are the b—big paupers, who t—try to g—get a living without work, and the l—little ones."

Miss Larkin's eyes lighted at this.

"There, Mr. Coates," said she, "you have touched a secret that we have all failed to discover. There are so many among the nominally respectable who try to get a living without work, and they absorb so much to themselves, that there really is not enough left for the paupers at the other end of the social scale, who are only following their poisonous example, and repeating their measures in baser ways."

"Y—yes," responded Mr. Coates. "We're all under one b—blanket, and w—when we get t—too much of it over the h—head, the t—toes stick out, and g—get cold."

"True," said Glezen, who had a quick apprehension of the force of the figure; "and when the blanket is pulled down over the feet, and tucked in, you have another batch of paupers at the other end."

"Well, we have enlarged our definition of pauperism with a jump, and the matter looks worse than ever," said Nicholas.

"Then let's drop it," said Mrs. Coates,

sharply, with a mind preoccupied by another subject, hardly less painful to herself. "I've often said to —" here she checked herself, and looked first at Mr. Coates and then at Jenny,—"to myself," she went on, "'Mrs. Coates,' says I, 'never despise the poor, and remember who made you to differ. You might have married a shiftless man—yourself,' says I, 'or a perfunctory man, and it's not for you to carry a high head, nor a high hand, neither,' says I. 'But when it comes to be paupers, paupers, paupers,—nothing but paupers,—and we are obliged to have paupers on to the dinner-table, I think it's time to stop and 'tend to our own obligations. There's other things to be done besides paupers. Charity begins at home; and if we must talk about pauperism, let us talk about pauperism of the heart,—for there is such a thing as pauperism of the heart.'"

"Can you tell us how it manifests itself?" inquired Glezen, leaning forward, his face aglow with fun.

"Yes! Manifests itself! I should think so!"

And she sawed her head forward and backward as if she were trying to get it loose enough to throw at him.

The patience of Mrs. Coates was worn out. Though a placid and good-natured woman, the deferred hopes in regard to her "offspring" were telling upon her spirits and her disposition with a terrible effect.

At the close of the dinner, there was music again, of course, and Mrs. Coates sat and watched the performers with sad and solemn eyes. Under the dampening influences of her lugubriousness, conversation flagged.

Soon Glezen rose to take his leave. Mrs. Coates bade him good-night, with a sigh that would have melted the heart of a stone, and then she quietly walked back into the dining-room, and disappeared. Mrs. Coates was roused; and no woman who has ever been the mother of a marriageable daughter should wonder that, under the circumstances, she had determined to witness, *perdu*, the parting of Glezen and Jenny in the hall.

The matter was worked as usual. Glezen took leave of the remainder of the family, and then Jenny accompanied him into the hall. The eagle eyes of aroused maternity were upon them, peering out through a crack in the door of the butler's pantry.

She saw Glezen and her daughter quietly chatting together, while he drew on his

gloves with provoking deliberation. His quiet self-assurance, his affectionate and familiar demeanor, his unruffled and satisfied expression, filled her with rage. Her quickened heart jarred the door, while her half suspended breathing and trembling excitement threatened apoplexy.

Then she saw Glezen—oh, horror of horrors!—stoop over, and imprint on her darling Jenny's lips a kiss! She heard the kiss! She saw him holding her daughter fondly by both hands!

This was too much. She opened the door, and stamped bravely and swiftly toward them, exclaiming: "See here! see here, young man! That won't do! I want you to understand that you can't come here and trample on my hospitalities in this way. You're a pretty man to make speeches to a jury about snakes and incendiaries. Yes! I should think so!"

And then this dastard put his arm around Jenny and kissed her again. Then, whirling her out of the way, he advanced boldly toward Mrs. Coates with open arms, and folding her as far in his embrace as the mechanical difficulties permitted, kissed her, exclaiming:

"Mother-in-law, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Coates screamed as if a knife had been driven to her heart. The family rushed to the door, threw it open, and discovered Glezen absorbed in the effort to keep Mrs. Coates from falling, while Jenny was fanning her, and saying,

"Mother! mother! Don't! don't!"

Glezen led the distracted woman back into the drawing-room, where Jenny knelt at her side, and, with quiet words endeavored to restore her to self-control.

Glezen, meantime, had imparted the secret of the strange exhibition to Mr. Coates, who sat in his chair, and shook with great internal convulsions. They must have been profound, for they did not reach the surface. He sat and regarded the partner of his joys and sorrows, his lips working strangely, and the spasms of his infernal merriment becoming less frequent and powerful, until he found himself in a condition to speak.

"W—wife," said he, "d—didn't you know it? I must have f—forgotten to t—tell you. I've kn—own it these th—ree months."

Then Mrs. Coates cried. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. To think that the matter had been settled for three months, and that she had not been informed of it, to think that the paternal blessing

had been sought and secured without consulting her, to think that this precious secret had been carried around locked up in the cruel bosoms of husband and daughter, and, last of all, to think that she had made such a fool of herself, was too much for her motherly, not to say wifely, sensibilities, and she wept real tears—tears that might have been gathered in a bottle—dews of feeling that even the sun of happiness could not dissipate—rains that the sweet west winds of satisfaction could not dry.

"I think it's mean of you all," she exclaimed, when she got her voice for a moment.

"M—my dear," said Mr. Coates, "the y—young p—people d—didn't want it made p—public."

Jenny saw her mother safely through the worst of it, and then rose and received the hearty and most affectionate congratulations of Nicholas and Grace, while Glezen stood with Mr. Coates and watched the proceedings.

After a thunder-storm has spent its fury, there comes a period of sweet, still rain, when trees and grass and flowers receive a sort of healing baptism, and rise from the prostrations to which the tempest has forced them with a long-drawn whisper of satisfaction and gratitude.

When the tempest in the bosom of Mrs. Coates had subsided, something like this natural change and providential ministry occurred. The birds did not sing, perhaps, but there were pleasant voices around her, and the still rain went on. She could not stop weeping. She did not wish to stop. The tears depleted the humors of her overcharged brain, and, as they were mopped away she was conscious of a great happiness dawning within her. To do the good woman justice, she knew that she could not have kept the secret if it had been imparted to her. What mattered it, so long as no one else had known it?

But still she cried. The clouds were exhausted, and the clear blue sky had taken to raining.

"W—wife," said Mr. Coates, "w—what are you c—crying for?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "it's all very well for you to talk that way, but you little know the feelings of a mother when she's called upon to part with her offspring!"

The equanimity of Mr. Coates was utterly destroyed. The sudden and unexpected tack in Mrs. Coates's feelings—or, rather,

her "change of base"—took him off his guard, and he burst into a "ho! ho! ho!" so violently spasmodic that every syllable, though engendered in his sense of humor, was brought forth in pain. The occurrence was so unusual that Mrs. Coates actually smiled; and then they all laughed together. The corners of Mrs. Coates's mouth that had been drawn down for so many weeks changed their angle, and turned up again. The plan for the new house was already dawning in her mind. Interminable privileges for the expression of maternal grief in parting with a daughter stretched before her, and life was bright again.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE effort that Nicholas had made to transform his friends at "The Athenaeum" into active, self-supporting men and women had been well seconded by their leaders, with whom he had been upon the most confidential terms of association. Talking Tim, whom they all knew and respected, had proved himself to be a most important re-enforcement to those special powers and influences concerned in reversing the attitude of the exigent, recipient, dependent mass, in the midst of which he had planted his life.

Of course, "The Beggars' Paradise" knew that Nicholas was about to leave the city, and it conceived a very delightful interest in the fact that he expected to take a bride with him to his country home. In some way, it had become acquainted with the leading incidents in the life of both the young people—incidents which lost none of their romance by being passed from hand to hand. These poor men and women, into whose life Nicholas had been instrumental in pouring so much that was new, significant and fruitful, felt their hearts going out toward him. They wanted to do something for him.

In the meantime, Nicholas had sent to Ottercliff the pictures and furniture with which he had beautified his city lodgings, and Pont, who went reluctantly from new associations,—not to mention certain "entangling alliances" which he had made, with the characteristic facility of his race,—was ordered home with all the heavy luggage.

The heaviest luggage, however, which Pont took away with him was his heart.

"'Pears like we's goin' away from de promis' land, Mas'r Minturn,—goin' back into de wilderness again," said Pont lugubriously, as he was taking his leave, the day before the wedding of his master.

"Oh nonsense, Pont!" exclaimed Nicholas. "You know you are dying to get home. I am. I never wanted to see Ottercliff so much in my life."

"Ah, but de spirit an' de bride say come to you, Mas'r, but de spirit and de bride don't say noffin to dis pusson. I don't have no spirit an' bride to take home with me, Mas'r."

"Well, Pont, I'm sorry for you," said Nicholas; "and now go and get everything ready and meet us at the train to-morrow."

After Pont's departure, with his last load, the rooms which Nicholas still occupied were bare and cheerless, but it was into these that he was obliged to invite a large delegation from "The Atheneum," that called during the afternoon.

They came with a gift, which, with the formal words accompanying it, was to express the gratitude of themselves and those who had sent them. The gift was a humble one,—simply a handsome walking-stick,—but it furnished an opportunity for a manly return of Christian favor, and gave Nicholas one more opportunity to reiterate conclusions which, of late, had been rapidly ripening in his mind.

The spokesman of the party, all of whom seemed to have acquired a certain dignity from being intrusted with office, thanked Nicholas for the interest he had taken in their community, and for the excellent results that had followed his efforts on their behalf. He pledged himself and his associates and constituents to the work which their benefactor had begun, and expressed the hope that he would return, to cheer them by his presence, direct them by his counsel, and inspire them by his example.

The little speech was delivered, and the walking-stick was presented with superfluous formality; but Nicholas was heartily pleased. In response, he thanked the delegation for the gift they had brought him, and then said: "I feel that I have done very little for you, and those you represent, but if I have inspired one man with the disposition to take care of himself, and taught him how to do it, I have not failed. To lift a man out of pauperism is to re-create him. Why, my friends, there are very few among the rich who can withstand the poison of unearned money. A man has to be pretty carefully trained—has to be specially trained for it, indeed—to be able to use it without ruining himself, or to keep it at all. Among the poor there is no training for it, and, of course, it ruins them. I haven't got very far

along in this matter, but I am far enough along to see that it is a thousand times better for a man to throw away his fortune upon his follies than it is to debauch a whole community by his benefactions. I am far enough along, too, to see that charitable relief, as an established safeguard against the results of intemperance, idleness and improvidence, operates as a standing premium on those vices. It is the very mother who bears, nurses and protects them. Charitable relief, as it is largely practiced here in New York City, is practically a crime against society. I have seen enough already to prove to me that, as a rule, pauperism is to be measured by the provision that is made for its relief. If I were to announce that one hundred millions of dollars had been provided to shield the people of the city from want, for a single season, there would be pauperism enough developed by the announcement to absorb the whole sum. Some of you know that I have a scheme for the radical cure of pauperism. I may say that there is nothing which stands so much in the way of it as the charitable societies, and the men who get their position in them, or get their living by them.

"I am glad of an opportunity to say just this to you, for I feel that you are one with me now, and that you and I have a good deal of work to do together in the future. Next year, I hope to come back to you, prepared to do very much more than I have been able to accomplish during the past winter; but whatever may be the event, I shall be grateful, not only for what has been done for others, but for what I have won of satisfaction and wisdom for myself."

A very hearty round of applause followed the little speech, and then Nicholas took each man by the hand, as he passed out of the door, and bade him good-bye.

His heart was full of this manifestation of friendly regard on the part of his beneficiaries, as he left his rooms to spend his closing evening with her who was to become his bride upon the morrow. The tide had turned. The community of the *Beggars' Paradise* had changed its attitude. They had begun to think of doing something for somebody, and were ceasing to think of having somebody do everything for them.

He found Mrs. Coates in high spirits, and the house in delightful excitement.

Miss Larkin was one of those eccentric young ladies who regard a wedding as sacred to friendship and family affection. She had no desire to advertise her love

and her mantua-making to a rabble that would regard the latter with supreme interest, and vulgarly gossip over the former as a social and pecuniary bargain. She would not consent to celebrate the most sacred compact of personal affection in a public building, beneath the blaze of curious eyes, or environ the sacrament of Christian marriage with the publicities and pageantries of a heathen festival.

So it was to be a private wedding, in a private house, under the protection and patronage of Mrs. Coates, from whose eyes all tears had been wiped away. She had arranged everything, even to providing

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue,"

for the bride's dress, in accordance with the customs of the country village in which she was bred. As Jenny had ceased to be a care upon her mother's heart and hands in any way that loaded them with anxiety, her motherliness was left free to expend itself upon her beautiful guest. It was through Nicholas that her life had been saved. It was through Nicholas that Jenny had made Glezen's acquaintance. It was through Nicholas and Miss Larkin that a great deal of social importance had been won to herself and her family. Why should she not do all within her power to make their wedding a pleasant one?

Although, in the social life and benevolent enterprise in which Nicholas and Miss Larkin had been engaged, the old acquaintances of the "Ariadne" had been for a long time left behind or left out, it was determined to call the young ladies back as bride-maids. It would be romantic—it would be fitting that those who were associated in the sad peril of the sea the year before, should be associated in this event, that would come among its delightful consequences.

There was Miss Coates, of course, nearest and best. Miss Pelton, too, would be highly ornamental, and stately Miss Morgan and little Miss McGregor, though exhibiting contrasts of physique that would mar the symmetry of the bridal party, would be quite indispensable to its poetical completeness.

The young ladies were all there when Nicholas arrived. They had come in to rehearse their entrance and attitudes, so as to be in readiness for the morning wedding, and were engaged in the exciting discussion of that which would be proper and graceful in the ceremony. Mrs. Coates was presiding benignantly over all, and Mr. Coates sat as

a silent, critical observer. Mrs. Coates, indeed, had caught back to herself a glimpse of the poetry of youth. Marriage, for the previous few years, during the period of Jenny's eligibility to that holy and most desirable estate, had been so much with her a matter of scheming and anxiety and prudential policy, that she had somehow lost the romance and poetry of it. Now it had returned to her, and when she saw all the young people together, and realized what marriage meant to them, the vulgar little woman was not only softened but sublimed. She even mellowed toward her husband, and as the bride-maids appointed arranged themselves in the order and place in which they were to stand, she turned to him, and said:

"Aint they beautiful!"

"Y-yes," he responded, drily.

"What do they remind you of?" she said, in the delusive hope that they would call back to his hardened soul the memories of a similar event in his own life.

Now Mr. Coates had been particularly amused by the incongruity of the types of young womanhood before him, and when Mrs. Coates asked him what they reminded him of he replied:

"W-Webster's D-Dictionary," "Pilgrim's P-Progress," "Thomson's S-Seasons" and "D-Daily Food," "s-set together on the s-same shelf."

At this, all the young ladies laughed, and threatened to put him out of the room. So, with merry badinage and spirited discussions on delightful nothings, the evening passed away.

The morning wedding which followed was everything that it was expected to be. The happy bridegroom looked his best, and the bride was "too lovely for anything." The company was not too large; there was a profusion of flowers; there was a collection of the most charming presents; there were a great many kisses and a great many good wishes; there were tears of sympathetic gladness; and when, at last, the guests were gone, and the carriage drove away bearing the happy pair, a plump, tearful, happy-looking lady, stood in the door, and threw after them an old shoe, luckily dodged by a gaping urchin in the street, who fancied that the missile was thrown at his head.

Arrived at the railway station, Nicholas and his bride were received into one of the rolling palaces in waiting, and started northward toward Ottercliff. The long excitement was over, and they were one, quietly rejoicing in the sense of mutual possession.

To the profoundly happy, merriment is but a mockery. Indeed, nothing is more serious than happiness.

The moment that they became conscious that they were sundered from their old associations, a sense of the sweet dignities and ennobling responsibilities of united love descended upon them. As they swept along the border of the beautiful river, leaving the noisy city behind, and going toward their untried life, they were exercised and possessed by as much of reminiscence as of hope and expectation.

It was but one swift year before, that Nicholas had come down the river, with life untrodden and power untried. Nothing, that he could see, had changed but himself.

There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of Nature, and its frictionless routine of change. We only who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beats, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease. We feel the subsidence of vitality; helplessly we watch the gathering wrinkles on cheek and brow; we know that we are to die. Within the space of a single year, a revolution is wrought within us which places us in new relations to the past, the future, the material world, mankind, and even God himself. We consciously drive on and on, through permutations and transformations which leave our personal identity a thing hard to realize, and make self-knowledge impossible. But of one fact we are always certain,—we are growing old. We know that the house we build will outlast us, and that any good book which we may write will pass about, leaving benedictions at alien firesides when the eyes that looked into ours with love have missed us for many a year, or have themselves turned to dust.

Yet, amid all this pathetic mystery of change within ourselves,—change of person, character, condition, feeling,—which, whatever may be its range, leads inevitably toward dissolution, Nature remains as fresh, and full, and smiling, as she seemed on creation's morning. Day and night, summer and winter, years and centuries, come and go in silent, unvarying routine, and light, and dew, and beauty never forsake the world. The lightning splinters a crag only to give foothold to a tree, and the storm-scarred mountain-side waits but a year to clothe itself in green. There is not a crack in the sky, there is not a wrinkle

upon the earth, there is not a sign of weakness or decay in the forces which sweep the world around its course, and illuminate its surface with life and motion.

There was a keen apprehension of this in the mind of Nicholas, as, seated quietly by his bride, he swept onward toward Ottercliff. There stood the Highlands, just as they stood the year before. Their adamantine foundations were unmoved, and the winter had done them no damage that the spring had not repaired. No verdure was ever fresher or more beautiful than that which clothed them. The shadows that climbed their sides, or swept over their summits, were from new clouds that had been lifted that very morning from the bosom of the maternal Atlantic; and no maiden's eye was ever fresher or bluer than the sky that bent over them.

But he had changed. He was not consciously weaker—in truth, he was consciously stronger—than he was a year before, but he had left behind a portion of his youth, and advanced by the measure of a year into the responsibilities of mature life. He had passed from that which was little more than boyhood into that which was nothing less than manhood.

To both of them came a grateful sense of Providence. They had foreseen nothing; they had ordered nothing. They had arrived at the goal of their hearts' best desires, by a path which they knew not of,—which they did not choose.

Meantime, Pont, at the objective end of their flying journey, was full of excitement. He had harnessed his horses early, and was at the station an hour before the time for the arrival of the train that was to bring his master and his new mistress. Mrs. Fleming had opened the house, and was waiting, not altogether without a measure of regret, to surrender her authority to one whom she had never seen, but had learned in advance to love. But Pont had been made the recipient of a secret, in connection with the projected events of the day, and as it was all that he could do to carry it safely, it was just as well for him to sit upon his box at the station, and chat with the inquisitive crowd, as to undertake any task at home.

There were many curious villagers assembled, of course, when the train came in; for the mistress of the Ottercliff mansion had always been, and would always be, an important personage, and a most significant factor in the social life of the town. Nicholas was proud of his bride, and knew that

her frank and handsome eyes, and smiling mouth, would win their way among the crowd that had collected at the station. So, with her upon his arm, he walked to the carriage, nodding from side to side to his humble friends, and bowing back to them as he rode away.

"Pont, you seem to be in a hurry to-day," said Nicholas, as the driver, who looked unusually square in the shoulders and straight in the back, urged his horses up the hill.

"Dar's an unfo'seen suckemstance, dat mus' be 'tended to, sah," said Pont, with dignity.

"You are mysterious, Pont."

"I can't help it, sah."

"What can the man mean?" inquired Grace of her husband.

"Oh! it is some nonsense. Make the most of the drive. It will be a short one."

Nicholas had described to his bride all the surroundings of his home, and she was delighted to recognize the details with which her imagination was already familiar.

To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a princely home, as its mistress, with the man she loved,—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death, was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it. There was enough of it to cover and fill a life-time. So, with only an undefined consciousness of the great treasure that the future had in store for her, she surrendered herself to an almost childish delight in the things she saw, and smiled and wept by turns as the carriage turned into the gate-way, and swept between the borders and the trees which the hand of love had made her own.

Mrs. Fleming was ready with a motherly greeting for the new mistress, and all the servants were out to tender their obeisance. It was quite an old-fashioned affair, which might have happened on the other side of the ocean, but had ceased to be common on this. Happily there were no social theorists present to protest against the natural expression of deference by one party, and of well-bred complaisance by the other. A very pretty and a very pleasant reception it was, and when it was over, Nicholas led his bride about the rooms, insisting, with delighted enthusiasm, that she should see the whole of her new home before ascending to her apartments.

He had noticed with some surprise, as he alighted, that Pont passed his horses into the

hands of the gardener, and disappeared. He asked no questions about the matter, but when he and his bride came out upon the piazza, he saw the negro making signals, and acting strangely excited.

Then the ears of the pair were deafened by the discharge of a cannon. This was followed by cheers from a thousand throats, and these by the music of a band.

It was all a surprise, and for a moment they could not understand it. Then it gradually appeared that a huge river steamer was lying close in shore, swarming with an excursion party, and covered with banners and bunting. Among the banners was one, stretched almost from stem to stern, bearing the word "*Athenium*." That word was the key to the mystery. The residents of "The Beggars' Paradise" had come up *en masse* to manifest their interest in the occasion, and do honor to the young man who had devoted to them such wise and fruitful gifts of time and money.

There seemed to be no measure or end to the manifestations of enthusiasm on board the steamer. There were dippings of flags, and swingings of hats, and wavings of handkerchiefs. There were cheers, and shouts, and cannon, and the band again. The party upon the piazza, augmented by the servants, went out upon the lawn and frantically responded to the salutations. Then the wheels of the steamer began to move, a parting gun was fired, and amid cheers that grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and the waving of handkerchiefs by hands that had grown weary with the exercise, and the strains of "Sweet Home" from the band, the heavily loaded craft moved slowly down the river and disappeared behind the trees.

The servants retired, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Nicholas," said the bride, with tears in her eyes, "you have earned that."

"Then I have earned something better than money," he responded.

"And you have earned me, too," she added, clasping his arm, and looking up into his eyes.

He stooped and kissed her, and with his arm around her, led her into the house.

They paused silently before his mother's portrait, that smiled its benediction upon them; they climbed the old staircase that the feet of so many brides had pressed; and so another family life, than which earth holds nothing sweeter or more typical of heaven, began.

A YANKEE TAR AND HIS FRIENDS.

NOR long ago it fell to my lot to read and arrange a number of letters and journals



CAPTAIN E. E. MORGAN.

which possess, as it seems to me, a somewhat unusual interest, first, because they give a charming glimpse of the familiar doings of a little circle whose members are world-renowned, and also because they furnish material for a brief sketch of an American, of a type which our quick civilization is fast rendering impossible.

The letters are from Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Sydney Smith, Turner, and others, and they were written to a man who was born on a rocky New England farm, whose edu-

with a keen brain, and a generous soul, and more than all, with an immense heartiness of nature, wherein seems to have lain the attraction which drew to him men so different from himself. The charm must have been great indeed which opened to him, not the doors only, but the hearts of that brilliant circle of Englishmen; and the constant expression of warm affection which I find in the letters before me could hardly have been lavished upon an unworthy object. In order fully to understand the friendship which for years existed between Captain Morgan and his numerous English correspondents, it is necessary to know something of the circumstances which brought him in contact with them, and which makes his life of general interest. To a New Englander, even in these degenerate days, the problem of such a life, begun seventy years ago, is an easy one. Given, a clever, ambitious boy, a district school, a kindly clergyman, a first "chance" offered by friend or stranger, and you have in one form or another the solution—success. One scarcely needs to fill up the outline. it is so familiar; and the boy of whom I write found, like many another of his day, that the road to fortune, albeit long and hard, was straight enough to feet that had been trained in ways of industry and thrift.

In his case the road lay over the sea, and his first voyage was made in a little packet ship of four hundred and twenty tons, belonging to the well-known "Black X" line, with which he afterward became identified. For years, in the early part of



VIGNETTE OF EMIGRANT SHIP AT THE TOP OF A LETTER FROM RICHARD DOYLE TO CAPTAIN MORGAN.

cation was received at the common school and the academy, whose life was the life of thousands of New England boys of the past generation, but who was gifted by his Creator

this century, this line carried the mails and monopolized the cream of the passenger trade, between New York and London, and when, after an apprenticeship of six

years, the young sailor found himself captain of the "Hudson," he must have felt that his fortune was, so far as any man's can be, in his own hands. Those were the palmy days of ships and sailors, when the regular packets left New York once a month, and their departure made an event for the whole city, and when the captain of a favorite vessel (especially if he chanced as well to be a favorite captain) might be sure of sitting for weeks at a time at the head of a table whose guests represented the best society of England or America. In those days it was not every one who traveled, and a certain dignity still remained to an Atlantic voyage, while with the knowledge that it might not improbably be prolonged to forty or fifty days it became even a "deed of derring-do." Then, too, the enforced companionship induced intimacies which often refused to wither away at sight of land, and the long confinement developed the general resources in the line of amusement to an extent undreamed of on *terra firma*. There

when, the horrors of sea-sickness being outlived, earth and its cares are left behind, and forgetfulness of yesterday and indifference as to to-morrow make possible a programme of games and feasting by day, and fancy balls, concerts and serenades by night.

At three different times the ship under Captain Morgan's command was chartered by Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, for himself and suite, and these voyages were full of interest and pleasure to the captain, who was a faithful admirer of the genius of the first Napoleon, to whom he bore in person a curious resemblance. Joseph was himself a man of little apparent force of character, and his time seems to have been largely spent at chess or draughts,—games at which he had a truly royal objection to being beaten. He had his share too of the family peculiarities, and, while usually kindly and generous, was quick-tempered and willful to obstinacy. His exhibitions of temper were sometimes amusingly childish, as on one occasion, when, Captain Morgan having been

Portsmouth 23rd 1839.

Souvenir à Monsieur le Capitaine
Morgan de notre heureux
séjour sur son navire le
Philadelphie parti de New York
le soir à trois heures de l'an 1839

Joseph Ste Surveillier

FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM COMTE DE SURVILLIERS (JOSEPH BONAPARTE) TO CAPTAIN MORGAN.

are now in my possession certain manuscript newspapers published under Captain Morgan's régime in different parts of the Atlantic Ocean, which are the records of weeks of such fun as can only be had

so unwise as to beat him three times in succession at back-gammon, he shut the board in a pet and told his successful opponent to take it out of his sight, for he would never play on it again,—a promise which he per-

sistently kept, leaving the board in Captain Morgan's possession.

The friendship which was begun during these voyages lasted until Joseph's death, and Captain Morgan not only visited him more



TOP OF SNUFF-BOX PRESENTED TO CAPTAIN MORGAN
BY JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

than once at his domain at Bordentown, but also received from him certain proofs of especial regard, which were of scarcely less than priceless value to one who had so keen a sympathy with the fallen fortunes of the great emperor. The place of honor among these souvenirs belongs, perhaps, to a plain, strongly made chess-board, which was used constantly by Napoleon during his imprisonment at St. Helena. It was his companion during his voyage from France, and though fitted up both for draughts and cribbage, had evidently been used for little but the favorite game of chess. One is tempted to linger long over the inlaid squares upon whose field the hand of the great warrior has marshaled his mimic forces, and it is with a feeling akin to awe that one touches the ivory figures which through long years were the silent companions of the man who

"fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

It is with almost an equal interest, too, that one regards the next treasure in this little collection, which is contained in a

worn morocco case, in the lid of which is framed an autograph letter from the Comte de Surveilliers (Joseph Bonaparte) to Captain Morgan. This letter accompanied a set of gold knives, forks and spoons of graceful old French patterns, which originally formed part of a very magnificent table-service given by the emperor to Madame Mère in the days when he delighted to honor the mother from whom he inherited so much of his vigor. Other relics and mementoes of the family there are, too, among them a set of coarse little prints, valueless as works of art, but interesting by virtue of the "Napoleon *inv.*," "Charlotte *del.*," which they carry on their margin, witness of their high origin. One does not wonder that the possessor of these things considered his connection with the dethroned King Joseph and the associations which arose from it, to be one of the pleasantest episodes of his busy life.

The fact that Captain Morgan commanded in quick succession four of the finest packet ships sailing from the port of New York, gave him, of course, frequent opportunities to return the hospitalities offered him in England, and of these opportunities he took advantage in two different but equally successful ways. While his ship was lying in the London docks he would issue cards for a breakfast on board, and the complete novelty of the entertainment, not to say the unique qualities of the host himself, always insured a brilliant gathering. The list of guests before me runs from royalty itself through the world of art and letters to the choice circle of personal friends, and includes among other suggestive names, that of the second French emperor, for whom, as the correspondence shows, a card was begged by the kind-hearted Mrs.

Yours very sincerely

Stanwix

X N.B. we have no 'dear Sirs' in the Society

We will dine at 6 O'clock

B., who was for years a hospitable friend to the impecunious exile, of whom she always spoke as "poor dear Louis."

Pleasant as these breakfasts might have been in their way, they can hardly bear comparison with the Gravesend and Portsmouth

worthy of so great a man? Our ceaseless wish is that you may come again like the sun to brighten our horizon; we should, as W. said, 'know you by your cross-jack yards the moment we saw the top of your mainmast.' But I must tell you how we spent the rest of that evening after we parted from you. At the dock we all got into one fly (Grave-



DRAWING BY CHALON, AT LONDON SKETCHING CLUB.

parties to which I find frequent and mirthful allusion in the letters of the guests on those occasions. These latter parties were made up always of Captain Morgan's especial friends, who accompanied him when his ship sailed from London, down the Thames to Gravesend, or sometimes down the channel as far as Portsmouth, where they landed and returned by rail to London.

As mementoes of these delightful little voyages, I am able to offer the two sketches given with this paper from the pencil of Richard Doyle, whose name is a household word to all friends of "Punch," and the following letter from a constant correspondent of Captain Morgan's, a daughter of the artist Leslie, whose naïve descriptions give a bright picture of the society in which she lived.

"DEAR CAPTAIN: Shall we ever forget that sunset with your sublime ship before it, both fading from our eyes at once, as you set sail in a manner

send flies are small), nine of us and the driver (we did it by the rule of three and one over), and drove to the hotel. By the time we had accomplished a grand white-bait tea, we found it was half-past nine; we could not be in time for that train, we must stay till half-past ten, of course; so we all took a promenade on the terrace fronting the river, which by this time had assumed a most poetical appearance, with distant ships, light reflected on the calm, etc. I wish it were possible for my weak mind, and weaker pen, to give you a faint idea of the fun that we had, the poetry that was composed' blank verse recited, etc., but it can't be done; I must leave the whole scene to your powerful imagination, and if you sketch it to the utmost, it will not be able to picture the merriment of our party. At last we went back to the railway and luckily caught the last train. We all got into one large saloon carriage, which just held us and one stranger, who, I am certain, must have thought himself bewitched. There were two lamps in the carriage, and some of our party proposed spending a fortnight in it, going up and down, without communicating with our unfortunate relatives. Dickens was in the best humor in the world; he stuck all the tickets round his hat, to the astonishment of the guard. We all came home in one omnibus, and Dickens dropped one tear into it when he left us. It was past one o'clock

when we blessed the sight of our wondering friends, and I am sure I never enjoyed a day's excursion so much in my life. Of course you have seen what Mr. Thackeray wrote in the next 'Punch,' with E. F. Morgan's name in letters a yard high. We have seen him two or three times since, and he always speaks of you and says he is going to write to you about his lectures. He has sent me a ticket, and we have been to two; they were delightful. Your friend, Mrs. B., goes because she says she has found it is 'the thing to go to Thackeray.' He gives them at Willis' Room, and has crowded audiences—all the great people. * * * Sir Edwin Landseer is going to the Queen's fancy ball on Friday, and was here all one afternoon for papa to help him choose his dress. Landseer was so amusing! He told us that Count d'Orsay when he was going to a fancy ball sent a very splendid walking-stick to his tailor and told him to dress him according to that.

"I am savage to think you should have missed Mr. Peabody's grand ball, the very grandest event since you left England, but it's of no use to say anything about it. I send you one of the *cartes de danse* and from that you can imagine what the rest of the entertainment was, and how the American eagle hopped about quite tamely with the American flag in his beak.

"I was told that His Eagleness condescended to dance a polka with a certain young English beauty, but I can't say I saw it. The Duke of Wellington shook hands with everybody and looked delighted, and as for lions, they roamed about as gentle as doves. I have such an exquisite drawing by Dick Doyle (who went, he says, in the character of a poor artist of the reign of Queen Victoria), of the Duke of Wellington shaking hands with a crowd of pretty girls. He (Dick), sent it to me with the inclosed 'carte' for you, as I had lost mine at the ball, with my heart and a few other trifles. My adored Thackeray was there, too, and he told me who all the great people were, and introduced me to Disraeli. He says the 'carte' I send you is a 'Peabodial trophy.'

"Mamma is gone out of town, and papa is going to the Duke of Northumberland at Sandwick, so we shall be left like Banvard, with no pa—nor—a—ma. When they come back we are going to have the best party on record, but it won't be complete without you, so let me know what day will suit you, and I will send out invitations accordingly, but you must not be long crossing the stream,—never mind damaging a little canvas. We will have Dickens, Thackeray, and a blaze of genius, and not a single person or party of high principles admitted. I can't write any more, for the family is gone to bed, and you know how I am afraid of ghosts, so I wish you all as pretty a moonlight night as this * * * I must not get too sentimental, though it is excusable in winding up; even sailors sing sentimental songs in winding up (I mean weighing the anchor), so I shall anchor here for the night, 'off the drawing-room lights,' mean time, 11 o'clock.

"H. J. L."

For some years during this period of his life, Captain Morgan was an honorary member of the London Sketching Club, an honor which was enhanced by the fact that he was the only such member chosen by the club during the forty years of its existence. This little society was composed of eight artists who held weekly meetings from November to May, at the houses of the members successively, for purposes of art and criticism. They met at six o'clock, when a subject for a sketch was given by the host of the evening, four hours being the time allowed each one for the completion of his drawing. At ten o'clock supper was announced, and after supper the sketches were exhibited, and they always met the ordeal of a severe criticism. On only one night in the year was the use of colors permitted, for, with this one exception, an inflexible law of the club required that all work should be done in sepia and India ink, and on one day in each year the dissipation of a long ramble in the country was ordained, in commemoration of the founding of the club. As the list of members included Stanfield, Leslie, the two Chalon's, and other well-known names, with an occasional guest in the person of Landseer, Turner or Constable, the sketches were often of very great beauty, while, in general, it is



DRAWING BY CRISTALL, AT THE LONDON SKETCHING CLUB, ON SUBJECT FROM "L'ALLEGRO."

remarkable that such fine effects, both in conception and execution, could be obtained in the narrow limits of the time allowed. The Queen, who with the Prince Consort, was much interested in the club, is said at one time to have expressed her incredulity as to

the possibility of its members producing such results if held strictly to the letter of the law in respect to time, and as this not

on those two evenings by Her Majesty were "Danger" and "Elevation." Stanfield's sketch for the latter was a midshipman mast-headed, which has since become familiar as a vignette to an illustrated edition of Marryatt. It was the custom of the club to give the sketches made on each evening to the host of that evening, and as Captain Morgan had the honor to be host on four different evenings, he was accordingly the fortunate possessor of as many sets of sketches, the subjects of which, are "The Meeting," "Night," "What you Will," and Milton's "L'Allegro." The last two sets are in colors, while the first includes Landseer's original sketch for his since famous picture of "The Challenge." The set "What



DRAWING BY STANFIELD, AT LONDON SKETCHING CLUB.

unnaturally touched the pride of the society, Her Majesty was forthwith invited to give her own subjects on any two evenings she

you Will" is particularly good, from the fact that the subject imposed no limitations, but left each man free to work his

Many thanks to you
for the brushes and kind
offers of a trip to Portsmouth

might be pleased to designate. Accordingly, on two different occasions, a royal page was sent at exactly six o'clock from Buckingham Palace to the house at which the club was then sitting, bearing Her Majesty's choice as to subject, and also Her Majesty's directions to wait until the sketches should be completed. It is pleasant to be able to record that on each occasion, the page returned promptly with his burden of completed pictures, which, however, were not left permanently in the hands of Her Majesty. The subjects given

Believe me truly
your obliged
J M W Turner

richest vein and practically to choose his own subject.

Captain Morgan's connection with this club drew him into pleasant relations with many of the English artists of the day, and his own love for, and appreciation of, all artistic and literary work, made him always a welcome guest both in study and studio. Turner, whose habitual reserve was so great as to make any exception to it especially noticeable, seems to have had a real fondness for sailors and their belongings, and the hours which he spent on shipboard with Captain Morgan were always full of pleasure to his host, who averred that "he (Turner) knew more about ships than most sailors," and, that, both from his appearance and his familiarity with nautical lore, he might easily have been mistaken for the captain of a "down-east" schooner. The mystery which surrounded his private life was so effectually preserved, that even his nearest friends had

ners were brusque and odd, and I have often heard Captain Morgan describe a curious habit which he had in conversation, of giving only the main points of a sentence, leaving the rest to be filled up by the imagination of his hearers. In 1846 he writes:

"47 QUEEN ANNE ST.

"DEAR CAPTAIN MORGAN: The storm of Saturday last having stove in the dead-lights in my gallery it is at present a complete wreck. Have the goodness to ask Mrs. Morgan to allow all the time available before you sail for America for the said broken lights to be repaired by the glaziers. The room is now in a state of darkness to keep the rain out.

"Many thanks for the brushes and kind offer of a trip to Portsmouth.

"Believe me truly your obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

Captain Morgan's personal reminiscences of the great artist were of the pleasantest

Dear Sir
Many thanks for your kind letter I am I
believe going out of town for some time but
of I return in time I will certainly come to
look at the Victoria giving you kindly notice of
my visit I remain very truly yrs

Sydney Smith

56 Geo W
Goswami Lane

March 31 1844

no clue to his real residence; for, although his letters were frequently dated from Queen Anne street, it was known that he did not live there, and the loneliness of his death, sad as it was, was only the inevitable result of the determined secrecy of his life. His man-

description, for, though his peculiarities in conversation must have been somewhat tiresome, he seems to have been able both to make and to take a joke, if one can judge from the story told of his declaration to Chantrey (whom he had appointed as his

executor) of his intention of being buried in his "Carthage," the picture now in the National Gallery.

"Will you promise," said he, "to see me rolled up in it?"

"Yes," replied Chantrey, "and I promise

gard to the debt due England by the repudiating states, and his interest in the resultant controversy was the interest of a faithful defender of his country's honor. He sent at various times to Sydney Smith barrels of carefully chosen American apples

17 Cambridge Terrace Hyde Park.

My dear Captain,

*I write to write you punctually at 12. on Sunday.
I give you due notice that you may find me a very bad sailor, but
the trip will give me very great pleasure notwithstanding.*

Very sincerely yours

Richard Doyle



you also, that as soon as you are buried I will see you taken up and unrolled."

The warm admiration which for years Captain Morgan had felt for Sydney Smith, caused him to take greatly to heart the latter's petition to Congress (in 1843) in re-

with other distinctively "Yankee" productions, as "his share of the American debt," in recognition of which he received the following note, which I choose from among several as bearing most clearly the stamp of its author.

"SIR: I should have written long since to have thanked you for your apples, but I unfortunately lost your address, and it lately occurred to me that I could find you by means of our friend, Mr. B. The apples have been eaten with universal applause after I had assured the company that they came from a solvent state. My opinion (worth something, not much) is that Pennsylvania will *not* pay. I heard my friend, Mr. Stokes, upon the subject, but his facts and his arguments led me to conclusions very opposite to his own. I sincerely hope that you have only a theoretical interest in the subject. I remain, sir,

"Your obliged and obedient servant,
"SYDNEY SMITH."

"January 14, 1844.
"Combe Florey, Taunton."

To this note is added this printed receipt for salad, on the margin of which he has written, in the spirit of a true artist, "Let me beg of you not to alter the proportions in the salad."

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve, Unwonted softness to the salad give;
Of mordant mustard, add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment, which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt:
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town;
True flavor needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly in the flavored compound toss
A magic tea-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Then though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,

And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say,
Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day.

A WINTER SALAD.

Two well-boiled potatoes, passed through a sieve; a tea-spoonful of mustard; two tea-spoonfuls of salt; one of essence of anchovy; about a quarter of a tea-spoonful of very finely chopped onions, well bruised into the mixture; three table-spoonfuls of

oil; one of vinegar; the yolk of two eggs, hard boiled. Stir up the salad immediately before dinner, and stir it up thoroughly.

N. B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is hoped young salad-makers will not attempt to make any improvements upon it.



CAPTAIN MORGAN AS A SAINT RENOUNCING THE SEA.
(FROM LETTER OF MISS LESLIE.)

I add as the natural accompaniment of Sydney Smith's letter, though of much later date, the following from Lady Holland:

"25 LOWER BROOK ST.

"MY DEAR SIR: Few things have gratified me more in the very flattering reception the memoir of my father has generally received, than the cordial and honest approbation the knowledge of his character has drawn forth from America, both in public notices (of which I have seen some and read others) and the private letters I have received from unknown individuals; but I am doubly gratified by receiving a letter of such warm approbation from one who is well known to me as belonging to those of your country who so nobly came forward to show they shared in the sentiments my father was then expressing (perhaps somewhat roughly) toward America, and in so doing proving himself her truest and best friend. As you aided my father in promoting the honesty of your country, pray also give the weight of your influence in favor of the next greatest blessing, peace, which he advocated so earnestly between two nations who ought ever to walk hand in hand to promote liberty and its best blessings.

"Believe me, dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"SARA HOLLAND."

Captain Morgan's private notes show that he twice breakfasted with Samuel Rogers, but the introduction did not take place until near the close of the latter's life; and though I find memoranda of two or three appointments made to visit certain private galleries together, there is no evidence of any especial friendship between them beyond the fact

Captain E. E. Morgan

Ship Southampton.

from his sincere friend

Samuel Rogers.

Nov. 13, 1850.

that the poet presented Captain Morgan with a copy of a beautiful and, I believe, rare edition of his works. The illustrations are from the well-known designs by Turner and Stothard, but it is a true *édition de luxe*, finished in every detail to the point of perfection. In looking at it, one cannot but sympathize with the delight that the poet

Falstaff ran away! You don't know, my dear fellow, how often you are with me. Two or three times every week as I light my cigar after dinner and sit down in my study, or go out walking (according to the season) to muse, I say, 'I wonder whether Morgan will ever bring one of those big ships back, and beam upon me with the light of his bright face and hear me tell him the story of the wet lovers and the dry one!' (You must know that I have appropriated that story and acquired im-

I am, my dear Captain,
Yours ever C. K. Leslie.

must have felt in linking his verse to such exquisite art, for Stothard's lovely fancies are, in their way, as satisfying as Turner's grandeur, and every page is a study. I reproduce the signature upon the fly-leaf as I believe it is unfamiliar in America.

There can be no doubt that the strong friendship which subsisted for so many years between Captain Morgan and his English friends, owed much of its charm to the fact that while he was a true lover of Old England, his devotion to New England was unswerving. His humor was of the dry Yankee type, and his jokes and stories, of which he had an unfailing supply, had always a flavor of the keen New England air.* Dickens, who was certainly no lover of Americans in the abstract, must have had good cause to forget his prejudices when he wrote such letters as these:

"MY DEAR MORGAN: Another box of cigars just received at this little old-fashioned country house of mine, perched on the very hill-top where

mense reputation by it.) God bless you and yours! I heartily tell you that every short letter from you comes to me like a wholesome breeze from the other side of the Atlantic, giving me assurance that fine natures and sound hearts will never die out of any land so long as the rainbow shines. * * *

"I will inaugurate the first chapter of the next book (whenever it comes into life; it is in the land of shadows now, unknown to me, but waiting to be born) by fumigating it with a cigar reserved from this very box. Faithfully yours,

"CHAS. DICKENS."

The story referred to by Dickens may have gone the round of newspapers, but I risk re-telling it because a story over which the creator of Sam Weller had a hearty laugh ought to be perennially good. On one of Captain Morgan's voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a few moments' thought, said: "It's a fine calm day; suppose, by accident, you should fall overboard; I'll have a boat lowered ready to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you." This novel proposition met the young lady's views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves a dripping quartette upon the ship's deck. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her state-room and sent for her adviser, the captain. "Now, Captain," cried she in despair, "what am I to do?" "Ah, my dear," replied the captain, "if you want a sensible husband, take the dry one"—which she did.

* One of the characters who did frequent duty in these stories was an old gentleman whose odd ways and speech were well known in his own corner of Connecticut. His piety was by no means of the sternest, but at the same time he was convinced that his Satanic Majesty had an especial spite against him, and would at any time go out of his way to do him an ill turn. This was held by Mr. S. to account for the fact that his ships had always more than their share of head-winds, and as his mind was set on thwarting the adversary, he succeeded, after various false starts, in maturing a plan which he believed precluded the possibility of failure. He made an arrangement by which four of his homeward bound ships sailed simultaneously from the four quarters of the compass, N., S., E. and W., so that let the wind blow as it would one ship at least must be in luck. "Now, Mr. Devil," said the old gentleman, "I've got you." But, alas for the plans of mice and men, the devil is not so easily outwitted, and one would like to have seen the old gentleman's face, when with solemn gusto, he ended the story of his defeat, "It was a dead calm for six weeks!"

Again Dickens writes :

"DEAR FRIEND: I am always delighted to hear from you. Your genial earnestness does me good to think of. And every day of my life I feel more and more that to be thoroughly in earnest is everything, and to be anything short of it is nothing. You see what we have been doing to our valiant soldiers. [This letter was written during the Crimean war.] You see what miserable humbugs we are. And because we have got involved in meshes of aristocratic red tape to our unspeakable confusion, loss and sorrow, the gentlemen who have been so kind as to ruin us are going to give us a day of humiliation and fasting the day after to-morrow. I am sick and sour to think of such things at this age of the world * * * I am in the first stage of a new book, which consists in going round and round the idea, as you see a bird in his cage go about and about his sugar before he touches it.

"Always most cordially yours,

"CHAS. DICKENS."

Some years before this second letter was written, Captain Morgan made his last voyage as commander, giving up the sea to establish himself in business in New York, and while at heart a sailor to the last, his voyages from that time were only occasional. As a result of this, his intercourse with his English friends became more and more dependent upon correspondence; and although he identified himself closely with the commercial and philanthropic interests of New York, he felt strongly the separation from the pleasant life with which he had been so long familiar. About this time Mr. Leslie writes:

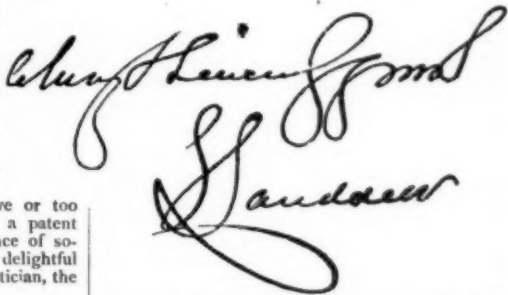
"We hear you talk of retiring into private life; of course you cannot do this without the consent of your friends in England. We have had a general meeting on the subject, and I am authorized to communicate to you that we only agree to your leaving the service in which you have so long and so brilliantly distinguished yourself, on condition that you pay a visit to London at least once a year. Everybody wants to see you. I sat next Dickens at a dinner-party lately, and he would talk of no one else. We say no one ever sees you without feeling happier for the rest of their life. H. says you need not be afraid of your seat at our table being filled up—we have tried and can't do it, the competitors are all too large or too small, too grave or too gay; indeed you might safely take out a patent for Captain Morgan's 'compound essence of society,' combining all the various and delightful qualities of the sailor, the artist, the politician, the chess-player, etc."

Miss Leslie's letters become longer and more descriptive, and it is evident on all sides that the loss was a real one. I quote once more from her pen, for the friendly voices whose echoes she has imprisoned for us are all hushed in the eternal silence:

"FREE AND ENLIGHTENED CITIZEN: You have never been to Paris. I pity you. I have been to Paris, and a delightful place it is. Such churches! such palaces! such pictures!—miles and miles of pictures! such gardens! such houses! such streets! such hotels! such shops! such coffee! such waiters! such hats! such boots and shoes! such bridges! such fountains! such fortifications! such *gens d'armes*! such Bonapartes! I don't know which of all these things delighted me most; but I know Versailles would suit you, for in the palace there are many large rooms full of pictures showing Bonaparte doing everything he ever did or didn't; and, above all, there is a picture of him as he appeared pardoning the Duke of Wellington after he had won the battle of Waterloo!

"Louis Philippe desired to be kindly remembered to you, or, as he expressed it, '*Veuillez, mademoiselle, faire mille et-mille compliments, et dire tout ce qu'il y a de plus tendre de ma part à mon ami le Napoléon de Connecticut.*'

"We found the French more polite than we could have believed any earthly beings to be. The churches are splendid, and in one we wished particularly for your presence, as over the altar there was a picture of Napoleon in quite a new position—that is to say in heaven! or very near it. By the bye, you are perhaps not aware that you have been elected President of the Royal Academy, and are expected to come over at once to commence the duties of that high position. The temporary president is Eastlake, who has been knighted, as, of course, you will be on your arrival. I went to the Royal Academy the other day with the DoYLES, and we saw P— come in (you remember how short he is). Dick said, 'I won't speak to him; why don't he come full length like other people, or else stay in the miniature-room?' P— came to see us yesterday and is as mysterious as ever. We suppose him to be the man in the moon, and that he can only get leave of absence 'when de moon am gone away.' He takes, he says, 'a morbid view of everything'; the world is getting worse and worse every day, and sighs as deeply as his size will let him for the good old times when you might see any of your friends' heads stuck on Temple Bar, or be burned yourself for saying your prayers out of fashion. He says that you are the only person one never sees too much of. You



always like to hear of my misfortunes, so I will tell you of the last, on Monday, just as we were starting for a party at Dickens's!

"You must know I had a very pretty pot of snow-drops of which I took such care and was so fond, and that evening, to my horror, the maid threw them down and completely smashed them! She did it in the dark, so I could not scold, and for want

of better relief I cried!—there's a goose! made my eyes red, etc.—'no consequence'—went to Dickens's; never enjoyed a party so much in my life; danced with Cruikshank; talked with Thackeray a great deal; he smokes, luckily, so I am going to send him some of the cigars you left, as I am sure no one can be more worthy of them in your opinion or in mine. Now you know who is the reigning monarch! The room was full of genius and fun, and I got leave of absence for the night from the 'High Principled Society.' Mark Lemon said it spoilt his back hair to dance in a crowded quadrille. I talked to Stanfield about the attempt you and papa made to steal the club drawings. He asked how I heard it, and I told him I saw it in the police reports. I need not tell you all the people who were there. * * * Though I know you don't get my letters, I write because it is my duty to do so; but you should remember that a correspondence is like a triangle, it should have two sides equal to one another.

"H. J. L."

Many of these letters of Miss Leslie's are illustrated, and I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce a little saint whom I find in a corner glorifying a whole page with the brightness of his aureole and the blueness of his celestial background (see page 769).

"He has put you in his calendar of saints, as thus, you see, you have turned your back upon ships and are wholly devoted to land affairs."

At a somewhat later date, Landseer (Sir Edwin) writes:

"* * * Since last I wrote you my time has been chiefly occupied in the other art, sculpture! and it is likely to remain my daily pursuit for Heaven knows how long. It is two years since I have had a picture in the Royal Academy. This season I hope to assert myself in some sort of form. The two arts rather overwork me, and I lose weight, but not pluck. Now, if you realized the reputation that your friends give you in the old country, you would bring a shirt over to England, shake a lot of old friendly hands, and look at my colossal lions and say if I have done justice to Nelson! My lions are not bumptious, nor do they swagger, but look (I hope) as though they might be trusted, and, as a truly national group should be represented, are all gentleness and tranquillity till Nelson gives the word. Be a brick, and take us, not by surprise, but as you find us, viz., always delighted to see you. * * * Dickens has a house in London, so you would be sure of being welcome 'all the year round.' * * * Give serious attention to my invaluable hints; take a turn with us, and see how very much in earnest we are with old friends."

"Ever truly yours,

"E. LANDSEER."

From this time till the close of Captain Morgan's life the correspondence with certain of his English friends was uninterrupted, but much of it is naturally of too personal a nature for publication. Dickens wrote frequently, and always warmly. No letters could be more charming than his, and every

sentence which I perforce omit seems a real loss. In 1858 he writes:

"I really cannot tell you how highly and heartily I esteem your friendship. What if I were to come to America and try to tell you myself? More unlikely things have happened since the world began. I have been making an extraordinary sensation in divers places by reading my Christmas books to immense audiences, and sometimes I have thought, dreaming with my eyes open, 'Lord! I should not wonder if they would be very glad to hear me in America, after all.' I saw Leslie not long ago looking very well, but, on the whole, exceedingly like Don Quixote, with a grizzled beard. All your other artist friends are flourishing. I dined with a dozen of them last Tuesday, and they all smelt horribly of oil and varnish. * * *

"We have as much public humbug here as usual, and I should very much like (in imitation of your Washington legislature) to dodge it with a stone-ware spittoon, and dash its brains out."

And then, somewhat later:

"Read in America? Humph! Well,—if you had fifty thousand children then I would come directly; but you haven't, you see. And my mind strongly misgives me that I should see many faces turned toward me less beaming and kindly than yours. So I wont come just at present. I told Fields, of Boston, who also wrote to urge me, that I am going to have a preliminary reading in the largest exhausted crater in the moon."

Miss Leslie's piquant gossip offers only too many tempting opportunities for quotations; she is emphatically a free-lance, using gayly the privileges of her youth and her sex. She writes:

"The barometer is very low; it rains; the postman is seen looming; he comes in; and what a consolation to find a letter in the box from the captain! The spirits of the whole house rise. Papa has just returned from a visit to the Duke of —, and declares that dukes are the pleasantest people in the world except captains. He talked rather grandly when he first came back, but has come down again now and walks to Hampstead every fine Sunday. I go with him to keep him from being carried away by effects—chimney-pots, etc. He is going to lecture there soon on Constable and Girtin, and the room will be hung all round with their pictures; but I'm afraid the Hampstead Heath-ens wont understand it. The Chalon's have gone to a new house at Kensington, that is, an old house, very pretty with a real garden. We paid a state visit and were shown everything, and, as they have some goats, Alfred said, 'Would you like to see a chamois-hunt?' Then Louis carried a beautiful little kid to the other end of the garden and called Tiny and Mizzy and let the kid go; away it bounded, and the two fat dogs ran after it for a few yards and then gave it up; but the grand triumph was to see the little kid jump over a crag of flower-pots placed expressly to make the chase more interesting. Alfred is much the same, but John is much changed; Stanfield and Landseer have both been ill, and the club is entirely given up. I believe Stump met by himself for a good while. All the rest of our world is the same as ever, except that everybody has had the influenza,

and everybody thinks he has had it worse than anybody else, and gets quite angry if you don't allow it. Do you remember a fine, handsome young man, very lively, named Mr. George Peabody? I am thinking of falling desperately in love with him. He took us to the opera the other night and treated us so magnificently and gave us such beautiful bouquets, that we think he must be one of the princes of the 'Arabian Nights' revived, and reverence him accordingly. He gave a grand breakfast lately at the Star and Garter (in writing to a native of the U. S. I should have said Star and G—). We and everybody else went, and afterward we had Grisi and Mario to sing 'Yankee Doodle.' * * * We are just now like a magnified 'Happy Family'—Yankees, Turks, Rooshians, Prooshians, Chinese, Germans, Tartars, French, Italians, camels, elephants, hippopotamuses and cardinals—all living peacefully in one cage. All London, soul and body, is absorbed in the Great Exhibition of Industry, and when we say

"Mrs. P. makes me open this to tell you that she has entirely forgotten you. I went with her to Mdme. Tussaud's last night, and tried to bring you to her recollection by taking her into the Napoleon room and showing her the wax-works for which the catalogue says you are the model. I was delighted with everything, and we got into a regular row and were nearly taken up by the police for staring at a live man, taking him for a wax murderer and criticising him accordingly, and, though his eyes very naturally rolled fiercely in his head, we, of course, thought that was part of his business. Mrs. P. won't let me write any more, and, besides, I can't spell well with her pen, so good-bye."

The two Chalons, Alfred and John, of whom Miss Leslie speaks, were well known in their day for their charming water-color sketches and miniature portraits, while, to

ever faithfully yours
S. J. & A. E. (Chalons)

we hav'n't been people stop talking to us as if we were deaf and dumb, but we wont go till you come to go with us. There is to be an opposition Exhibition of Idleness, to which I am going to send someone.

"No Popery" is all the fashion, no one knows what it will come to; but, if the Roman Catholics get the best of it and roast us all, you shall have some of the ashes of your dearest friends sifted and sent over in a coal-scuttle. I don't mean to be burnt, but shall join the Pope's party.

"By the bye, we had such a nice lecture from Thackeray, on Pope (of England), and, ever since, all the family have been reading or grabbing at Pope's letters, which, to my shame (and yet to my joy, for they are such a new treat), I have seen all my life in the book-case and never read a word of, for two foolish reasons, one, because they are bound in a color that most dull books wear, and, the other, that the pictures in the beginning are of a class that I hate, namely, Roman emperors with hooked noses, and temples of learning with pastoral warriors in armor with shepherd's crooks larger than the temples. I dare say you have met with that kind of books and avoided them as I did, but, if you don't know Pope's letters, do make friends with them very soon. * * * Have you forgotten all your poetry on that high stool? We shall call you as they do the cardinal, 'His Eminence,' if you don't come down. I am sure you could not read Burns up there; Milton, you might, perhaps, and, pray tell me if you think there is as much sense in 'Lycidas,' as in the 'Two Dogs'?"

"Papa looks so well in his Turkish dress (which he had made for our fancy-dress party) that he says he has been an ugly Englishman long enough, and now intends to go and live in Constantinople and be a handsome Turk for the rest of his days. Mamma and all send love to the poor captain, who has got aground at last after so many safe voyages.

"H. J. L.

the friends who knew them intimately, they were especially interesting by virtue of their devotion to each other—a devotion which, as Mr. Leslie says, "was such as, were it universal, would make this world a paradise."

For years they were never separated, living together, with their old servant Louis, first in Wimpole street and then in Kensington, content with each other and their art, simple and tender of heart always. In one of Miss Leslie's letters she says: "Tell the captain that the two Chalons boys have got some new pets. A pair of fine carp were sent them to eat, but Louis said, 'Oh, Mr. Alfred, they're not dead.' So they put them in a tub of water and they revived, and now they have a wire net over the tub to keep cats and all the other wild beasts that roam in the deserts of Wimpole street from eating them, and they feed them on minnows, and take all their friends to look at them."

Thackeray's visit to America in 1855 brought to Captain Morgan a pleasant renewing of old associations, and I find the following in the characteristically odd, perpendicular hand, gummed to the fly-leaf of a beautiful copy of "The Newcomes":

"MY DEAR MORGAN: As soon as I am a freeman, be sure I shall come down to — street to look for a kind old friend to whom I owe a letter of thanks for a box of old cigars, a most cordial shake of the hand, and a book, the last I wrote, which I brought from

London with me expressly for E. E. Morgan, and in which his name is at the present moment written. Sir, I have been so busy that I have been nowhere except to E. 22d, where I found you lived by the directory, and when I got there with the books under my arm and saw the plate on the door, 'Good Heavens,' I thought, 'these Americans turn their hands to everything! Is it possible that, after having been a sea-captain, a farmer, a merchant, Morgan should now be keeping a ladies' school?' But they told me it wasn't you that kept the young ladies' seminary, and that you didn't live in 22d street any more.

"Haven't I twenty more notes to write this morning?"

"I send my best regards to Mrs. Morgan and the young ones, and am

"Yours always, dear Morgan,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

I remember being in the room during one of Thackeray's visits to Captain Morgan's house, when a lady present instituted a com-

Yours always dear Morgan
W. M. Thackeray.

parison between the author of "Vanity Fair" and Dickens, somewhat to the disadvantage of the latter.

"Ah," said Thackeray, shaking his splendid gray head, "it's very kind of you to say that, but you know Dickens's slice of pudding is much bigger than mine."

They were trifling words, jestingly spoken, but the face and manner of the speaker gave me, child as I was, a surety which I have never lost, that, however bitter might be Thackeray's scourging of the faults of his fellows, his great heart never harbored an ungenerous or envious thought.

As the sky darkened with the oncoming of our civil war, Captain Morgan had the pain of seeing many of his English friends range themselves upon the side of rebellion and slavery, or at best hold themselves aloof from the struggle, which to Americans meant national life or death. It was undoubtedly hard for him to bear this disappointment, coming as it did in the last years of his life; but his hopefulness never failed, and in the darkest days he did not doubt as to the end. Dickens writes:

"And you think the South will come back within the winter and spring? May I whisper at this distance from Fort Lafayette that I don't. I wish

to God, in the interests of the whole human race, that the war were ended. But I don't see that end to it, no, nor anything like that end—with my best spectacles."

And Landseer also:

"I have half a mind to make an example of you and accept your invitation to the New England country. If I were not eager to make good certain promises in the old home land before going underground, I would drop in like Paul Pry, to laugh and sigh over old friends and old times. As a good Welchman you will quite understand my hoping that the fighting may last in the new country as it did in the case of the Irish cats, and that when you come to tell the tails, I may be present. I trust that you will make an effort to return to our United States; you will find a very honest group happy to shake hands with you.

"Always sincerely yours,

"E. LANDSEER."

But it was ordained that here the hands were never to be clasped again. Before the war ended the genial heart which had drawn to itself so many friends was stilled; the life which had seemed to bear promise of so many rich years yet to come was quenched. The intense energy of the typical New England temperament seems scarcely compatible with length of days, and Captain Morgan died, as such men must always die, in the midst of his work.

Honorable, generous, clear-sighted and sound of judgment, he was also more than ordinarily successful, while the wonderful heartiness which characterized him throughout was in itself a full source of happiness to him and to all who came within his influence. In attempting this outline of his life I have called his friends to speak for him, and in closing it I can hardly do better than to add a last letter from Mr. Dickens, who, I believe, truly loved and understood the rare beauty of the nature which he more than once attempted to describe.

"DEAR FRIEND: I am heartily obliged to you for your seasonable and welcome remembrance. It came to the office (while I was there) in the pleasantest manner, brought by two sea-faring men as if they had swum across with it. I have already told—what I am very well assured of concerning you, but you are such a noble fellow that I must not pursue that subject. But you will at least take my cordial and affectionate thanks. We have a touch of most beautiful weather here now, and this country is most beautiful too. I wish I could carry you off to a favorite spot of mine between this and Maidstone, where I often smoke your cigars and think of you. We often take our lunch on a hill-side there in the summer, and then I lie down on the grass—a splendid example of laziness, and say, 'Now for my Morgan!'

"My daughter and her aunt declare that they know the true scent of the true article (which I don't in the least believe), and sometimes they ex-

claim, 'That's not a Morgan,' and the worst of it is they were once right by accident * * * * * I hope you will have seen the Christmas number of 'All the Year Round.' Here and there, in the description of the sea-going hero, I have given a touch or two of remembrance of Somebody you know; very heartily desiring that thousands of


people may have some faint reflection of the pleasure I have for many years derived from the contemplation of a most amiable nature and most remarkable man.

"With kindest regards, believe me, dear Morgan,

"Ever affectionately yours,

"CHAS. DICKENS."

Yours affectionate and attached
Charles Dickens



THE LESSON.

"BEWARE, dear Heart, if we should part,
 Thy soul would miss her constant lover:
 Be mine, be mine! What more divine
 Than love like ours the wide world over?
 For thee I dare, for thee I do,
 Thy love my life—be true to me, be true!"

Her lips unclosed; a wild briar rose
 Less fresh and bright, and hardly sweeter;
 "I know, I know! But thou must go,
 And love thy love no more, nor meet her.
 Stern Time decrees! And yet,—and yet,—
 Oh, Darling, Darling, teach me to forget!"

Then to his breast he caught, he pressed,
 He held her fast with swift caresses;
 Her eyes of light, her forehead white
 His kisses knew,—her cheeks, her tresses.
 Not she, but Time the lesson learned,—
 He watched entranced for hours, his glass unturned.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. (AFTER A CRAYON PORTRAIT BY WYATT EATON.)

NEARLY four years ago, when "Gunnar" began to appear in the "Atlantic," there were few readers who would have guessed that the charming tale of Norse life had been originally written in English by a native of Norway not two years a resident of the

United States. The story was so unique, yet so unmistakably genuine in its setting, so thoroughly and even conventionally Scandinavian in many of its features, that it was at first regarded (by some persons, at least) as a translation from the Norwegian. But

no translator could hope to preserve the dewy freshness of that idyllic Norseland flavor which pervades the book from beginning to end; and, at the same time, no English-born writer could have expressed himself in clearer English than the author of "Gunnar." This, in fact, would have been really inadequate praise, for few, indeed, are the romancers composing in our own tongue who have so happily combined grace with vigor and simplicity of style. Thus the little work indicated a rare union of gifts in its author; because only a poetic mind, deeply penetrated with the spirit of Norse life and scenery, could have portrayed them so delightfully, while only a cultivated Norseman writing in English with the ease of a native, could have made the story so fresh and attractive to American readers. Since the appearance of "Gunnar," all the succeeding works from the same hand have shown their author's native fondness for Norway and its people; but most of his stories have also shown his interest in the land of his adoption. So that many persons who know Mr. Boyesen only through his writings will scarcely need to be told that he has now identified himself with our nationality as thoroughly as he has acquired our language.

Mr. Boyesen's character as an author has been greatly influenced by several circumstances in his life, and most of the facts presented in this sketch are interesting from a literary point of view through their direct relation to his writings. He was born September 23d, 1848, at Fredricksvern, a small sea-port town on the southern coast of Norway. His father, an officer in the army, was stationed there at the time, but moved away from the place three years afterward. In 1854 he went abroad for two years, leaving his family with the maternal grandfather, Judge Hjorth, who lived at Systrand on Sognefjord—celebrated in Tegnér's "Frithjof Saga," as the scene of Frithjof and Ingeborg's courtship. Here, amid the beauty and grandeur of one of the most picturesque regions in all Norway, the boy dreamed away his childhood, listening at night to old legends and superstitions which he heard recounted by the peasants as he sat with them around the fire, gazing into the embers on the hearth, while dusk and shadow filled the room, and the spluttering pine-knot burned in a crevice of the wall. The tales told at such times had so strong a fascination for his mind that he never tired of them; though forbidden by his grandmother to associate with the ser-

vants, he would often steal down-stairs on the long winter evenings to hear their wonderful stories of necken, huldres, trolls and elf-maidens. Several of these stories are introduced in the earlier part of "Gunnar." In the closing chapters of the "Norseman's Pilgrimage" we have an accurate picture of his grandfather's home with the majestic mountains around it and the noble fjord upon the shores of which it is situated. Both the scenery and the legends of this magnificent region have left their deep and lasting impress upon his mind.

After his mother's death, which occurred when he was about eleven years old, the grandfather assumed the entire charge of Hjalmar, and placed him at a gymnasium, where he remained until he entered the University of Christiania. In the summer vacations, both at the gymnasium and the university, he journeyed most of the way homeward on foot, walking nearly two hundred miles with a knapsack on his back, usually accompanied by one or more fellow-students. These trips were made at the season of the year which is peculiarly glorious in that high latitude; his route led him through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of the north, besides bringing him in close contact with the country people at whose houses the travelers put up for the night, in the mountain districts where inns were scarce. On such journeys he became familiar with the character of the Norwegian peasantry, as well as the varied features of the Norwegian landscape. His experience at this time also furnished the material for the graphic picture of "saeter" life in "Gunnar."

In 1868 he was graduated from the University. Having been distinguished for his readiness in learning languages, he was advised to make philology his "bread study," as the Norwegians say, and had accordingly prepared to remain at Christiania as a special student in that science, when he received a letter from his father which caused him to alter his plans, and eventually changed his career.

His father had spent some time in the United States, and had returned full of enthusiasm for that country and its institutions. He now wrote strongly advising his son to go to America, and devote at least a year to traveling there—urging him, above all, not to settle down "and strike roots" in that "small arctic corner" before he had viewed the larger world without, and felt the mighty intellectual life of the century

pulsating through him. It had been his own misfortune, the father said, "to wake up to experience the happiness of this broader and freer life only when it was too late to obey the impulse which it prompted." He implored his son to break loose now while he was still young and capable of adapting himself to changed relations. On the other hand, the grandfather, when the plan was laid before him, strenuously opposed it; in his opinion there was no happier or better country on the earth than Norway. At last, however, it was decided that young Boyesen should go, for a year only, to see America and try how he liked it, his grandfather predicting that he would return before the year was at an end.

He landed at New York in April, 1869. After traveling through New England and the western states for several months, he found himself at the beginning of the next year in Chicago. Here he accepted a position as associate editor of a Norwegian paper called the "Fremad." In his first editorials he advocated the cause of the American common schools, and defended them against the denunciations of the Norwegian clergy, who have always used every means in their power to confine their people within the narrow limits of their own sectarian schools. This article attracted considerable attention when it appeared, and the question it raised is still discussed from time to time. Since then, he has endeavored not only in his journalistic writings, but also through his stories, to make his countrymen good American citizens. He hopes to see the Norwegians in the West become an organic part of the nation, and feels that the sooner this takes place, the better; for he is convinced that, living as they now do, apart from the rest of the community, their social and political influence is, in a great measure, wasted; while they are only prevented from assimilating with the surrounding population by this clannishness which the clergy encourage for purposes of their own, but which must inevitably disappear with the second or third generation.

In September of this year he was invited to become instructor in Latin and Greek at a small Ohio college,—a position which he finally accepted, chiefly because it placed him entirely among English-speaking people, and gave him the opportunity which he greatly desired of mastering the language. In the following winter he began to compose a story in English; and within two years from the time of his leaving Norway

(though portions of the book were subsequently rewritten before its publication), "Gunnar" was produced. This was the first fulfillment of a long-cherished literary ambition. To become an author had been his highest aspiration ever since he was a boy of twelve. At that age he made his earliest effort in poetic composition, writing clandestinely at first, but afterward taking his grandmother into his confidence, reading his productions to her, and deriving great encouragement from her tears when his theme was tragic, as was usually the case. Of course, he thought of becoming a Norwegian poet only, for at this time the idea of writing in English had never entered his mind. Once, however, when he was about sixteen years old, he ventured to disclose some of his literary projects to his father, who took pains to discourage them by saying that Norway was too small a country with too limited a public to make authorship either profitable or elevating. "A poet," he said, "must be inspired by the consciousness of addressing a large number of his fellow-men, if he would rise above the petty concerns of the hour and really speak what would have a high human worth, a resonance that should come down through the succeeding ages." And then, never missing an opportunity to direct his son toward a future in America, the father added: "If you are strong enough to conquer a new language, and make it so perfectly your own that you can mold and bend it rhythmically to your will, then I shall believe in your literary aspirations, but not until then."

"These words," said Mr. Boyesen, "had a very powerful effect upon me, and have remained with me ever since. I determined on the spot to conquer a tongue which would reach millions of men, never considering in my boyish fervor, that my voice might be too feeble, my thoughts too weak to set human hearts in motion. For some years this thought was pushed into the background of my mind, but after my arrival in this country it was once more aroused with redoubled energy. From the day I set foot on American soil I have never spoken the Norwegian language except when I have been forced to do so. I soon began to think in English, and even to dream in English, which finally satisfied me that I had conquered it. * * * Of course I have lost my own tongue in the same degree that I have gained another. But the English has so much wider range

of expression, is so much richer and stronger, that I do not regret the loss."

It need hardly be said that Mr. Boyesen's mastery of English for purposes of authorship is something very different from what is ordinarily understood by learning a language; more difficult, indeed, than the acquisition of several languages in the usual way. It must be this absolute mastery of a language which Mr. Hamerton has in mind, when he declares, in his "Intellectual Life," that no one can speak even two languages *perfectly*, "except under special family conditions." Mr. Boyesen is scarcely an exception to this rule, for he has partly unlearned his native tongue in learning ours; he has not gained two languages perfectly; he has not added a second language to the Norwegian, but simply exchanged the old speech for the new one; so that he has literally made the English "his own." But even this was remarkable enough considering the time in which it was accomplished, and there can be no question of his linguistic talent—a talent which, as he somewhere observes, is quite common among his countrymen, and which is probably often inherited in many parts of northern Europe, since it naturally would be cultivated there in an unusual degree by the educated classes, especially by the natives of a country so peculiarly situated as Norway, so wild and thinly peopled, so necessarily unfruitful (comparatively) in men of genius, that her inhabitants must look abroad for great literary works in the language of nations with a larger life, a more active intellect, a richer, stronger, and ampler literature than their own land can ever produce. Thus knowing how Mr. Boyesen has deliberately chosen the English from all other languages as his means of literary expression, thus considering the sacrifice he has made without regret in acquiring it, we can realize the value of our precious mother-tongue, and more than ever before appreciate our own good fortune in possessing it by the free gift of nature as the medium of our thoughts.

Considered simply as a linguistic achievement, the production of "Gunnar" was certainly extraordinary. But "Gunnar" is not a mere literary curiosity to excite our wonder; it is a most charming prose idyl, full of natural grace and freshness, tinged throughout with the glamor of Norse folklore that more intensely colors all the earlier chapters. The prose, too, is pervaded by a spirit of poetry which occasionally rises

into the form of verse, and attains its finest expression in the *stev* sung by Gunnar and Ragnhild on the night of the skee-race. Though it is not often that one can place his finger right on the best passage of a really good book, yet all readers must agree that this sweet burst of unpremeditated melody is the most pleasing thing in "Gunnar." Some of the author's subsequent and more elaborate poems may have higher merits of another kind, but none have equaled the unstudied grace, or the unique and artless beauty of this piece of primitive echo song, such as might have been sung in Northland ages ago. The entire story, plain and familiar as its outlines are, has an unwonted novelty of scene, and affords many picturesque incidents and situations, all set off by the glorious background of wild Norwegian landscape; while the diction of the book shows its author to be already as much at home in the language he writes as in the scenes he describes; for his pure, fresh, and simple style in the newly acquired English is all his own.

Before the publication of "Gunnar," early in 1873, Mr. Boyesen sailed for Europe, where he remained till the close of the year, spending the greater part of the time at the University of Leipsic, in the study of Germanic and comparative philology, and afterward revisiting Norway as well as France and England when on his way back to America. While in Paris he gained the friendship of Tourguènéff, with whom he has ever since maintained a frequent correspondence. In a magazine article entitled "A Visit to Tourguènéff," he has given a very interesting account of his conversations with the great Russian novelist.

Before going abroad he had received the appointment to an assistant professorship in Cornell University, and upon his return, he assumed the position in that institution, where he now is, having been recently made professor of German literature. With a good knowledge, both of the old and the modern German language, and an extensive acquaintance with its literature, Mr. Boyesen combines an unusual familiarity with the lives and personal characters of the German authors, that gives an element of biographic interest to his lectures; while he shows an insight into their artistic characters, a sympathetic appreciation of their poetic qualities, an enthusiasm in the study of their works, which no amount of mere learning or critical scholarship could impart. Even when the usual routine drill in trans-

lation is required, his method embraces much more than is ordinarily taught in the class-room. In the study of "Faust," for example, he sketches the old Faust legend, with the stories that cluster around it, makes striking comments on the literary and æsthetic qualities of the poem, pointing out the perfect art of the poet in the use of his materials, the wonderful way in which his words are subtly adapted to express the sentiment of the scene; at the same time all this criticism is interwoven with biographical details* and illustrative incidents drawn from the whole range of literature and made to center around the character of Goethe, the man, the poet, in such a manner as to reveal the spirit in which his masterpiece was produced, and thus to inspire the student with a true appreciation of his genius. The most attractive feature of his lectures is the vivid presentation of biographical details and illustrative incidents, in narrating which he displays the same kind of art that is seen in his own printed stories, namely, the art of a storyteller or *raconteur*; indeed, this talent—identical with the faculty of *fabulieren*, which Goethe is said to have derived from his imaginative and sentimental mother—is so natural to Mr. Boyesen, that even his criticism tends to take a biographical form.

Several of Mr. Boyesen's poems were printed before "Gunnar," but of his poetry I shall only observe here, that it has been, with a few, for the most part, recent exceptions, narrative in subject; and that his verse shows the same vigor, grace and simplicity of diction as his prose. On the other hand, the epithet "prose poetry," though rather inaptly applied to novels in general, would be peculiarly appropriate to his stories. In reading them your first impression is a sense of freshness, which you feel not merely because, as in "Gunnar," the scene is idyllic, but because his manner of looking at nature and his mode of treating his theme, whatever it may be, are essentially poetic. At the same time there is a perfect freedom from poetic artifice in all he writes an absence of all tend-

ency to strive after novelty. Perhaps not one positively new figure occurs,—for example, in his fine description of the "Mountain Taken Maid,"—yet the passage strikes you as though it were entirely new; for there is no over-refinement, or straining for his imagery; not a trace of an artificial element in his style; its bloom is all natural.* And in his purity of expression, his directness of delineation and his way of describing everything poetically and picturesquely, but naturally and simply, without the slightest attempt at mere rhetorical effect—in all these qualities as we find them exhibited in his works, there is something which reveals the Scandinavian origin of the author. The very first chapter of "Gunnar" is an allegory that could only come from the North; in fact, the graceful personification of the pine, the fir and the lake, reminds one very much of Hans Christian Andersen,—though there is nothing to recall that writer in the succeeding chapters.

But the location of the story would naturally suggest a comparison with his own countryman, Björnson, whose "Fisher Maiden" "Gunnar" vaguely resembles in having for its theme the development of an artistic instinct in the principal character. In other respects the difference between the two books is more remarkable than the resemblance. The younger novelist has drawn new materials from the same field in which his countryman worked, and was especially successful in availing himself of the undeveloped treasures of Norse folklore with the happiest effect. Some of his shorter tales, particularly "A Scientific Vagabond," occasionally put one in mind of Björnson. But aside from a certain simplicity of manner, indicating that both by birth belong to the same school, the two novelists have little in common. Such, at least, is the impression of one who reads "Arne" and the "Fisher Maiden" in the English version. Boyesen has, for English readers, the advantage of producing pictures of Norwegian life which do not require the medium of a translation. While it is to be expected that the maturer artist should show more skill in working out his plan, more delicacy of touch and refinement in his mode of indicating character, rather than directly portraying it; yet, on the other hand, there is more evidence of force

* The nature of these details may be imagined; for example, the love episodes in the life of Goethe are fully discussed in connection with their influence upon his writings. Some general idea of this feature in the professor's lectures may be gained from three articles published two years ago in the "Atlantic," entitled, "Social Aspects of the Romantic School in Germany," "Novalis and the Blue Flower," and "Literary Aspects of the Romantic School."

* I regret that there is no room for the quotation: this passage can be found on pages 246, 247 of the "Tales from Two Hemispheres."

and energy of imagination in Boyesen, and in one or two of his shorter stories which are remarkable for strength and boldness of outline, he has displayed a power which may, when fully developed, enable him to go deeper into life than Björnson.

Traces of this kind of power recall a greater northern novelist whose writings have certainly had a strong influence upon Boyesen's artistic growth. His enthusiastic admiration of Tourguènéff is well known; indeed it would hardly be too much to say that the author of "Liza" has afforded him an ideal in novel-writing, and that in some particulars he has taken Tourguènéff for his model. Even the "Norseman's Pilgrimage" contains here and there a passage (for instance, the paragraph on pages 40, 41) which suggests Tourguènéff. In the later stories, the resemblance is marked in passages, though never throughout, for no youthful hand could have that wonderfully sure and sustained grasp of character which is found in the works of the great "northern athlete." Yet those quick glimpses of sympathy with nature and insight into character, as well as those incidental touches of acute realism,—such as the ticking of a clock, the buzzing of a fly against the window pane in "Smoke,"—these traits of the great Russian novelist are sometimes reflected in the "Tales from Two Hemispheres," while the tragic tone that pervades the book might have been caught from the same source.

These "Tales" are unquestionably superior to "Gunnar" and "A Norseman's Pilgrimage," not only because the author has made considerable progress since writing the former works, but because he is eminently gifted as a writer of short stories, and always conceives them with an ideal purpose in view. This is especially noticeable in "Asathor's Vengeance," which is designed to illustrate the extreme effect of a superstitious communion with nature upon a lonely mind, like that of the "Mountain Taken Maid," who is subject to the influence of the wild mountain scenery around her. Here was a problem not unworthy of Hawthorne, which has been very artistically worked out. The misty legendary light that is shed over it gives a picturesque completeness to the entire tale. While Boyesen seems most at home with a weird poetic theme of this kind, so peculiarly suited to his style, he has also been successful in the stories of real life,—most perfectly, I think, in "The Man who Lost His

Name," which (all things considered) is probably the best he has given us. Besides, though placed first in the book, this was the last written of all the "Tales" and is therefore deserving of particular attention. Strictly speaking, it is not a story of real life, but of a gentle, idealistic dreamer who appeals to our sympathies through his pathetic helplessness in the actual world of New York. The tragic phase of this very unfitness for the struggle of existence is vividly portrayed in the history of his love for a woman of society,—a hopeless, fatal passion, such as a man with a more practical nature could scarcely experience, but just such as might have grown up in the breast of this dreamy, simple-hearted enthusiast. The American heroine, too, is drawn, or at least sketched, with a more skillful hand than the Boston girl in "A Norseman's Pilgrimage"; and this story proves that the author is capable of using the materials he finds on our side of the ocean, so that we may look ere long for larger pictures of American life and deeper studies of American character. Yet he can hardly afford to dispense entirely with the Norse feature in his novels, and still less to lose those indefinitely Scandinavian qualities of style, whose adaptation to our language is as natural as the growth of the Norway spruce in our soil. His writings seem to bring a new element into our literature, as simple, pure and healthful as that which his immigrant countrymen have brought into our population.

The story just mentioned also contains several short passages of condensed reflection, unmistakably after the manner of George Eliot. But, in general, the quality of the author's mind is altogether unlike that of the great Englishwoman; and, since he has more frequently reminded us of Tourguènéff, he will be far more likely to follow that novelist's method than to pattern after George Eliot in the study of character. I have thought worth while to notice these literary relationships of Boyesen, because they show his artistic tendencies, and, as he is young, they also serve to indicate the direction of his future growth. Of course this likeness implies no lack of originality in what he writes. On the contrary, even where he recalls Tourguènéff, the resemblance is modified by a manner peculiar to himself. In his realism, he is less severely objective and impersonal than the Russian, and he does not exclude a graceful play of fancy from his writing, as for example, when he speaks

of "those small red-covered volumes of Chopin, where the rich, wondrous melodies lie peacefully folded up like strange exotic flowers in an herbarium," which is a dainty little touch peculiarly his own. Again, in the same tale, a somewhat unusual effect is rendered in the presentation of the heroine, who, we are led to infer, is a typical New York girl; while her character is neither very strongly marked nor completely studied, it is still very admirably indicated on the side that appears in the story, that is, in as far as it affects the fate of the young Norseman. Hence, there is art in showing her, not from the ordinary point of view, but as she seems to her simple-hearted adorer; in describing her as "that wonderful complexity of ethereal lines, colors, tints and half tints, which go to make up the modern New York girl * * * ravishing to behold in the airy grace of her fragrant morning toilet," thus disclosing her idealized image in the mind of the poor dreamer who unconsciously identifies the loveliness of the girl with the beauty of her dress, until one day at luncheon when "she had got a stain on her dress, and he had been forced to observe that her dress was not really a part of herself, since it was a thing that could be stained." Very touching is the story as a whole, even if we choose to find fault with some of its details; for it has the true elements of tragedy, and leaves a deep impression at the close, considering that its length hardly affords space for the greatest tragic momentum to be acquired.

There can be no question that Boyesen has hitherto appeared at his best as a writer

of short stories; but practice may render him equally successful in longer ones. He is now engaged upon a larger tale—partly from our own hemisphere—which will undoubtedly show a marked advance upon his previous efforts, in those technical qualities that a well-finished and skillfully constructed novel demands. In fact, the imperfection of his writing is all of this technical kind, which is only regarded by the more critical reader. The directness and simplicity of his manner, while it imparts the charm of freshness to his tales, sometimes leaves the raw fabric of the story slightly visible here and there,—commonly in the more realistic passages,—and thus occasions a trace of crudeness, which a little more careful elaboration of the material would have entirely removed. Such blemishes are usually too superficial to impair our interest in the narrative, and too transient to affect our general estimate of the writer, since the defect must disappear whenever he gives the details of his subject full time to ripen in his mind. Far greater faults would be outweighed by the rare merits that he displays.

Moreover, he is still a very young author, and the most important part of his career is yet to come; it will be some years before we can hope to see him at his best. Meanwhile, knowing that he has a high ideal before him, we may expect to measure the growth of his power with each successive book. All those that he has thus far produced, however excellent in themselves, are chiefly valuable for the promises they give of greater achievements in the future.

THE POET'S ART.

CALL it not art; that sad, laborious name,
 Oh, gentle poet, does thy warblings wrong.
 When at still eve the nightingales prolong
 Delicious melody, who would not blame
 The cold, mechanic term for that which came,
 Born of sweet throats, a gushing stream of song?
 So from thy soul pours forth, oh, free and strong,
 Thine own deep music on the air of fame.
 Thy art is Nature's; thou dost only hear
 The whispered secrets of her woods and skies,
 And then repeat them to the common ear
 That cannot catch her finer harmonies.
 Thou art her voice, and unto her so dear,
 Her inmost heart is open to thine eyes.

TOGAS AND TOGGERY.

SOME one, more ingenious than wise, has lately attempted to set aside the old established epithets



NO. 1. TERRA-COTTA HEAD
FOUND AT TANAGRA.

which indicate the distinction between man and the lower animals, and to substitute for "the building animal" and "the animal who clothes himself," the style — "the furnishing animal." This innovator, or would-be innovator—for it is not possible his doctrine should find followers in any considerable number—asserts that too many animals beside man build their own habitations, and indeed acquire considerable skill in architecture, to allow of his arrogating to himself the title of "the building animal," against which assumption, the birds, the wasps and the bees, the ants, and even the spiders, cry out in angry chorus. If he were an advocate, he says, bent on pushing his case to extremes, he might insist that in their building-practice, the animals have shown considerable inventive, and even mathematical, talent; that the ants were the first builders of domes, that a certain family of spiders invented the portcullis, and that the bees taught the mathematicians and geometers the only way to shape a cell which should be of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of material employed, and at the same time so disposed as to occupy in the hive the least possible space. Fireflies, too, point to a time when every man shall be a light unto himself—in short, our paradoxical author drives us to the exasperating conclusion usually reached by such specialists, that what his clients cannot do is not worth the doing, and what they do not know is not worth the knowing.

We maintain, too, that, in reality, man has no need of furniture, and that everything he does worth

doing could be done without these adjuncts. In the highest stage of civilization, men will not need either a bed, a table, a stool, or a candlestick—things which, just now, he considers to be of absolute necessity, but which one people, the most refined, the most intelligent, and the most highly civilized that has lived on this planet in historic times—the Japanese, to wit, have shown can be perfectly well dispensed with. Indeed, in every age, the more refined the race, the less has it thought furniture necessary, and it might even be asserted, without much fear of contradiction, that a people that need a great deal of furniture to be comfortable and happy is in a state, so long as that need is felt, that can only be termed barbarous. Man proper, man in his highest condition of spiritual and physical development, is absolutely independent of furniture;—sits on his heels, sleeps on the floor, eats with his fingers from dishes made of gourds and leaves (or, if he prefers it, of wood exquisitely lacquered) placed on the ground; avoids the necessity of candlesticks by using lanterns, or by going to bed early and sleeping late; and writes on his wristbands. All the noblest art, the most exquisite decorative design, all the immortal books, have come from people or from individuals to whom "things" have been unnecessary or unknown. And, therefore, to insist that man is distinguished from the lower animals by having furniture, is not to say a handsome thing about him, but to derogate from his dignity.

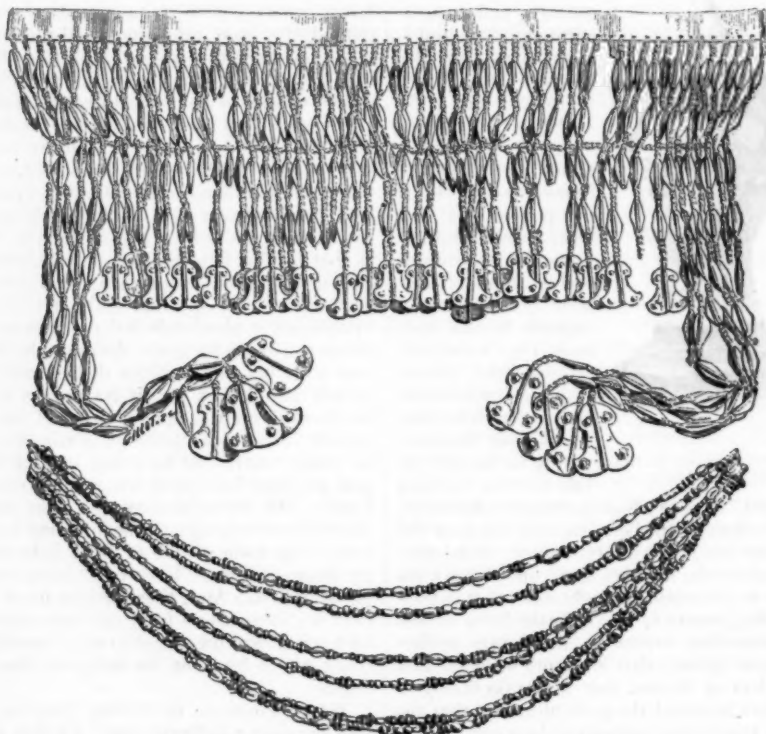
When we come to clothes, however, we find the case a different one. Clothes seem



NO. 2. CHURCH VESTMENT, MADE OF EASTERN STUFF.

to go hand in hand with man's development as a social being, and every high-tide in civilization has been marked by great inventiveness, splendor, and even luxury, in dress. In the oldest legend, the fig-leaf symbolizes the breach between man and the animals who, up to that time, had been

as men, and that they dress as much as we do. He trifles with his subject, as it seems to us, by quoting *Æsop*, who asserts that the ass sometimes dresses himself in a lion's skin, and that the jackdaw, on one occasion, made for a time a little social capital for himself out of borrowed feathers. Mr. Darwin, a man



NO. 3. NECKLACE DISCOVERED BY SCHLIEMANN AT HISsarLIK.

his kinsfolk and confidants, but who, from that hour, were for the most part estranged from him; only a few of them expressing a mute wish to keep up the old, familiar relations. With the assumption of the fig-leaf, man did not take leave of his innocence, he only became conscious of it, but, what was of more importance, he became conscious, too, that he liked dress, and that in dress he could express a thousand thoughts and feelings, gratify a thousand desires and sensations that he felt stirring half unconscious within him, that in dress, in short, was another paradise, which would make the old one seem but a humdrum memory.

The paradoxical person before alluded to will have it that animals are as fond of dress

of more scientific authority than *Æsop*, assures us that the birds, the butterflies, and many of the insects, play upon the advantages which they have learned by experience go with brilliant toilets; and that owing to a natural selection on the part of the females, the brilliant toilets finally cut out the dull and modest ones, and get the field to themselves. There is one insect that has the whim, like some philosophers, to go about in a shabby coat, and makes himself one of sticks and shreds of dried leaves, wrapped in which he walks, out-at-elbows and seedy, and hides his light under a bushel. Besides, if animals do not actually in all cases clothe themselves, they take very good care of the clothes Nature has given them. Pussy-cat

by the fire, serenely happy in the knowledge that the world and the people in it were made solely for her service and amusement, spends hours of the day licking her fur and washing her handsome face. And the birds, whenever time hangs heavy on their hands, preen their feathers and add fresh oil to their silk. It is true, the leopard cannot change his spots, but we have no reason to suppose he wishes to; both he and the tiger are no doubt well contented with their royal attire. Some animals have the power to change their attire, putting on an entirely new suit of clothes all at once in about the same time, at the longest, it takes some men's wives to dress for dinner. Whoever has been so fortunate as to come upon a snake putting off his skin, and has watched the creature's contortions (singularly like those of a man *putting on* a clean shirt), or has seen, as he might have seen a thousand times or so last spring, a seventeen-year locust hanging up his gauze coat on the twigs, will not soon forget the curious spectacle. Here, no doubt, are the most ancient forms of renewal,—the later creations do the same thing in a more leisurely way. The quadruped and biped, in moulting and shedding their coats, accomplish the end, with more discomfort to themselves than man, and with less neatness and celerity than the snake and the locust. Man is popularly supposed to take seven years to make himself all over new, but, in the meantime, between baths, barbers, dentists, and other pickers and stealers, he is never for long a fixed quantity. Certain expressions that come naturally to the lips on exciting occasions seem to point to undeveloped possibilities in man's nature, as when he says, "I thought I should burst," the very words, according to some interpreters, that the seventeen-year locust is all the time iterating, or, "I felt as if I should jump out of my skin," which the snake not only says, but does.

In fact, the clothing of animals gives them their individuality more absolutely than man's clothing gives him his; and, no doubt, if we could get near enough to the names that Adam gave the beasts in the Garden, we should find that those names hit in every case the exact characterization of the animal's nature, expressed by the markings of his skin, the colors of his feathers, or the disposition of his scales.

And man himself can do no better than to steal from the animals to clothe himself,

and he is almost exclusively indebted to them when he is pushed for materials with which to adorn himself, for everything, in fact, that he needs to make his dress more than a merely utilitarian covering. With the exception of gems and jewelry, man goes to the animals for all his personal ornaments.

All this and more may easily be granted, and yet it does not oblige us to abate man's claim to distinction on account of his power to dress himself, and of his love of doing so. We do not believe that animals, to use the slang of the courts, have any case at all.

It is a fact worth noting that the nations which, like the Japanese, have shown a



NO. 4. STATUE OF SAPOR.

great indifference to furniture, have given much attention to the subject of dress. The most glorious costumes, so far as mere cost-



NO. 5. "A CURLED AND COMBED ASSYRIAN BULL."

liness is concerned, are probably those of the Indian princes, blazing with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, sapphires and amethysts on a moonlight background of seed pearls, or soft cloth-of-gold or Dakka muslin. No doubt that for so much beauty as is consistent with sumptuousness, the Indian state dresses carry off the palm; but for picturesqueness and originality, there was never anything to match the Japanese dresses in the days that are passing away before the dismal march of improvement. To our mind, it argues a people unfit ever to add anything substantial to the intellectual or spiritual riches of the world, this eagerness of the Japanese to give up at a blow everything that distinguishes them from the outside world. Their form of government went first, but their dress followed hard upon, and some of their foremost men would gladly give up their religion, and their language, with all the manners and customs they could contrive to get rid of. When they

have done this, the Japanese will find that they have nothing left but the one power to make money, and that they have sold their birthright for a mess of sour pottage. A nation that can ever entertain the wish to give up its language must be far gone in dry-rot. But, the dress was the easier to get rid of, and I cannot help thinking that a Jap, in what he takes for European dress, is a type of vulgarity that for its completeness ought to be a subject for some pride. Some of our readers may have seen, among the cheap colored wood-cuts imported from Japan by Mr. Van Tine, an assortment of which is kept pretty constantly in stock by him, one that represents the mikado giving an audience, to one of the daimios, probably. The drawing in itself was a lesson to the confident people who declare that the Japanese do not understand perspective. It would be interesting to put this cheap print alongside Mr. Frith's vulgar "Marriage of the Prince of Wales," and to show how much better the Japanese knew to give an idea of space than his English brother. This hall, vast in extent, closed in on either side by screens, and with its

floor rising gradually from one end to the other in a succession of wide platforms, each only slightly higher than the one below it, was bordered on each side by a double row of officials, arrayed in what we call their butterfly-robcs, inventing for ourselves a name which seems to describe this strange attire, with its head-dress recalling the head of some species of beetle, and with its wide, stiff sleeves, and wide, stiff skirt, marked conspicuously with the armorial bearings of the feudal clan to which its wearer belonged, and each great human moth seemed busily agitating its fan-tennæ (if the reader will forgive the reckless pun), suggesting to the fancy the notion that perhaps these creatures may be in the process of development from some quaintly rich variety of moth. To any one who, from familiarity with Japanese stuffs, and Japanese manufactures generally—their screens, their mats, their fans, their swords and pipe-cases, their ivory buttons and the rest—could translate

all this rude wood-cutting into the perfection of design and manufacture of the original, the notion that this picture gives of Japanese ideas of stateliness and refinement



NO. 6. TOGA.—FRONT VIEW.

in splendor is very captivating. In the center of each platform an official was seen upon his knees, with his forehead touching the floor; these men appeared to be gradually crawling up from platform to platform toward the superior end of the apartment, where, facing them, and sitting in front of a screen, though at some distance from it, was a great dignitary, not the mikado, but only one who represented that mysterious being who never revealed himself in the old days to any mortal outside the circle of his personal attendants. This representative of the ruler of the blissful kingdom was also clad in the butterfly-dress, and waved his fan as well as the rest, and one might fancy that the delicate motions of his antennæ were signals to regulate the movements of this august ceremonial.

Now that we have looked, first upon these pictures where the dress of the actors is in entire and artistic harmony with the place and with the ideas that governed the ceremonial in the past, let us look for a moment at another in the "Illustrated London News," which shows us the daimios of to-day, returning from paying their respects to the mikado. This time we are not shown the hall,—prob-

bly it has been transmogrified like the rest of fairy-land, and has been fitted up in humble imitation of a New York drawing-room of the Tweed régime, furnished *carte blanche* by Pottier & Stymus. We are standing at the outer gate of the palace, and the great feudatories are passing out. But, as the folks at Camelot said, "who is this, and what is here?" Are these the daimios, these gawky Irishmen—shambling, knock-kneed, spavined creatures in Chatham street suits, the trowsers turned up at the ankles, and with stove-pipe hats set at all angles on heads with hair they don't know what to do with? What a change! Fled is fancy, fled is beauty; and common-sense—oh, where is she?

The stuffs employed by the Japanese and Chinese offer this curious fact for our consideration: that the designs, in a multitude of instances, are identical with those of textile fabrics which, when we find them in European museums and collections, we refer to the middle ages. Probably many of these pieces—the remains chiefly of ecclesiastical vestments (see cut No. 2)—really traveled into western Europe from the extreme East; others may be the work of European looms, imitating these oriental fabrics and copying their



NO. 7. TOGA.—BACK VIEW.

designs. Wherever we follow her traces, the mediæval Christian church seems to have appropriated whatever she could lay her hands on—no less in merely extrinsic mat-

ters of costume, and ornamental design, than in the customs, superstitions, festivals and religious rites of the people she brought under her rule. We are so accustomed to associating certain forms of diaper-ornament and ara-



NO. 8. STATUE OF VULCAN.

besque ornament with mediæval art, that we are surprised to find these same forms, only more of them and in more various and free combination, in the silks of Japan, and in its wall-papers as well. The truth seems to be that these designs originated in the East and were adopted in the West. What we call "set patterns" in stuffs came in first perhaps from the remote East, and afterward received a new impulse from the Arabs. Flowing patterns may have originated with the Persians, and there may have been a new impulse for them from the Italian Renaissance.

The forms of some of the Chinese articles of dress are curiously like certain of the forms employed by the Romans. The jacket of a Chinese costume once in the writer's possession, when laid out flat on a table preparatory to folding, was almost identical in shape with one or two of those given by Viollet-le-Duc in his "*Dictionnaire*

du Mobilier"—the later forms of the Bliant, the Cotte, the Garde-corps, for example. Not to insist upon this, however, though nothing is more likely than that the stuffs above alluded to may have been brought into Europe "made up" into articles of clothing, and the shapes as well as the stuffs themselves may have been adopted, yet what is more interesting is, that all the specimens we have seen of Japanese and Chinese clothing are made up by means of the needle,—they are not seamless garments. Of course the embroidery is all done by the needle, but the needle has also been found of the greatest use in sewing seams, in hemming, and in gathering.

Now in all the school-books, and books of useful information, we are assured that the needle was not introduced into England until Queen Elizabeth's time. We read that a certain Spanish negro (had he been cook or sailor on some ship that had coasted as far as China?) was the inventor of this useful implement, and that like a good pro-



NO. 9. TERRA-COTTA FIGURE FROM TANAGRA.

tectionist as he was, he died without revealing the secret of his discovery!

We know by certain signs and tokens that sewing was not unknown in Queen Elizabeth's time, though it is also likely it

had not reached the perfection it attained under our great-grandmothers. It was probably very nearly, if not altogether, as bad as what is done nowadays by the sewing-machine.*

Hamlet found Ophelia sewing, or, as the folio has it, "sowing" in her chamber, and Shakspeare could hardly have thought of that occupation for her, if it had not been fashionable at least, if not common. Ophelia, like a young lady of position, probably amused herself as all the other girls of her set did. But this is not the only allusion in Shakspeare to sewing; one, the reader will remember, is in that fine scene in "Coriolanus," where Valeria comes to visit the ladies Volumnia and Virgilia. Valeria says, as she enters the room, "How do you both? You are manifest housekeepers. What are you sowing here? A fine spouse, in good faith. How does your little sonne?" And in a passage of the "Arcadia," Sidney shows us his heroine Pamela "working upon a purse certain lilies and roses * * * for the flowers she had wrought carried such life in them, that the cunningest painter might have learned of her needle, which with so pretty a manner made his careers to and fro the cloth, as if the needle itself would have been loth to have gone fromward such a mistress, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly again, the cloth looking with many eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it; the shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short. And if at any time she put her mouth to bite it off——" Where was Pamela's mother, that she should have allowed her daughter to contract such a habit?

Still, if biting her thread off, instead of using the scissors, implies an old habitude, and so contradicts the newness of the invention of sewing—unless we take refuge in instinct!—there are other facts that are on the side of the legend. In the famous Jarley collection of wax-work effigies, one is catalogued as that of "a maid-of-honor in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger with a needle," and if a lady of position could handle the im-

plement with such clumsiness, it must have been because she was not used to it. A story is told, too, of one of the young sprigs of nobility in that time, who came to a court entertainment, dressed in a complete suit of white satin covered all over with eyelet-holes, from every one of which depended



NO. 20. WOODEN FIGURE OF ST. FRANCIS, BY ALONZO CANO.

* A very curious and attractive exhibition might be made by collecting specimens of the plain sewing and stitchery of our ancestors, beginning with the establishment of the Republic and coming down to as late as forty years ago. Many of the present generation are as unfamiliar with hand-sewing as they are with money. It was one of the most beautiful of the lost arts.

the needle and the silk with which it had been made. We cannot at this moment give chapter-and-verse for this story, but as we remember, it was told of Surrey. Surrey, however, was beheaded in 1547, a week before the death of Henry VIII.



NO. 11. COSTUME OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Nor must it be forgotten, in a learned treatise like the present, to refer to the well-known play "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written, probably, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, the plot of which turns upon the consternation produced in a household, nay in a whole town, by the loss of a needle. Certainly, unless needles had been things of considerable rarity, a play founded upon the loss of one would have wanted point. Leaving out of the question for the present, then, the damaging evidence of the maid-of-honor, we suppose it may be concluded that in the reign of Henry VIII. and his son, needles were little used, but that in Elizabeth's time they had come to be common enough. But the earlier garments must have been made up by the aid of some implement, and judging of some specimens of clothing said to have belonged to Henry VIII., which we once saw at South Kensington, we should judge that the instrument employed must have been a younger member of the crow-bar family. It was probably a coarse stiletto, an implement that, from its name, would seem to have come out of Italy, and which used to be a

familiar denizen of ladies' work-baskets in the days when such things were. With this stiletto, holes as small as possible would be made along the edges of the two pieces of cloth to be united, and then a thread of linen or of silk would be used to overcast the seam. Still, even this stiletto must often have had a thread passed through it, for much earlier than Henry's time, in Chaucer's, to wit, we find such a contrivance mentioned in a passage of the "Romaunt of the Rose":

Hard is his heart that loveth naught
In May, whan all this mirth is wrought.
Whan he may on these branches here
The smallè birdès singin clere
Her blisfull swete song piteous.
And in this season delitous,
When love affirmeth allè thing,
Me thought one night in my sleeping,
Right in my bed full readyly,
That it was by the morrow early,
And up I rose and gan me cloth,
Anone I wysshe mine hondès both,
A silver needle forth I drow
Out of an aguiler queint ynow
And gan this needle thread anone,
For out of towne me list to gone
The sound of birdès for to here
That on the buskès singin clere.
In the swete season that lefe is
With a thread basting my slevis
Alone I went in my playing.



NO. 12. COSTUME OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

This young fellow's sleeve was a long strip of cloth secured somehow to the coat at the shoulder, and which could only be made into a sleeve proper by being brought round the arm, and laced up by means of the eyelet-holes we have described.

However it came about, certain it is that in mediæval times there was a great accession of interest in dress, in marked contrast to what we know of the classic times. Homer rarely describes the dresses of his men and women, though in his battles he often enough characterizes the armor of the chief combatants. Yet there are hints enough as to the splendor and the beauty of the garments worn by these people, and even in Homer one minute description, that may serve as a standard by which to judge their taste. He is telling us how Hera arrays herself in pursuance of a scheme she has formed for deceiving Zeus:

"And she proceeded to her chamber, which Vulcan, her dear son, had made for her, and had fitted the thick doors to the lintels with a secret bolt; and this no other god could remove. There entering in, she closed the shining doors. First, she washed all impurities from her lovely person with rich oil ambrosial, and anointed herself with rich oil, ambrosial, agreeable, odoriferous, and the perfume of which when shaken in the brazen-floored mansion of Jove reached even to earth from heaven. With this, having anointed her body, and having also combed her hair, with her hands she arranged her shining locks, beautiful, ambrosial, which flowed from her immortal head. Next she threw around her a robe which Minerva had wrought for her in needlework, and had embroidered much varied work upon it, and she fastened it upon her breast with golden clasps. Then she girded herself with a zone adorned with a hundred fringes, and in her well-perforated ears placed her triple-gemmed, elaborate ear-rings, and much grace shone from her. Then the divine one of goddesses covered her head with a veil, beautiful, newly wrought; and it was bright as the sun; and beneath her shining feet, she fastened her beautiful sandals. But when she had arranged all her ornaments around her person, she proceeded straight from the chamber; and having called Venus apart from the other gods, addressed her in speech."

We have few actual remains of the ornaments worn by the ancient Greeks—the objects found at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann being for the most part only funeral gifts intended to represent as much costliness as



NO. 13. PERSIAN DRESS, FROM A NATIVE PAINTING.

they could contrive at as little expense as possible. Cut No. 3 shows a necklace which Dr. Schliemann discovered in his diggings at Hissarlik, and which recalls Juno's zone adorned with a hundred fringes. It is one of the few really beautiful "finds" of Schliemann. The good doctor, as all the world now knows, uses adjectives with the exuberant lawlessness of a school-girl, and his "splendid" crowns and wreaths and "magnificent" cups and vases are all the more disappointing for the deal of bragging that has preceded their exhibition.* As a rule, we are

* "A preliminary exhibition of a few of the most interesting objects has been held in the Athenian Bank. . . . A correspondent writing to the 'Times,' expresses some disappointment at their appearance, and remarks that the richness of the appearance of so much gold did not compensate for the absence of solidity which characterized most of the disinterested antiquities."—London "Graphic," June 16.

After what was learned of Dr. Schliemann's peculiar temperament and peculiar views in the matter of his Troy discoveries, we submit that disappointment at the sight of the Mycenæ treasures is out of place.

at liberty to suppose, from all we know, that the ancient people did not really bury much that was valuable with their dead. Homer's description of the funeral of Hector and Patroclus certainly speaks of splendid offerings, but they may have been only repre-



NO. 14. FIGURE FROM PAUL VERONESE'S "MARRIAGE IN CANA."

sentatives of splendor, such as we believe are still employed in India. While the writer was in Florence, in the winter of 1870-1, an Indian prince died at one of the hotels, and, by permission of the authorities, his body was burned on a funeral pyre just outside the city. The newspapers were full of accounts of the offerings that had been heaped up on the pyre about the body of the dead prince—the "magnificent" shawls and carpets, the "splendid" robes, the "splendid" ornaments of gold, etc., etc. But, on inquiry, it turned out that these were all cheap substitutes for the real things, provided by the undertaker as a part of the ceremony, so to speak, just as in our country the same functionary provides the handles, name-plates, metal crosses, etc. that are a part of the coffin, and as much shams of real feeling or respect as our

funeral-flowers and "emblems," or our "wedding-presents."*

But, how are we to account for the great difference between the objects found by Schliemann and Di Cesnola, in Hissarlik, Mycenæ, and Kurium, and those found in the graves of Etruria, and amply represented in the Castellani collection at our Metropolitan Museum? The Kurium treasure has but little value as art, though immense value as archaeology, but the Etruscan treasure of Castellani has a value beyond reckoning as art. The living, in Etruria, could hardly have reserved to themselves any ornaments more beautiful or more intrinsically precious than those they buried with their dead; the gold jewelry in the Castellani collection is so exquisite in workmanship and so lovely in design as to justify us in believing that Homer's description of these things may have been not at all exaggerated, but drawn from things with which he was familiar. Nor is there in the world a more beautiful antique bronze than the little hovering cupid which Castellani himself found in a grave suspended as it is here in the case, hovering over the dust of the dead that lay below. As art, all that Dr. Schliemann has discovered in Troy and Mycenæ would be cheaply exchanged for this one lovely figure.

But, in the same case with the Etruscan jewelry, there is a relic of that mysterious people which, taken with the other personal ornaments, the rings and brooches, the earrings and hair-pins, carries to the highest point our notion of their taste. This is all that was left of what appears to have been a loose vest covering the upper part of the body coming down perhaps just over the girdle. The material of this vest is of pure gold that almost looks as if it may have been spun, and near it in the case are the small stars of pure gold and of incomparable workmanship that were either used to fasten it, or were attached here and there to its surface as ornaments. (Tray No. 6, articles 7, 25, 26, 27, 28. See Catalogue, part I, page 29.) Yet this refinement is only of a piece with what we suspect of the Greeks in the sphere of dress: we are told that in Cos a muslin was manufactured so fine that,

* Can the multitude of small disks of pottery stamped with rude ornamental figures which Dr. Schliemann found at Hissarlik, and for which no use has yet been discovered, have been make-believe cakes, intended to be thrown into graves or into funeral pyres?

spread out on the grass to bleach, it could only be seen when the dew lay upon it!

Except on their mummy-cases, we find few representations of the dress of the higher classes in ancient Egypt. The extreme heat of the country seems to have made as little dress as possible desirable. The statues of the kings and queens and of the high officials discovered at Sakkarah by Mariette, represent these personages as nearly naked, though they often atone for this comfortableness by the immense size of their head-dresses. The sitting statue of the woman named Nefer-t shows this lady enveloped in a robe the scantiness and fine texture of which permit us to follow all the undulations of her body. Her feet are bare, without even sandals, but she has a handsome collar, and an ornamented circlet about her head. The statue of Queen Ameniritis is similarly clad. The Assyrians, on the other hand, paid immense attention to dress. Judging from the faces of their great men, they would seem to have given their whole mind to the subject. Cuts Nos. 4 and 5 show two of these "combed and curled

Alps, and even in northern Italy, dress became of so much more importance than it seems to have been in Greece and southern



NO. 16. PAINTING OF LADY OF ROUEN, SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



NO. 15. SILVER STATUE OF LOUIS XIII., BY RUDE.

Assyrian bulls." No dandy of Charles II.'s time was ever more beribboned and belaced than this Sapor, King of Persia.

The reason why, in Europe north of the
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Italy, may perhaps be found in the climate, which called for more clothing, and may also have something to do with the spread of Christian ideas. There has always been something distasteful, more than that, disagreeable, hateful even, to Christians in the naked human form, and, as they felt in the beginning, so they do now. Wherever we go, either as missionaries or travelers, among people who find their health and comfort in going as naked as possible, we Christians insist on making them uncomfortable by forcing them to wear clothes. But, after all has been allowed that is reasonable to these two influences, there remains a great difficulty in bridging the gap between the simple, almost primitive costume of the Romans, and even the earliest forms in which the modern dress appears in the monument of Italian painting. Cuts Nos. 6 and 7 show the Roman toga as seen in front and at the back. Cut No. 8 is the dress worn underneath the toga, the shirt, in fact, which could be shortened at need by being drawn up into the belt. The antique statues and paintings generally show us the dress of

the time somewhat idealized and dignified. Lately we have been enabled to get a more every-day view of the matter, by the discovery of figures intended for a more popular and less learned audience. Best among



NO. 27. PORTRAIT OF CHARLES THE 1, BY VAN DYCK.

these are the figures found by some workmen digging at Tanagra, which are charming in a sort of rural simplicity. Cut No. 9 shows a lady of the period in the gypsy hat just out. The pallium, perhaps, appears, modified indeed, but still recognizable, in the familiar figure of Dante, and of those of certain personages in the pictures of Giotto, Lippi and Masaccio, and also in the dress of certain monastic orders—the Franciscans, for example. (See cut No. 10—a statuette of St. Francis, by Alonzo Cano.) But already in these same pictures, and earlier, in the sculptures of the Pisani, we find other forms of dress, both in high and low, that resemble nothing we are made acquainted with in Roman art. Is the explanation of this phenomenon similar to that which accounts for the origin of the Italian language? Did the dress of the patrician, like his speech and his written style, disappear in the deluge that swallowed

up Rome, and did the dress of the plebeian and the peasant come to the surface in its place? The only contribution of any importance that has been made to the study of these changes is to be found in Viollet-le-Duc's "*Dictionnaire du Mobilier*," but he has not attempted a full solution. Still, he does leave it much clearer than he found it. Cuts Nos. 11 and 12 are specimens taken from this work. The dresses shown are contemporary with the reigns of Henry IV. and V. of England, and of Charles VI. and VII. of France. Most probably something of the essential modification in dress was due to increased intercourse with the East. Cut No. 13 shows the Persian dress of the time when the country became known to the merchants of the sixteenth century; and cut No. 14, from Paul Veronese's "*Marriage in Cana*," evidently belongs to the same type. But this skirt-like dress is itself probably only the form with which the early Italian pictures—of Giotto, Orcagna, and Simone di Memmi—have made us familiar, modified by contact with the East. The ample cloak in which Giotto loves to wrap his men, and which Titian, after him, liked so well, is only the Roman toga, and Giotto's Virgin in the Arena Chapel, as also Titian's Virgin of the Assumption, might be placed for comparison alongside the "*Melpomene*" of the Louvre.

Something, either an invention like that of the needle which made the manufacture of garments cheaper and easier, or a greater importation or increased manufacture of stuffs which made the materials themselves cheaper,—perhaps both these causes combined,—contributed to the increased interest that was felt in dress in mediæval times, and that has continued down to our own day, with variations in intensity, of course. In the mediæval time* this interest makes itself felt in many ways: in art, as where in early Italian painting we find the artist delighting in crowds and full assemblies of people for the sake of painting not only as many different sorts of men as possible, but as many different costumes. Pictures like Gozzoli's "*Adoration of the Magi*" in the Riccardi Palace, Orcagna's "*Triumph of Death*" in the Campo Santo at Pisa, are full of information on the subject of the dress of the period when they were painted. But it is in the poetry of the time, particularly in the romance poets of France and England, that we must look for the fullest details of the dress of the time. In the "*Romaunt of the Rose*," both in the original

French and in Chaucer's translation, we find a thousand particulars; Chaucer is always minute in his description of the dress of his characters. How prettily he touches the prioress and the squire, the monk and Emily, and how incomparable for clearness and precision, no less than for pictorial skill, are his descriptions of the array of the rival kings in the "Knight's Tale," "Licurge himself, the grete King of Trace," and "the grete Emetrius, the King of Inde."

Later down in time we find other great men, Lord Bacon and Spenser, delighting in dwelling upon the details of dress. In his "New Atlantis," Bacon dwells with almost as loving particularity on the dress of the officers of the island government as he does upon the flowers of his "garden," or the divisions and architectural details of his "house." We are not prepared by the fame of Bacon to find him so much interested in worldly matters, so fond of luxury, insisting so much on refinement of manners and surroundings. But in these things he was largely interested, and the improvements he sought to bring about in the world were much more material than spiritual. In delighting in these matters of taste, elegance, luxury, he belonged fully to his time; but it will be noted that the taste of the age of Elizabeth and James was characterized by a sober magnificence—there was no room in it for fly-away manners nor for frippery in dress. The dress of the time of Louis XIII. was equally dignified and formal with that of contemporary England, and, indeed, down to Anne's time the dress of men was characterized by formality and severity. Cut No. 15, from a statue of Louis XIII., cast in silver, by the celebrated sculptor, Rude (best known to us by his bass-relief, "Le Départ," on the Arc de Triomphe), for the Duc de Luynes, and also the pretty transcript of the portrait of Marie Renart, *bonne dame native de Rouen* (cut No. 16), may be compared with cut No. 17,

from Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I. of England. The taste was of Italian breed, and Titian would have painted the Englishmen of his time with as much pleasure as he did his own countrymen. Englishmen, too, liked best to be painted by Italians. Sidney, writing from Italy to his friend Languet, who had requested him to have his portrait painted, says: "On my return to



NO. 18. PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN BY GOYA. (EARLY PART OF NINETEENTH CENTURY.)

Venice I will have it done either by Paul Veronese or by Tintoretto, who hold by far the highest place in the art."*

* Feb. 4th, 1574. Titian was still living, but was in his ninety-seventh year.

The fly-away times were to come, however; and already, in James's reign, we find protests against the stateliness and formal-



NO. 19. EXTREME SEVERITY IN THE HEAD-DESS.

ity of the days that were departing. If it were not so familiar, we would quote Jonson's "Still to be neat, still to be drest, as you were going to a feast;" but Herrick's "Delight in Disorder," though as pretty, is perhaps less known:

"A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction—
An erring lace which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly—
A winning wave deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat—
A careless shoe-string in whose tie
I see a wild civility—
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

But Lovelace's "To Amarantha, that she would dishevel her hair," though to the same purport, is better still than Herrick's:



NO. 20. EXTREME COQUETRY IN HEAD-DESS.

"Amarantha, sweet
and fair,
Ah, braid no more
that shining hair!
As my curious hand
or eye,
Hovering round thee,
let it fly.

"Let it fly as uncon-
fined
As its calm ravisher,
the wind,
Who hath left his
darling, th' East,
To wanton o'er that
spicie nest.

"Every tress must
be confest,

But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.

"Do not then wind up that light
In ribands and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in's early ray,
But shake your head, and scatter day."

With Charles I. and his Henrietta came in French fashions, which not all the conservatism of the Puritan could restrain; and in Charles II.'s time, the rage for fanciful dresses, in which the men indulged even more than the women, broke out in riotous fashion. Now, as always and everywhere, the manners and thinking of a people were mirrored in its dress, and the history of costume has been since the Revolution as it was in the ages before it, a history of changes and counterchanges, of victories—now for conservatism and sobriety, now for revolution and freak. Cut No. 18, a portrait by the Spaniard, Goya, 1746–1828, belongs somewhat to the Incroyable order, but with more reserve. Cut No. 33 shows a dress that might go with that of Goya's "Gentleman in Gray," but neither represents the "Incroyable" costume in its extremes. * The history of dress never has been and never can be written. It is the history of the world.



NO. 21. OBLIQUE STYLE OF HEAD-DESS.

Perhaps the "illustrated" geographies and histories we use in our schools have something to do with fixing in our minds a notion that the "national dress" of this, that, or the other people is always a uniform and settled thing; that, so far as their dress was concerned, every Assyrian, every Egyptian, every Greek, every Roman looked like every other man or woman of the same nation. The old "Peter Parley" books accompanied their accounts of the different "inhabitants of the earth" with little wood-cuts representing one or more

* Those of our readers who have access to "L'Art" will find some amusing sketches by Carl Vernet on pages 74 and 75 of Vol. I. of the present year. The volume came too late for us to reproduce them here.

individuals of each of the great peoples dressed as he was supposed to appear on ordinary occasions, and engaged in some occupation supposed to be representative of the way in which he passed his time. Thus the Frenchman was portrayed dressed



NO. 22. SQUARE-CUT BODICE.

in a fantastic costume,—a coat with streaming tails, a shirt all frills and ruffles,—and cutting pigeon-wings all day long. We were virtually assured, and asked to believe that this was the normal appearance, and this the regular employment, of Frenchmen. The Englishman, on the other hand was a staid, respectable, well-dressed and portly gentleman standing by a marble urn, and supposed to be looking out, either over the ocean to see his ships flocking into the harbor, or over his wharves where his goods were being unloaded. The Russian, again, was always standing in a landscape of snow and ice, and wrapped from head to foot in furs; the Turk was perpetually smoking his long pipe and dressed like a tobacconist's image, in turban and trowsers and pointed shoes. Pictures and the stage betrayed us in a similar way with regard to the Greeks and Romans, if we were to believe these authorities, who had but one dress, the toga, and but one way of securing it. But archæology, and travel, and the illustrated newspapers, with the photograph, have changed all this, and we are fast bringing all these crude "Peter Parley" notions out into the light and testing them with the touch-stone of "human nature."

It is true that there are national costumes, and we all know that in western Europe and America there are prevailing fashions, called so, we presume, because they never prevail anywhere for any length of time. But these national costumes are never the costume of all the people in any country, and we all know that, even in America, where uniformity in dress is so much the rule, the "fashion" never looks the same on two people. However, it must be conceded that in ancient times, among the Greeks and Romans, say, there was much less variety possible than there has been for the last hundred years, or even since the fifteenth century. With the Greeks and Romans, it was more a question of coarse or fine, of much or little, than of variety in the stuffs or in their cut and make-up. There was also however, color, and there was jewelry; and a Rachel once taught us what can be done with these simple elements to express differences of character, of age, of station. Her Camilla, her Phædra, her Lesbia, her Hermione—how all unlike they were, though there were only the toga and the chiton, the sandals and a few jewels by which to express that unlikeness! The school-books had given us a few facts.



NO. 23. LOW BODICED DRESS.

Rachel showed us how a woman of Greece or Rome could make herself known by means of these few facts, as well as a woman of to-day can make herself known by means of the multitudinous dress at her disposal.

Whether women, or men either, have ever



NO. 24. ODETTE BODICE.

arrived at suitable and becoming effect of dress by means of study; whether the science of dress has ever been more than a series of deductions, and whether, when all the facts of the subject have been stated, and all the conclusions drawn, such application of facts and conclusions can ever be



NO. 25. CORSELET AND BASQUE.

made as to produce any greater prevalence of good taste than has as yet existed—these are questions that we ask ourselves as we close a little treatise like that of Mr. Charles Blanc,* which the accomplished author would hardly have taken the pains to write or the pains to publish unless he had believed that some practical good was to be accomplished by his labor. It cannot be said on the one hand that there is no use in the study of the laws that lie behind dress, because women are a law to themselves and know by instinct what is becoming to them. Here, as in other things that depend on taste, there is a great difference between people; everybody knows—how can anybody help knowing it?—that really very few people have taste enough to dress becomingly, and very few have sense



NO. 26. DOLMAN WITH PAGE SLEEVES.

enough to take advantage of the good taste of the professional dress-makers; while, even among these self-constituted advisers, there are plenty who have hardly any taste of their own, but who are content to follow blindly the fashion-plate of each new season. Nor

*Art in Ornament and Dress. Translated from the French of Charles Blanc, Member of the Institute, and Formerly Director of Fine Arts. With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong. 1877.

can we believe that when men of taste and sense like Charles Blanc have proved to us what are the laws of taste in its application to dress, that all people will consent to leave evil and learn to do good. No doubt there will be an advance in the right direction, as there has been in right ways of living,—of eating and drinking, of sleep and cleanliness,—since so many doctors and writers on health have written on the laws of hygiene, but there will always be ill-dressed people, and people who cannot be made to see or to care that they are ill-dressed, just as there will always be people who are not lovers of cold water, and people who eat and drink too much. Still, this is no reason why the subject should not be philosophically investigated, and as many of the scientific reasons as possible discovered, why this or that fashion is becoming, and this other unbecoming; why what suits the looks of one person does not suit the looks of another; why one way of dressing her hair calls out all the wonders of Belinda's face, and another way of dressing hers makes us forget how homely Medusa's is.

Mr. Charles Blanc, however, is not the first modern writer who has attempted this philosophical analysis. I read some years ago in one of the English quarterlies a most ingenious essay on dress, in which the writer attempted to follow every fashion, every oddity even, to its root in some essential principle of the mind. As I remember it, this writer was more subtle and transcendental in his philosophy than M. Blanc, who aims at more practical results. But it would be well worth looking up and reprinting; for if dress be worth studying or thinking about at all, it goes without saying that it is worth studying philosophically; and it can no more hinder our enjoying a beautiful costume to understand why it is beautiful

than a knowledge of the structure of its petals can hinder our enjoying the beauty of a rose. Charles Blanc's book starts off with



NO. 27. FASHION DURING REIGN OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

an analysis of the laws of ornament, and he approaches the subject of dress through the application of these laws to architecture. His method smilingly reminds us of Hobbes's theory—"the great Hobbes, contemplative, corpulent, witty"—in Arthur Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich." "Philip," cries Hobbes:

"Philip shall write us a book, a *Treatise upon The Laws of Architectural Beauty in Application to Women*; Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary pendent.
Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony stumpy-columnar

(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most moving of any),
Rising to grace of true woman in English the
Early and Later,
Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and
Loftier stages,



NO. 28. MEDICIS RUFF.

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the
Lady Flamboyant;
Whence why in satire and spite too merciless
onward pursue her
Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-
fine-lady?
No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin
of women."

And again:

"List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend
at Balloch.
'All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are
Cathedrals;
Such is the Catholic doctrine; 'tis ours with a
slight variation;
Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and
perfect,
Built by that only law that Use be suggestive of
Beauty,

Nothing concealed that is done, but all things
done to adornment—
Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and
embellish."

But, however Clough may have laughed
with his Hobbes, Mr. Charles
Blanc is, no doubt, very much
in earnest. This little treatise is a portion of an extensive work, "The Grammar of Ornament," which appeared chapter by chapter in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" during several years, and in which M. Blanc has gone over the whole field of ornamentation, stating the laws that ought to govern it, and showing how it is good or bad, according as it obeys or violates those laws. In the course of his investigations he comes to the dress of women, and it is with this portion of his work that the pages are concerned, from which the remaining illustrations of our article are taken. He first takes up the general laws of ornament and then comes at once to his subject, "personal adornment," and discusses the matter in twenty-four chapters, giving us a great deal of useful observation, sensible criticism and sound advice, all which, if it cannot, as it probably will not, be of much use to people who have little natural taste, will never come amiss to those who have. It must be

an added pleasure for a well-dressed woman to know, not only that she is well dressed (which she knows without needing to be told it), but that she is so because she is at one with the laws of the solar system. Long ago, Herbert saw how all things hold together, and that

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

After showing how, "in personal adornment, the repetition of vertical lines tends to add height to the figure, and the repetition of horizontal lines to add width to it," he passes on to "color," and the "harmony of color in dress," where, although he is learned enough and true enough, we are persuaded

that he loses his time and ours, since this is the one thing that cannot be taught, and those whose instincts are most true and



NO. 29. GABRIELLE RUFF AND PUFFED SLEEVES.

direct in relation to it cannot explain it even to themselves. M. Blanc makes the frank admission—at least his translator, whom, however, it is by no means safe to trust implicitly, makes him make it, and we have not the French original at hand—that “even in France scarcely any feeling for color exists” (page 69). Yet, for all this, French writers will write about color as if they felt it, though their illustrations too often show that they know nothing about it.

From color we are led on to the subject of hair-dressing, and the men's turn comes first. From the hair to its coverings the step is easy, and with Chapter VIII. we are fairly launched on dress proper. For a few pages the author allows himself to be deluded by Mr. Semper's fantastic high German theories, but he soon gets tired of this false and ponderous philosophy, and comes back to truth and nature.

“The bonnet,” says M. Blanc, “not being indispensable, as the head can be brilliantly arranged without it, forms part of the dress. It belongs to the whole costume, since it is the crown of all. Like all other parts of her dress, a woman's bonnet is an indication of character. Look at this Sister of

Charity who is passing by; she wears on her head the large white *cornette*, which conceals the profile of her face, her hair is invisible, and even its growth is hid under the bandage which covers her forehead. Starched and stiff, this *cornette* expresses to her own mind the idea of complete withdrawal from the world.” (Fig. 19.)

It may be so, but it is not this idea which this head-dress conveys to the artist; to him it expresses the utmost artfulness, and the beauty of its lines, the adroit combination of the stiff, immovable parts with the floating bands, the lovely shadows that it casts on itself and on the face it hides without in the least concealing, or wishing to conceal, tempt him a hundred times to take his sketch-book and pencil, where the head-dress shown



NO. 30. WATTEAU COSTUME WITH SABOT SLEEVES AND MARQUISE RUCHE.

in the next cut, that or any one of its fellows, would never tempt him at all. This head-dress of the Sister of Charity has once been

beautifully treated in a picture by Mlle. Henriette Brown, where a Sister is holding a sick child upon her lap. It must be said that this head-dress has nothing repelling about it; it suggests in its immaculate purity and cloud-like softness only ideas of cheerfulness and goodness. M. Blanc goes on to say that in the time of Isabella of Bavaria, toward the close of the fourteenth century, widows added to the veil and wimple, which at that time covered the forehead, cheeks and hair, a chin-piece called a *barbette*, which only left the mouth visible, and was looked upon as a sign of mourning. In Dürer's pictures these *barbettes* are often seen, but there they frequently do cover the mouth, and perhaps the custom may have originated in a notion that it is healthier to cover the mouth when out-of-doors. It is still in use among the peasants in some parts of Germany, and I one day saw, here in New York, an old woman with a *barbette* hooking rags out of an ash-barrel. She looked so exactly as if she had stepped out of one of Dürer's prints, that if I could have hoped she would understand my *patois* I would have asked her if she had known Dürer, or had



NO. 31. TURNED DOWN COLLAR AND BASQUE WITH FACING.

ever sat to him. She looked old enough to have done so. Perhaps Isabella brought this fashion with her out of Bavaria.

Further on, M. Blanc discusses the laws

of horizontal and of oblique head-dress, and gives us an illustration of the latter, cut No. 21. Placed horizontally, he says, the head-dress gives an idea of calmness and order. Coming more or less over the forehead, and only allowing the eyes to be seen, it gives an expression of independence and originality, because there is but one horizontal, while the oblique line varies according to the idea of its obliquity. This is not



NO. 32. MOBLOT.

very clear, but it seems certain that independence and originality are expressed more decidedly by wearing the head-dress straight than by tipping it forward or back, since worn in either of these ways it may agree with the lines of the head, whereas worn straight it must always go counter to them.

In Chapter XI. the dress itself is taken up, and the subject is opened with a variety of sensible and entertaining remarks, principally about the dress of men. Body linen, the cravat, the coat, the shoe, the glove, each in turn is considered; and about each we are told, if nothing new, at least in an interesting, lively way, what we knew before. Coming to the dress of women, we get some useful hints about materials, and we should think this chapter well worth studying, if we did not know that here, too, instinct comes in as a powerful aid to the strong and deserts the weak at the very hour

when they need it most. What a difference there is in women in their power to know what will make up well, and what will become them when it is made up! This is a matter about which, if many women know too little, no man knows anything,—that is as men go. They see the materials in the windows, they go in to the shop and inspect them on the counters, their minds that were partially clear when outside get irredeemably clouded when inside; they fall into the madness of believing what the shopmen tell them; they collect a dozen or so patterns, with all the information as to widths and prices attached; they take them home and ask their wives which of these they shall get for them, and are astonished when they are requested, as politely as possible, not to get any of them. I am afraid M. Blanc is in the same box with these victims of misplaced confidence in themselves. In all that he says about materials and their choice, he is telling the women either what they already know, or what they cannot make use of, if they have to be told it by another.

The truth seems to be, that the taste of men in the matter of women's dress is often better worth consulting than women will ever allow it to be. Sometimes when they are very much in love with a man, they will wear what they think will please him. Tennyson's angry lover

"saw with half unconscious eye
She wore the colors he approved."

But, as a rule, they make no such concessions. But then, I will admit that men are very irritating in their criticism, and most of them do not know when to stop. The tirades of the mediæval preachers against the dress of the women of their time are amusing reading nowadays, and even the upbraidings of the old Hebrew prophets would be far less terrible to our ears than they are if they were not rolled out in such a rich vocabulary. (Isaiah iii. 18-24.) Certainly, there is no profanity to-day in smiling over Latimer's rebuke to the women of his London for what looked to him like absurdity in their dress, and for the pleasure they took, and the time and money they wasted, in tiring themselves. But from Isaiah down to Savonarola, what real good did all these ratings do? No woman ever minded them for any length of time, or changed a fashion, or gave up an absurdity in dress until she was ready to do so of her own sweet will.

But for all their dislike of Betties, women

may remember that all their stuffs are devised, and all the patterns of those stuffs designed, by men; that almost all the new



NO. 33. FASHION DURING THE REVOLUTION.

fashions originate with men; and that the great Parisian arbiter of their fate is a man, and, for all they despise English taste, an Englishman born, and trained to his work in England. Why not compromise on the subject, and admit that men and women need to work together in this as in many other things, and that each needs the other's help if a good result is to be attained?

The help of artists too is often of great value, and, if accepted, may lead to important revolutions. I believe the colors that have been so fashionable for several years—the new shades of green, blue, red, and all the odd intermediate combinations—are directly owing to the so-called pre-Raphaelite painters in England,—to them and to their

scholars and followers, who first had stuffs dyed in colors to suit themselves, then persuaded their wives and sisters to wear dresses made of these materials and devised by themselves, and finally came to control the manufacture of stuffs that would take the folds they liked. From the families of these artists the taste they had cultivated spread to their friends, then overflowed into the artistic world, and becoming the fashion, was strong enough to make a decided mark upon trade

to look at, with their glorious heads of hair streaming down their backs, or braided in free braids, or wound in shining bands about their sumptuous heads; with their complexion speaking of inexhaustible health, all lily and rose, and with their olympian bodies clothed in soft woolens girdled under their breasts, and with sleeves such as George Eliot gives to Dorothea, as bare of ornament as those of one of Raphael's Madonnas. But only such beauty as the gods have



NO. 34. MADAME RÉCAMIER.

and manufactures, so that nowadays there is scarcely a beautiful material of the middle age or of the renaissance time that you cannot get in England made with all the old perfections and with all the old beauty.

Mr. Charles Blanc, however, does not show us this side of his subject. He would agree with the world in general, that it is best to take your time as you find it, and not to bring back a dead past. It is true that some of these English ladies are delightful

chosen to deal out from their partial urn to Englishwomen above their sisters of western Europe, can bear such dressing, and Americans follow the French in preferring a more orthodox and conventional system.

It is not only in England that artists have been employed in designing the dresses of women—rather it has been more the custom in France than in England. Talma is said to have designed the Romanesque imperial robes that Napoleon I. wore at his corona-



NO. 35.

NO. 36. MADAME DE STAEL.
HEAD-DRESSES DURING THE RESTORATION.

NO. 37.

tion, and to have, besides, given him instructions as to his way of walking and posing during that masquerade,—in short, giving him a regular stage-drill in order to know how to “bear his body more seemly.” Everybody knows how, in the time of the First Empire, there was a rage for dressing *à l’antique*. The men could do but little with their own dress, but the women went to great lengths. Those who had good feet would even appear in the drawing-rooms with bare feet and sandals. Everything was *à la Grecque*. The men, whose faces would bear it, cut their hair *à la Brutus*. If there was no opportunity of masquerading it in real life, the men and women had their portraits painted in classic, or, what they thought classic, dress. Our picture of Madame Récamier (cut No. 34) is an illustration of this. The well-known head of Madame de Stael (cut No. 36) shows the use of the turban, which was considered next-door to classic. In the Musée Rath at Geneva there is a most amusing portrait of De Stael as “Sappho,” I believe in a *peplum* and with a lyre. It is

a good likeness, but with its dark complexion, forest of little curls, and homely features, reminds one more of Topsy than of Sappho.

When the King of Rome was born, Prudhon was employed to design his cradle; and from early times, the French have known how to employ talent on small matters as well as on great ones, and artists there have never had any nonsense in them, nor felt that they were above any work in which their knowledge and skill could be made useful. This participation of her artists in so many tasks, small and great, gives to the art of France a large base of popular experience and knowledge on which to work, both in the production of masterpieces, and in the national appreciation of them. The French artists, who have not thought it beneath them to draw the fashion-plates for the monthly bulletins of the *modistes*, do not attempt, as their English brethren surely would, any innovation likely to be pleasing exclusively to their own

NO. 38. FASHION DURING THE
FIRST EMPIRE AND THE RESTORATION.

society. Their part is limited to keeping the general tendencies of fashion within the

bounds of good taste. The artist who made the drawings for the cuts with which M. Blanc's book is illustrated, Mr. E. Préval, has shown great skill in treating his subjects so as to reconcile the prevailing fashion with those laws of grace that do not come and go with times and seasons. We cannot imagine a time, for instance, when cut No. 22 would not be considered pleasing, though the succeeding one, cut No. 23, is so much more artificial that it already looks "a little gone off," though it was designed only in 1874. On the other hand, the bonnets shown in cuts 35 and 37, and the home dress of the same time, cut 38 (the Restoration and Louis Philippe's reign), were never picturesque, and had no chance of survival. We only tolerate them now for association's sake. These two cuts are given by M. Blanc in illustration of different styles of cutting the bodice, and cuts Nos. 24 and 25 are still further modifications. On the subject of the bodice, M. Blanc waxes eloquent: "How many trifles scarcely noticed by men add to the impression made upon them by a woman's dress! What an air of *naïveté* and innocence is produced by a bodice fashioned like a sailor's shirt with its collar and loose cravat! What a difference there is in expression between a high, close bodice ornamented simply by a lace ruffle, and one with facings, which to the eyes and the fancy seems open, through displaying the material with which it is lined, and which, in order to be more conspicuous, is made of a striking color and of a different texture! And the quieter the outside shade, the more brilliant is usually the inner one. * * * From another point of view the bodice is of great importance, because it is above the waist that a woman displays the beauty of her figure, and if her bust have any defects, she can modify them, by deceiving the eye by the shape and accessories of her bodice. * * * A woman can conceal her excessive thinness by opening her bodice in a square or by trimming it with an imitation of a square berth. * * * The varieties of the bodice are numerous. Heat, cold, a walk, a ride, a journey, a morning-dress, a full-dress, the sea-shore, are all pretexts—what have I said?—are serious reasons for varying the garment which cover a woman's heart and chest. Here, the dread of a cold wind has dictated the selection of a double-breasted bodice buttoned on one side like a military great-coat; there, the Odette bodice (cut 24), clinging to the figure until it reaches the hips, has been chosen by a

woman who can bear the exposure of the chest even on a spring-day."

Cuts Nos. 26 and 28 are in illustration of what M. Blanc has to say about sleeves. Artists, he writes, who have a love of beautiful forms, have always been careful to give their figures beautiful arms, well covered with flesh, because weak, and above all, thin, arms denote bad health and an enfeebled race. Raphael and Ingres give their women powerful arms, attached to the shoulders by solid muscle. Not only the outlines of such arms are more pleasing, but the elbow-joints and the transition from the fore-arm to the wrist appear comparatively delicate. The sleeves, then, have much interest in women's attire. The leg-of-mutton or *gigot* sleeves, so long worn, were invented by the French, says M. Blanc, to conceal the defects of the arm, poor arms being much more common in France than in Italy; but the ostensible reason was, that they made the waist appear smaller. In the time of the Valois, ladies wore puffs at the shoulders (cut 28), probably to give delicacy to the neck and grace to the carriage of the head. "The arm, being the instrument of gesture, always attracts notice." Nothing is more expressive, more individual, and a woman describing a dress would never omit to mention the sleeves." Cut No. 26 shows the so-called page-sleeve (here attached to a dolman) which illustrates the way in which a great deal of effect can be produced, while, at the same time, the movements of the arms are really not interfered with. Cut No. 29 shows the Valois sleeve, adapted to a dress essentially modern, and combined with the ruff, which also belongs to this period. Still another sleeve and collar are shown in cuts Nos. 30 and 31, and M. Blanc makes some general remarks on the subject which we quote: "No doubt there is dignity and even an air of distinction in the high, stiff ruffs worn by Marie de Medicis (cut No. 28), and named after her. Regularly and methodically arranged, the starched and rigid laces seemed to mount guard over the head, like the sentinels of dress. But this style of ruff was only suitable to a person of high rank, and to one whose features were strongly marked. Quite different is the character of the Gabrielle ruff (cut No. 29), which, hiding the lower part of the neck under a cloud of gauze or a quilling of lawn forms a light frame for the face, while it discreetly covers the chest. It is easy to see in how many ways the appearance of the feminine ornament can be varied.

Who does not associate with a plain, low collar, a frank, open face, and whether this collar is turned down like a boy's, or falls over a student's cravat, it gives a mischievous expression to a young woman's dress, adding piquancy to her charms. (Cut No. 32.) In fig. 30 we are shown the costume of Watteau's time (1684-1721), which, from his love of painting it, has received his name, and has lately been revived.

While dress receives far more attention in America than anywhere else in the world, it has less interest here than anywhere else for the artist and the student of manners, because it is absolutely wanting in originality or in motive, pays no attention to considerations of common sense or propriety, grows out of nothing, and expresses nothing, being merely put on or off in accordance with orders received from France, or in a few places from England. But here, as everywhere, the laws of taste and of sense may be studied, and if they cannot teach us to originate anything, they can at least help us to choose with discretion, and to copy with some regard to the use that is to be made of our model.

Those of our readers who are sufficiently interested in the subject will find charming illustrations of the costume of various times and peoples in Racinet's "History of Costume." [See "Culture and Progress" department of the present number.]

As a conclusion to this paper, we may introduce a little story, told by Balzac, which will show how, to some people at least, man is absolutely nothing more than an animal that wears clothing:

Queen Catherine de Medicis was, at the time of our story, the Dauphiness, and in order to ingratiate herself with her father-in-law, who was failing in health, she presented him from time to time with Italian pictures, which she knew he was fond of,

being the friend of Monsieur Raphael of Urbino, and also of Messieurs Primaticcio and Leonardo da Vinci, to whom he used to send considerable sums of money. At one time she obtained from her family, who were very rich in these things, because the Duke Medici governed Tuscany at that time, a precious picture painted by a Venetian named Titian, painter to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and high in favor with his Majesty, in which picture he had portrayed Adam and Eve at the moment when God left them to themselves in the terrestrial Paradise, and they were of the size of life, and in the costume of their time, in which it would have been difficult for the painter to err, seeing that they had no garments but their ignorance, and no adornments but the divine grace which enveloped them,—a thing difficult to represent because of the color, in which, however, the aforesaid Monsieur Titian excelled. The picture was placed in the chamber of the poor king, who at that time was a great sufferer from the sickness of which he afterward died. It had a great success at the Court of France, where every one wished to see it, but no one had leave to do so before the death of the king, seeing that by his desire this said picture was kept in his chamber as long as he continued to live.

One day Madame Catherine led to the king's apartment her son Francis and the little Margot, who just then were beginning to chatter and prattle, as all children will. Here and there and everywhere, these children had heard this portrait of Adam and Eve talked about, and had tormented their mamma until she had consented to take them to see it. And as these two little creatures sometimes cheered up the spirits of the old king, Madame the Dauphiness finally took them to his room.

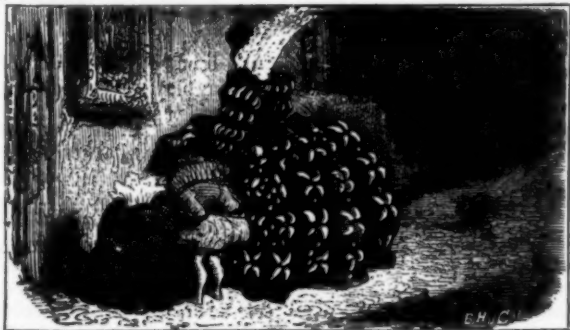
"You wanted to see Adam and Eve, who were our first parents," said she. "There they are."

Then she left them standing in great astonishment before the picture of Monsieur Titian, and went to sit by the bedside of the king, who took pleasure in looking at the children.

"Which of the two is Adam?" said Francis, nudging his sister Margaret with his elbow.

"Don't know," said the little girl. "If you want to know, you must wait till they are dressed."

Here is Doré's clever cut illustrating this story. How well he has managed to give Catherine the look of a great venomous spider!



NO. 39. CATHERINE DE MEDICIS AND THE CHILDREN BEFORE TITIAN'S "ADAM AND EVE." (AFTER DORÉ.)

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"HE STOOD A MOMENT WITH UNCOVERED HEAD, LOOKING DOWN UPON THE QUIET FACE."

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE WITH DEATH IN IT.

THE train had been attacked at day-break, but the little company defended itself bravely until re-enforcements from the fort surprised and scattered the enemy. Only two men were killed; of whom the post-sutler was the first to fall. Five or six more were wounded, but not dangerously, and the wagons for which all this jeopardy and loss of life had been incurred were safely convoyed to the fort at last. It was the bustle and din of the camp forming just

outside the stockade which had rushed in upon Blossom when she opened the door to meet her father.

No one noticed the girl. The men returned and passed out by the way they had come, leaving the wife alone with her dead. But hardly had the door closed after them, when it was cautiously opened once more, and Cogger, who had been one of the bearers of poor Stubbs's body, appeared again thrusting his head in warily, and finally stepping carefully into the room.

"Wherever's the little gal?" he muttered to himself. Some late remembrance

of Blossom standing in the open door with her happy welcoming face had crossed his mind and made him return. What had become of the child? Who would try to comfort her? And then the man peering about in the dim light discovered a little dark heap lying behind the door. "Poor creeter!" and he raised her in his arms, holding her fearfully and at arm's length. "I declar' t' goodness I don' know what t' do for ye. Whar's yer mother? 'Pears t' me she'd better be tendin' t' the livin' than groanin' over the dead. Cryin' wont bring him t' life." And still bearing Blossom in his arms he crossed the room to the door, from behind which came at intervals the sound of low groans and the restless tread of feet. "She aint in no state t' tend t' ye," he said after listening a moment, addressing unconscious Blossom. "I reckon I'll hev t' try my hand."

He laid the girl down upon the floor with her feet to the fire, and going out returned with a handful of snow with which he sprinkled her face and bathed her temples. Then he set himself to rubbing her hands with a corner of his rough coat, carefully choosing the cleanest, and at last, taking a flask from his pocket, wet her lips with its contents from time to time. His awkward, yet gentle efforts were not in vain. The dark eyelashes laid upon the white cheeks trembled visibly, the breath of returning life warmed the death-like face. "She's comin' round!" muttered the delighted wagon-master. He took off his drenched, shabby hat and threw it upon the floor, and with both hands proceeded to smooth his rough hair down upon either side of his face. "I aint much t' look at, an' I might skeer her ef she opened her eyes sudden," he apologized to himself for this unusual exercise of the toilet. Acting upon this thought, too, he tried to wrench his countenance into something like a smile, with which to greet her when she should return to life. Fortunately, the fire demanded his attention, and it was at this moment that Blossom, coming to herself and unclosing her eyes, sat up to find a strange figure thrusting the poker sharply among the coals, and laying a forestick upon the andirons. She recognized his profile against the light, and her thoughts flew to the last time she had seen him; then they traveled home to the present and she burst into tears.

"Now don't 'ee," said the man, at his wit's end to know how to console her. "Taint no use, ye know, he's dead."

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"I know it," sobbed Blossom. "Oh, father! father!"

"He set a store by his little gal," Cogger ventured, when she had wept in silence awhile. "You should 'a' heerd him the night ye rode off with the cap'n."

"Did he speak of me? Oh, what did he say?" Blossom forgot her crying for a moment. To hear his words was like bringing her father to life again. "Was he glad that I had gone?"

"Uncommon," Cogger replied sententiously.

"Tell me all he said. Don't leave anything out."

"Wall, ef I ken; but ye see I didn't lay it by, as 'twere, not thinkin' of sech an occasion. 'Twas arter ye'd gone, ye know, an' the boys were mostly sleepin', secin' 's we'd got t' catch up in an hour or two, but thar wa'n't no sleep fur him, he sed. Them was his own words,—'thar aint no sleep fur me!'"

"Did he say so? Poor father! Was he afraid some harm would come to me?"

"Jest that. 'I aint slept day nor night,' sez he, 'for thinkin' o' the little gal. Ef I kin only git her safe to her mother, who's an uncommon woman' (an' so she is; she reminds me of a gal I knew once down Washita way, tho' that aint neither here nor thar)," and Cogger fell into a reverie.

"And was that all? Did he say nothing more?"

"'Pears t' me thar was somethin' about what a comfort ye'd been t' him, and somethin' about how ye'd hung on to his heart, and how he'd wanted most powerful t' see ye. They was good words I know, fur a man t' have in his mouth t'ward the last."

The fire blazed high and set all the room aglow again; it touched Blossom's pale cheek laid against the purple and yellow arm-chair. Outside the storm still raged, but something like comfort stilled the girl's heart. He thought of her, he remembered her to the last!

"But oh, there is something else I want to ask you," she said, trying to keep back her sobs. "Did you know, were you beside him when —" she shuddered and hid her face.

"No, I can't say 's I wos, an' be truthful. Ye see I aint no sperit whatever when there's Injuns 'round. I can't do nothin' but tear arter 'em an' cut an' slash among 'em."

Blossom raised her head and regarded him with wet, astonished eyes. "But I

should think if you are so afraid you'd run away from them."

"One ud think so, sartain," Cogger replied thoughtfully; "but I don't. It's fear, I s'pose; an' that's all," he said, taking up his shabby hat and moving toward the door. "Don't speak about it," when the girl would have thanked him. "Your father 'n' me was pardners for years. I'd do ye a sarvice with a cheerful sperit any time, if so be as ye needed one. Not thet I'm t' be in these parts long, but anybody along the trail knows Dan Cogger, an' if ye need a friend ye wont look far for one." Then with a like message for her mother he took his leave.

While this interview was taking place down at the sutler's quarters, a very different scene was presented at Major Bryce's, where Captain Elyot had dropped in for a word with Mrs. Bryce. Several ladies had assembled, in spite of the storm, to discuss the attack upon the wagon-train, and pick up any item of news it might have brought in. The major's daughter had been serving tea, and the little flurry of fright and excitement that had pervaded the small community had only stimulated every one to unusual spirits. So that it was a very cheerful and almost gay company in the midst of which Captain Elyot found himself.

"Oh, Captain Elyot," they exclaimed, surrounding him, "how glad we are to see you safely back again! And now we shall hear the truth of it. They say you were quite a hero."

"You are very kind," the young man replied gravely; "but poor Stubbs was the only hero, and he paid dear enough for his honors. How do you do, Miss Claudia?" as the major's daughter set down the cup of tea in her hand and turned to meet him.

His tone was warm enough for friendliness as Claudia gave him her hand, but there was in his manner neither the eagerness nor the confusion with which a lover is supposed to meet his mistress after a long absence. Miss Laud was watching him with her sharp eyes.

"He is very handsome, but not a bit in love," she said to herself.

As for Claudia, she greeted him with an embarrassment she could not control, blushing to her hair; for by this time she had assumed the puffs, and curls, and braids, and made herself fine with the hope that chance or inclination or some good fate would bring the young man here.

"You must be very tired. Will you let me give you some tea?"

She had marked his great cavalry-boots and the disorderly dress which he had had no time to arrange; but did not this speak of his eagerness to come to her, as well as of dangers past, and glory indeed?—for he had fought with the bravest, she knew. She was a soldier's daughter and her heart beat with pride over this handsome, bold young man who was a hero in all eyes to-night. He might deny it, but he was a hero nevertheless. She pulled up an arm-chair, for every one had risen at his entrance.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable while I call Jinny to bring a fresh pot. It will take but a moment. I wish you had come an hour earlier. You would have been better served."

But Captain Elyot declined the chair turned so invitingly toward the fire.

"I have had a cup of tea already," he said, "and thank you all the same. And I really cannot stay. I only called to pay my respects at head-quarters," he added, with a gallant bow to the major's daughter, "—too gallant, by far, Miss Laud thought,—and to say a word to your mother."

Mrs. Bryce came bustling up at the moment to press Claudia's offer of hospitality. She was a stout, fussy woman, with a red face all aglow now with good-will.

"You are quite too good," he said gratefully, and a little ashamed of the honors thrust so openly upon him. I really cannot stay. I thought perhaps you would go down to the sutler's. Mrs. Stubbs must be in great trouble. I'm on my way there now."

And it was for this he had come! Claudia's heart turned to a stone.

"To be sure I will. I was telling the major a few moments ago that some one ought to go down there. Just wait till I can put on my cloak. Or, don't let me keep you, it is really dreadful! Jinny will go with me, and I'll stop long enough to put up a few things that may be needed."

"And if you could do anything for the daughter," said Captain Elyot, turning to Claudia. "The poor girl must be nearly distracted. If you could bring her here?" he suggested, with well-meant stupidity.

He made the proposition boldly. His reception had been so kind that he was afraid to ask nothing, especially as he remembered that he and Claudia had been the best of friends before he went east.

Miss Laud, standing behind Miss Bryce, pulled at her gown. Now was the time to show herself unobtrusive and to win his gratitude. Claudia could not be so blind, so foolishly perverse as to refuse!

"I—don't—know," Claudia stammered, suddenly cold, and unmindful of this pantomime advice. "I am afraid we are full; but mamma will do what is necessary, I don't doubt."

Then she moved away and left him, somewhat bewildered it must be owned, and not at all sure that she had accepted his suggestion. But Miss Laud followed him to the door.

"Claudia will go down in the morning, I am sure," she said. "You see how impossible it is for her to leave now. If I could do anything—but of course a stranger would only be in the way. It is very sad for them! Claudia and I were speaking of the daughter this morning. Such a sweet face as she has!"

And the young man went off with his heart warm toward Miss Bryce and her friend, who would do all they could to heal the cruel hurt Blossom had received. How stupid he had been to misunderstand Claudia for a moment and to leave without a word! He forgot that she had turned away from him.

The windows at the sutler's were dark and beaten full of snow when he reached the house. There was no response to his tap at the door, and he ventured to enter unannounced the room where he had spent so many evenings. It was unlighted—the candle had burned out and no one had thought to replace it—and seemed empty of human presence. For in the darkness he did not notice the girl who had cried herself to sleep upon the floor at last.

A bright line of light under the door at the foot of the room drew him on. It must be there they had laid Stubbs, and there he should find the widow and Blossom.

But again no one responded to his knock at the door, and after a moment he pushed it open and stepped into the room. There was something awful in the stillness of the bare little bedroom in which Stubbs reposed. It was not death alone that struck a chill to his heart. He had become in a measure accustomed to that,—to death in its most dreadful forms—in the vestments and attitudes of life, with open, staring eyes, out under the wide sky. It was the death-in-life of the woman's face beside the bed

that filled him with awe and froze the words upon his lips. What comfort could he bring to this woman with her dead lying stretched out before her? He stood a moment with uncovered head looking down upon the quiet face from which all earthly passion had faded. It seemed even to wear an expression of content, as though this long sleep were sweet and dreamless and full of rest. So should he be some day. But he could not bring it home to his consciousness now. With the blood quick and warm in his veins, his thoughts flew rather to the living. Where was Stubbs's daughter? Where was Blossom? He had promised to stand by her at the worst, never dreaming that the worst would be like this. But he would not forget his vow. Here, by the dead body of her father who had committed her to his keeping, he renewed it. She should find a friend in him. Then he approached the woman who sat at the foot of the bed, her hands locked, her eyes staring straight before her. He spoke to her, but she did not move. He touched her arm, but she shook him off. "Where is the child? where is Miss Blossom?" he asked, stooping down and speaking in her ear. That would recall her. But she only turned her vacant, blood-shot eyes upon him without a word. She had forgotten the child.

But Blossom could not be far away. It was cruel to leave her alone. How little Claudia and her friend had realized her forlorn condition! If they had known it, they would have come to her at once, he deluded himself with thinking. He could do nothing for the sutler's wife, but it could not be long now before Mrs. Bryce came to her. One of her own sex would know, as he did not, how to touch the springs of her heart and make an outlet for her sorrow.

He closed the door after him with that hush which the presence of the dead imposes on us all, and returned to the parlor. The room had been familiar enough to him once, but the very outline of it seemed changed now as his eyes became somewhat accustomed to the darkness. A little heap of darker shadows before the dying embers of the fire caught his eye. Could that be Blossom? He crossed the floor, uttering her name in a subdued voice.

There was a movement among the shadows on the hearth-rug, then a figure, slight, and with unbound hair rose between him and the faint glow of the fire-light. "Who is it?" asked Blossom in a heart-broken tone which touched the young man more

than the sight of the dead face he had just left.

"And you are all alone?" said he, without waiting to announce himself. "Let me get a light. There used to be matches here."

He had pushed the heavy chair away and was searching upon the mantel while he spoke. It had been laden, when he knew it last, with pipes, and matches, and boxes of tobacco. But all was indeed changed here.

"Wait; I will bring one," Blossom said, disappearing for a moment to return with a little circle of flaring light about her head from the lamp in her hand, lighting up her pale face and heavy eyes as she set it down upon the table. Then she waited with her hands crossed and a strange calm upon her childish countenance, in an attitude of utter self-forgetfulness for what he had come to say.

There came to him, like an echo, a recollection of the scene he had just left. And not one of those women had thought of this poor child! It was an injustice to the ladies of the post, since more than one of them had spoken pityingly of both Blossom and her mother, though no one but the major's wife had proposed going to them. Mrs. Stubbs had inspired her acquaintances with an awe which amounted to terror among the female and more timid portion. They looked down upon her, to be sure, as belonging to another order than themselves, but they sympathized with her so far as it was possible. And yet, might she not resent a sympathy which had had no forerunner of friendliness?

"And you are entirely alone? This ought not to be," said Captain Elyot, with a glance of surprise over the fine, dismal apartment which had put on such a strange face to him. "But Mrs. Bryce—the major's wife—will be down directly; she'll take you home with her, I hope."

"Oh, don't send me away." Blossom's sobs broke out anew at this.

"Send you away? It's not for me to send you away, or do anything else, as for that matter. Only nobody seems to think of you. They're coming down to see what can be done for your mother, and I hoped some of them would take you home."

"But I would rather stay—with him," said Blossom, brokenly, and hardly above her breath.

"Then you shall," the young man replied, with a decision which set Blossom's timid heart at rest. "But I have something for you here."

He approached the table where she had set the light down and which formed a barrier between them, behind which the child stood with a pitiful attempt at quiet and self-control. Some locks of her soft, brown hair, loosely curling, fell over her face. She pushed them back and took up the scrap of crumpled paper he laid before her, an occasional sobbing breath breaking the silence between them as she tried to make out the scrawling lines written upon it. It was the leaf from the memorandum-book which Stubbs had pinned upon the little gray gown in the wagon. Some curious eyes had found it out, and it had come to Captain Elyot's hand.

"*I kommit my soul to God, and all I die possessed of to my wife and the child. May God have them in his keepin'!*" it read.

It was Stubbs's last will and testament.

Poor Blossom's tears burst out afresh at this. Tender as his heart was toward her in her trouble, the young man was sorely at a loss to comfort her, and yet he would not go away and leave her alone. Would none of the women ever come! "You see he felt that he was going to die, and had you in his mind at the very last," he ventured, when she had cried a few moments with hysterical sobs it frightened him to hear. And then he went on to speak of her father's death; it was instantaneous, painless. Gradually the sobs became less violent as she listened. Without being aware of it, he had said the very words Blossom most longed to hear.

There had been a horror in her mind, which had fairly overcome her grief, in regard to the manner of his death. She knew nothing of it, but vague recollections of stories heard and read in years past of Indian tortures and massacres had crowded together and assumed dreadful shapes in her fancy. His words brought a relief that almost took away her pain.

He did not think it necessary to add that he had risked his own life to drag the lifeless body out of the reach of the savages. He had no thought of himself at the moment. It was enough to see that the child was stilled and comforted. "We were old friends, your father and I," he said at last, making a boast of a friendship he would hardly have given a thought to twenty-four hours before, and yet his heart was really warm at the remembrance of the little sutler's many virtues. "I hope you wont forget it, or that your father trusted you to me. I'll

be a kind of brother to you, if you'll let me," he added with sudden shyness. And Blossom put out one of her little hands, and raised her face, all wet with tears, to smile a feeble smile more sad than crying, at this promise.

Then Mrs. Bryce's loud rap sounded at the door and she came bustling in full of—it must be owned—rather condescending kindness. She would have lowered her voice and chosen her words more carefully in another house. For there are different qualities of sympathy, and we mete them out according to the case in hand. And close behind Mrs. Bryce, followed the chaplain and his wife. Something of the sorrowfulness of grief seemed to fly away from the house as the door opened for all these officious, well-meaning people to enter in. And death was no longer awful and still, but a confusion of strange running to and fro, of whisperings and beckonings, and mysterious figures passing in and out with faces which strove to be sad, but were only strange and bewildering. By and by the echo of a prayer came out from the room where the dead man lay.

Captain Elyot stole away from it all; haunted by Blossom's pale frightened face, and the hoarse sobs coming from the bedside of the dead man like a dreadful response to the prayers the chaplain was reading out of his book.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW LIFE.

THE funeral was over and Stubbs was laid away to his long sleep, and still the earth rolled on. The snows swept in upon Fort Atchison as the winter drew near; the river, shut into its shallow bed, was covered from sight, and only the cold sky overhead and the broken snow-white land, desolate as a sun-scorched desert, met the eyes of the little company locked in at the post.

Long before this, the train of which the sutler's wagons had formed a part had reached its destination. Blossom, with tears in her eyes, and a strange sense of loneliness in her heart, had watched them until the white top of the last disappeared in the distance as they moved off upon the southern trail. Before setting out, Cogger had repeated his offer of friendly aid to Mrs. Stubbs. "I aint o' much 'count, bein' but a fearsome sort o' a person at best," he had said; "but I'd be glad t' do ye a sarvice, seein's Stubbs an' me were as good as pard-

ners for years. Anything short o' fit'in' the Injuns," he added, as though afraid of having promised too much.

But Mrs. Stubbs received this bashful proffer of service with an indifference almost contemptuous. It was not to such friends as this she should look now. The first shock of stunning grief had passed away; but it had hardened her heart. Her ambition had been checked for a time by the lethargy which held her, to be turned now into new and wider channels, and to flow the swifter, for the accumulated force gathered in the meantime.

All was changed at the sutler's quarters; but this change had been planned before Stubbs's untimely death. There were no more merry stories or hilarious songs over steaming glasses; neither chink of gold nor rustle of cards, nor indeed any other sound of revelry floated out from the sutler's parlor now. A decent respect for Stubbs's memory might have modified this gayety for a while, but it was understood at the post that there was to be no return to these festivities. Stubbs's daughter had come home at last, and the family was to retire within itself and be clothed upon with the decent reserve enveloping the half a dozen other families of the garrison. Although honestly lamented by his friends and patrons, Stubbs would hardly have been mourned as he was but for the fact that his death deprived the post of a social center. His virtues became for the moment the universal topic of conversation, at least among the male residents at the fort. His obliging manners; a friendly familiarity tempered with deference; his stories, in which he never played the hero; above all, his punch,—which might have vied with Sampson for strength,—were extolled to a degree that would have made proud the heart of the sutler could he have known it. Alas! appreciation and honor are plants which grow mostly in grave-yards. But while everything else withered and died, Stubbs's memory was kept green throughout all the long, cold winter.

In one respect there was no perceptible change. Mrs. Stubbs, who had been for years the active partner in affairs pertaining to the store, conducted the business still. This was the more necessary since months must elapse before any one could be appointed to fill the place nominally vacant. It was well, too, for the woman that some sharp necessity urged her on at this time when despair and a sense of loss she could hardly comprehend pulled her down con-

stantly. But as the days went on, she turned more and more from the past. The present was full for her—full of cares and vexations which sharpened the temper,—never of the mildest,—and irritated the nerves, strained almost to breaking by the shock she had endured. The future alone was pleasant to contemplate. All the wild schemes that had been only fascinating dreams over Blossom's rude cradle came back to her now. What should prevent their becoming realities? She courted them, she dwelt among them in her occasional moments of leisure; they crept in upon her work, bewildering her brain and confusing her hands. How to work them out into practical life was the problem that puzzled her. But this she would learn, or it would come to her later. There was nothing to which she might not attain, now that there was no one to put a check upon her desires.

But it was not for herself that she had encouraged these new-formed schemes. The child had come to mingle in all her thoughts. She was the object and end of all her ambitious hopes. To speak gentle words or to caress her, to sympathize in any degree with her tastes, to enter even the gates of her innocent fancies, she could not. But to work for Blossom with her hard hands, to scheme subtly, and even fight for her if need be,—all this she could and would do.

Sometimes the apathy of grief or added years tempted her to seek ease and quiet instead. The old, strong life that had tingled in her veins to her finger-ends, making her restless, active, aggressive, seemed to have ebbed away, leaving her stranded high and dry, moved only by an occasional tide. The muscles of her strong arms lost their solidity, the fresh color died in her cheeks, the keen fire died in her eyes, and white threads began to mark the shining black hair. A strange indifference to everything lay in wait for her continually, against which she battled feebly. She had been knocked down, battered, bruised, left like one dead, but her strength was coming back, though she was still blinded and dizzy. In a little time she could renew the struggle if her courage would but hold out. There was one circumstance which stung her to something of her old keenness, and that was the indifference with which Blossom's appearance had been received at the post by the ladies sojourning there. With one exception, no one of them had called upon her or extended to her the slightest

civility. Claudia Bryce had not been persuaded—though Miss Laud had done her best—to follow her mother to the sutler's either on the night he was brought home dead or on any of the succeeding days. Blossom need not have protested against being sent away. She was not asked to exchange the gloom of her own home for the more cheerful atmosphere at the major's. Mrs. Bryce knew nothing of this suggestion, and Claudia had not repeated it.

One exception there was to the general indifference. Mrs. Brown, the chaplain's wife, did indeed call upon the stranger. Mrs. Stubbs, entering hastily from the store one afternoon, unwarned of this visit, found her occupying one of the purple and yellow arm-chairs. The sutler's widow felt that it was but a professional call and in her heart resented it, sitting upon the edge of one of her own fine chairs in stiff, unbending dignity, and taking no part in the conversation. Blossom, meanwhile, by no means self-conscious enough to attribute the visit to any motive but kindness, too simple-hearted to give it a thought, indeed, chattered unreservedly of her eastern home, her friends and her school-life; for to that pleasant past Mrs. Brown had considerably directed the polite interrogations which supported the rather frail discourse between them. Shadows and sunlight crossed the girl's face as one memory after another was awakened, and the long, slanting sunbeams from the little windows passed by the ugly gay chairs and gaudy flowering carpet to touch the graceful figure in the simple dark-blue gown, and to crown, for the moment, with almost perfect beauty the bright, warm face.

Mrs. Brown, who had come at the suggestion of her husband,—Mrs. Stubbs was not so far out of the way, after all,—was quite won by the girl's pretty, childish face and modest, graceful ways. "Who would have believed it!" she said to herself, with an unconscious glance toward the mother, stiff, ill at ease, and almost forbidding in aspect. "How lonely the poor little thing must be!" And she urged Blossom to come and see her very soon. "Come for the afternoon," she said, "I am often alone while Mr. Brown is in his school, and find the time hanging heavy on my hands. We have a few books if you are fond of reading, and some of the late magazines, though I fear they would be old to you. But you will soon, like the rest of us, drop six months behind the times and be quite contented that it should be so, too,—which is

the oddest part of it," she added, with a cheerful laugh. "I suppose we lose our ambition; but I am by no means sure that ambition is a desirable quality to possess," she said, with another laugh. "But you are to come and see me, mind, and very soon."

Blossom was charmed with their visitor and delighted with her offer of friendship. She looked toward her mother before giving the shy assent upon her lips.

"You can go if you want to," Mrs. Stubbs said ungraciously, making Blossom's cheeks tingle with shame. Then the woman did remember her manners sufficiently to thank the chaplain's wife. But the thanks lacked spontaneity, and Mrs. Brown went away chilled and mildly ruffled. After all, it was impossible to make anything of these people.

But Blossom knew nothing of the check which her good-will had received, and set out after what she deemed a suitable time had elapsed to return the visit of the chaplain's wife. She hung a little reticule upon her arm, in which was hidden away some bit of work, since she had been asked to pass the afternoon. But though Mrs. Brown was scrupulously polite and interested in her visitor, something was gone from her graciousness. It seemed, indeed, to be held under lock and key, and to be doled out on demand. There were none of the silly but delightful little outbursts of speech which had so charmed Blossom at their first interview. The truth was that Mrs. Brown had not forgotten how stiffly Mrs. Stubbs had received her. Looking upon Blossom with sharp, critical eyes to-day, she fancied the daughter had something of the mother's frigidity. Poor Blossom was growing more and more embarrassed every moment at this reception, so unlike what she had looked forward to! She could hardly keep back the tears; and, oh, how could she hide the reticule upon her arm? Mrs. Brown did notice it at last, but only when the girl had gained courage, by a desperate effort, to get up from her chair and make a move to go home.

"I would ask you to take off your hat, but I—I am going down to Mrs. Bryce's to meet some friends," stammered the chaplain's wife.

"I could not stay. Indeed, I could not," said Blossom, trying to hide the dreadful reticule in the folds of her gown, and ready to cry with disappointment, but above

all with shame. And she fairly ran away without another word of adieu.

An uncomfortable consciousness that she had not dealt quite fairly with the girl did pursue Mrs. Brown as she tied her rigolette about her head, donned her shawl, and prepared herself for a call at the major's in corroboration of her excuse to Blossom. She was going to the major's, and she should without doubt meet friends there; so she flattered herself that she had not told an untruth. And after all if she had taken up this girl, petted her and made of her as she had been tempted to do at first, she would only have made her discontented in the sphere to which she was born, and prepared her for unnumbered slights and stings, since it was not to be supposed that all the ladies at the post would have been equally gracious to the sutler's daughter. It was tolerable philosophy and it eased the conscience of the good woman, but unfortunately it could not reach Blossom, who hurried home to pour out her tears before her mother, ashamed of a disappointment so childish, and wounded she hardly knew how. And the mother comforted her, roughly, to be sure, but sympathy is from heart to heart, and the words that carry it are nothing. She kept down the bitter, angry words that rose to her lips; she concealed the rage that made her angry and revengeful toward the woman who had slighted her child. For she understood it all. No suddenly remembered engagement had taken her away; Blossom had been unwelcome.

"Send your daughter down to the house," said Mrs. Bryce one morning, not long after this unfortunate visit. The major's wife was lingering at the counter in the store over a web of muslin, testing its quality between thumb and forefinger. "It must be dull for her here," she went on—"I'll take her with me now, since I'm quite alone to-day. Does she understand plain sewing?" And Mrs. Bryce smoothed the web of cloth with her stout, white hand which shone with handsome, old-fashioned rings, while waiting for the reply, which was long in coming.

"My daughter is busy with her own affairs, and thank you, ma'am." Angry as she was, the sutler's wife could not forget the respect due to the wife of the commanding officer. "She understands fine sewing as well as plain, thanks to the ladies as taught her to hold her needle when she was only a little thing. But there's no need of

her using it for other folks, nor for herself, as for that matter, unless she chooses." And Mrs. Stubbs actually turned her back upon the major's wife.

"Highly, tightly!" said Mrs. Bryce, retreating hastily, after a stare of astonishment over this awful procedure. "To hear the woman! It's time the major took it in hand if one can't buy a yard of muslin without being insulted."

She reached home with her wrath full-grown, and her mild, round face in a blaze.

"Such airs!" she exclaimed, recounting the story at dinner. "And over that chit of a girl! You should have heard her, Major Bryce, assure me to my face that her daughter need not so much as take a needle into her hand unless she chose. And then she actually stalked off about her own affairs, without so much as asking if I had been served. It's quite time there was a change. One would think the woman was conferring a favor every time she gives you a spool of thread."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Major boisterously. "So you attacked Mrs. Stubbs! You're braver than I thought you, my dear. Interfere? Not I. You women may fight it out. But she'll give you no quarter, I can tell you. And it's the daughter, is it? Well, she's a pretty little thing, pretty enough to set you all by the ears."

"Pretty!" Claudia repeated disdainfully. "She's a sly minx, peeping out from behind the window, with her pink and white face, at every young man that goes by!"

"Oh, ho!" shouted the major. "Sits the wind in that quarter? You girls had better look out for your laurels. I saw Captain Elyot casting his eyes toward that same window, not half an hour ago." And having fired his heaviest gun, like a wise man, he took himself out of danger of its recoil.

But the wrath of the major's wife was lukewarm to that aroused in Mrs. Stubbs's bosom. Do plain sewing, indeed! Ah, but the time should come (and the woman nailed her vow with an oath) when Blossom should take her place with the best of them. There was money enough; with this and Blossom's pretty face, what might not be done!

For the girl was sweet to look at. With a beauty of delicate outline and soft changing color, and with an expression in her innocent brown eyes as though they had but just opened wonderingly upon the world. It was hardly the highest type of beauty,

and one which the touch of illness or long-settled sorrow might sweep away entirely; but very sweet and winsome, nevertheless, and not to be lightly valued. It won for her more friends than she knew; though these, to be sure, were rather of the opposite sex than of her own. Major Bryce, who remembered her as a baby, had always a rough good-natured word for the girl, and the other officers at the post, especially the younger ones, hung about the store upon the flimsiest pretexts with the hope of catching a passing glimpse of her pretty face if nothing more. But in all these schemes they were foiled. No fashionable mother with an eye to the proprieties and a fine settlement, could have watched over a daughter with greater vigilance than did this woman to whom instinct and inborn craft were the only guides.

The young men might squander their pay and dawdle away their time at the store if they chose; but no moated castle was ever more impregnable than that little parlor, with its gaudy furbishing, the door of which was in plain sight, and behind which Blossom was safely ensconced, all unconscious of her state of siege.

"You've turned the cold shoulder on us of late," said the red-faced cavalry captain Luttrell in an insinuating tone after he had hung about the store for a long half-hour one day.

"It isn't for a decent woman and a widow like me to be opening her house to everybody," Mrs. Stubbs rejoined in a coldly virtuous tone.

"But you might give a place to an old friend," said the captain, with a tender leer from his watery eyes. The bold scheme of making love to the old woman did cross his mind, and by this means to gain a footing in that paradise concerning which the wildest rumors floated about the post.

"An old friend!" repeated Mrs. Stubbs contemptuously. "And will you be pleased to tell me, Captain Luttrell, if it is six months or three since we first saw you out here? And if it's my society they want, my old friends, as you call 'em, have enough of that and welcome here in the store. There's no need to open the door of the house."

"So you only opened it to us before for the sake of what you could make out of us?" said the captain, insolent in defeat.

"I sha'n't deny it, if you choose to say so," Mrs. Stubbs replied coldly. "Perhaps you came to us as much for the eatin' an' drinkin' an' a fire to light yer pipes by,

as for the company of such as we. It wasn't for me to be speakin' of you as friends,"—a touch of the old proud humility came to the woman for a moment,—“I served them as came, as he bade me, and asked no questions. I served 'em well and they paid their reckonin'—at least the most of 'em paid for what they had,” at which Captain Luttrell looked uncomfortable. “There's no occasion for it now, that's all;” and the woman folded her arms and regarded the discomfited captain from over the counter with a defiance that held not a quaver of fear of him or his words.

“By ——” said the captain in repeating the story (with some omissions), “she routed every man of us. I was glad to get off with my scalp.”

CHAPTER IX.

BLOSSOM'S VISITOR.

BUT if Mrs. Stubbs ruled at the store with an iron scepter, and stood, in spirit, like a mounted guard bristling with spears before the door of the house, she laid by her symbol of power and threw away her weapons of warfare when once in the little parlor. This was Blossom's province. If Mrs. Stubbs was born to resist and do battle, just so surely was Blossom created for all beautiful and delicate things. Though reared in the doctrine of Arminius one can hardly hold to his faith when we see how truly we are all fore-ordained and predestinated to certain paths in life, rooted into earth from which we cannot tear ourselves, bent and twisted and turned into ways where we never desired to go, bound upon Ixion wheels by chains we cannot break. All the roughness and hardness of their life the mother took upon herself, or rather it was hers by right of birth. For Blossom was the easy way, the sunshine, the flowers, or whatever resemblance of them came to this dreary, bleak spot at this untoward season. It is true, they were but paper flowers at the best and gave out very little fragrance, but such as they were the girl took them and was content. Her sorrow had by this time ceased to press heavily upon her. There had been no constant companionship with her father,—except for those few weeks never to be forgotten,—the privation of which she was to feel now. It was over what they were to have been to each other that she had grieved most of all. It was a disappointment even more

than a loss which had come to her; and disappointments, though they weigh heavily, weigh not for a long time upon young hearts. She had become accustomed to her new home and learned to adapt herself after a gentle fashion to its ways. Gradually the ugly, low parlor took on a quaint grace from her presence. The painful right angles at which the stiff, uncouth furniture had been disposed were broken up, and even the most obdurate of tables and sofas found their place at last. A little chintz and muslin and skillful handiwork toned down the gay colors, and here, in a bower of her own devising, Blossom spent much of her time. Quiet and sometimes rather lonely hours they were, in which she wrote long letters to the good woman who had been a mother to her, and to the school friends who even so soon began to have interests which she could not share. The mails were necessarily irregular, and perhaps this would explain why so few replies were ever received to her missives, though doubtless Mrs. Stubbs could have told the fate of more than one of them. There was a piano here—the only one at the post—which had come all the way across the plains in the train with Blossom. Stubbs would have brought out a chime of brazen bells, if it could have added to her happiness.

“It is like magic! Why, Miss Blossom, you are a witch,” Captain Elyot said the first time he was admitted after this transformation. He had known the place in its shabby old days and had seen it in its hideous new guise, and could hardly believe it to be the same. Blossom blushed and dropped her eyes and laughed shyly, feeling quite repaid for her pains by this brusque outspoken praise. Captain Elyot found his way here often of evenings now. You may be sure that he met with no such reception as had been given to Captain Luttrell when he asked permission to call. No indeed! If he had been the Fairy Prince himself the doors could not have opened wider or more willingly at his approach. Mrs. Stubbs welcomed him with her best smile and gown, though the latter was the fresher of the two, it must be owned. Smiles were not in her way now, poor woman! And such dainty dishes as she set before him when he joined them at supper!—as he did sometimes by special invitation, to the envy of the other officers at the post, who had not forgotten Mrs. Stubbs's culinary skill. And as though this were not

enough, the finest tobacco in the store was brought in for his approval.

"Just one pipe," urged his hostess, "bless you, Blossom and me don't mind. It aint quite what the last was, though I don't hear 'em complain."

But the young man had no desire to puff a pipe in Blossom's very face.

"Thanks, but I've tried it already and fancy it's rather better than that I brought from the States. I'd rather have a song now, if Miss Blossom would be so obliging."

So Blossom tucked her curls behind her little pink ears and sang not only one, but two or three of her simple songs. They were not much to hear. I fear it was hardly worth while to bring the piano so far. Still the young man found it very agreeable to listen to the quaver of the sweet high-pitched voice. The air was thin and poor, the words soulless. They were something about lovers, and sighing and dying, from which, though interesting and awful enough in themselves, very silly verses can be made. She sang them correctly, lingering upon the notes where she had been taught to dwell, playing the accompaniments in horribly good time, and rising from her seat at last with a timid smile upon her lips. Neither she nor the young captain (who believed that Miss Claudia's Italian airs, to a strumming accompaniment on a Spanish guitar, were nothing so charming as these) gave a thought to the sorrows of the song, those happy factitious sorrows which come, at most, only like a grateful cloud between us and the too glaring glow of our happiness.

"I wish you'd sing to Orme—Lieutenant Orme, you know—who came out with us. I'll bring him round some night if you don't mind," Captain Elyot said, when Blossom, innocently satisfied with herself, had taken up her crocheting again. "He's the most homesick fellow on the plains, and as I have taken him in hand, I feel tolerably responsible for his cure. If you have no objection, Mrs. Stubbs."

"I know him," Mrs. Stubbs said graciously. "There don't seem to be any harm in the boy. You may bring him round if you like, though I've no notion of opening the house to everybody, and you may as well stop there."

"I shouldn't think of bringing any one else," Captain Elyot said quickly. Open the house to everybody! That was the last wish of his heart. "He is low-spirited and has fallen into a set I don't like, and I fancied if he could break away from it in some

way, by making new friends perhaps, he'd see the folly of it after awhile."

"I should be very glad to sing to him," Blossom said timidly. "That is if you think he would care to hear me."

Care to hear her? It would be strange indeed if he did not.

"No fear of that. And I may bring him tomorrow night?" the captain asked quickly, fearful lest the tide might turn against his friend.

"If you please;" and Blossom gave a timid glance to her mother, who did not object.

And so it came to pass that the very next evening—and many more if the truth be told—found the young lieutenant in Mrs. Stubbs's parlor. He had objected at first.

"Oh, a plague on the women!" he had said, affecting, like a very young man as he was, *blasé*, ill-fitting airs. "I'd half promised Luttrell and the rest of 'em —"

"But I made a positive engagement," Captain Elyot said steadily. "And, Orme, there isn't a man at the post but would think himself in luck just now to have the chance to go there."

"Well, if you insist," said Orme with the faintest possible air of martyrdom, resigning himself to circumstances.

But he forgot his unwillingness when Blossom came out of a corner to greet him. So this was the young man who was likely to fall into bad ways, and who only needed friends to set him right! Blossom's tender heart yearned over him with a real missionary desire for his well-doing. Oh, how angry he would have been, could he have known in what a light he had been made to appear before this charming girl whose beauty and pretty shy ways startled him out of all indifference!

She sang to him over and over again. It was for this he had come. But she opened her eyes in wonder when the young lieutenant himself sat down to the piano, and to a dashing accompaniment trolled out a bold soldier song in a fine, rich voice. There was something of the clink of glasses in the shivering chords, and women and death in the song, which brought a thrill to Blossom's untried heart and tears to her eyes. She could not have expressed it in words, but she felt that this was not at all like her poor little songs, over which, with all their sighing and dying, nobody had thought of shedding a tear.

"Why did you ask me to sing?" she said, with the tears still in her eyes.

"Why?" repeated the young man, who seemed to have caught all of Blossom's shyness.

He had thrown off the song as a horse shakes the rain-drops from his mane, and was astonished and immensely flattered by the undreamed-of result.

"You gave me a great pleasure," he said, with all his heart in the words.

Captain Elyot should have been quite triumphant over the chord of sympathy which these two seemed to have struck at once. But human nature is a bundle of contradictions, and for one short moment, as he saw the wonder and almost awe creeping over Blossom's face as the song rolled out freighted with a love which defied death, he wished he had not brought him here. Then, ashamed of the ungenerous feeling, he settled himself in a corner and listened to the two, who had ferreted some duets from an old music-book and were patiently picking them out regardless of other ears than their own. Bang, bang! went the heavy bass of the lieutenant's accompaniment. Blossom's

shrill, sweet voice trembled as she came in out of all time, and was finally swept away entirely by the tenor which skipped back and forth in a marvelous way from one part to another. The captain, uneasy in his shaded corner, pulled his mustache and tried to believe that this was what he had striven to effect. But, for the first time in his life, he rebelled at the fate which had denied him a voice for singing. It was certainly very good discipline for the young man.

"I had no idea it would be half so jolly," said the young lieutenant when at last they had come away. "I'm under no end of obligations to you, Elyot, for taking me there. The old woman asked me to call again, and so I will. I promised Miss Blossom, by the way, to look in for an hour to-morrow morning and try those duets again."

"Oh, you did, did you?" the captain replied, rather grimly.

But, after all, was not this what he had desired to bring about?

(To be continued.)

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Now gently falls the fading light,
The Autumn's sunset veil,
While dusky grows the wavering flight
Of whip-poor-will and quail.
The grain is bound, the nuts are brown
On every wooded hill.
The light is softened on the down,
And silvered on the rill.

The partridge drums; the plover's call
Salutes the sportsman's ear,
And just above the water-fall
The fisher sets his weir.
The reddened leaves with withered wings
Sweep lightly to the sod,
And Autumn walks the land and sings,
With rustling sandals shod.

CHRISTIANITY AND FREE THOUGHT.

THE Christian church is often accused of being hostile to free thought. The charge is commonly supported by a reference to the many instances in which the authority of the church or the influence of theological teachers has been arrayed against new opinions which have been ultimately established as solid advances in human knowledge. But on behalf of the church a spirited defense is made against the accusation. It is asserted that Christianity has been one of the chief influences in stimulating the mind of men to activity; that it has not only been the teacher of the most important truth known to man, but has in modern times harmonized with the utmost freedom of research and speculation; and that it is as unfair to load existing Christianity with the opprobrium of mediæval inquisitions as it would be to hold modern science responsible for the absurdities of alchemy and osteology. It is further said that if the Christian religion fosters an intensity of conviction which is unfavorable to light or easy change of belief, and which in its exaggeration may become bigotry, this belongs to that deepening of the moral lights and shadows which marks the truth and grandeur of religion. By as much as the destiny of man is seen in its real greatness as involving transcendent issues, by so much must the gravest importance rightfully attach to the beliefs and principles by which his course is guided; and a just sense of the consequences of error must have a sobering and conservative influence on inquiry into truth. This wholesome conservatism, it will be said by the champions of the church, is the only check which Christianity imposes on the progress of thought; and this is a beneficent influence, akin to these deep conservative instincts which in the Teutonic races restrain rash innovations in society and politics, and are a guarantee and aid to safe progress.

We are thus brought to recognize a principle which may perhaps be accepted in its general statement alike by assailants and defenders in the controversy. So far as Christianity asserts certain truths as essential to personal salvation, it practically restricts free inquiry on the part of its adherents in the direction of those assertions of truth. This consequence is inevitable.

If, for example, the church, or any branch of the church, affixes to the metaphysical definitions of the Trinity, contained in the "Athanasian Creed," this sentence: "which faith except everyone do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," it necessarily discourages anything like a sincere and searching inquiry as to whether those definitions really express matter of human knowledge. So of any other doctrine; the voice that tells men they will be eternally lost if they do not believe it, cannot and ought not really encourage them to examine fearlessly its foundations; for any genuine inquiry implies uncertainty and the possibility of a negative decision, to which there has been affixed in advance a penalty so fearful that intellectual curiosity can supply no motive to justify the risk.

The real nature and effect of this limitation can only be appreciated by a glance at the history of Christianity. The feature in the new religion which at first took strongest hold of the woes of mankind was its confident announcement of a future life. To appreciate the power of that announcement, we must remember that Christianity gained its first successes among the poor and unfortunate, for whom the attractions of the present life were small. Paul wrote with unflattering frankness to his Corinthian converts: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and the weak things, and base things." So rare were converts among the higher classes that for a very long time scarcely any attention was paid to the new religion by the literary men of the heathen world whose writings have come down to us. Now, it was just this class of the weak and poor, whom the haughty classic civilization made of far less account than even our own society, and whose life was extremely bare and hard, to whom the confident assurance of an eternity of bliss or woe beyond the grave would come home with the greatest force. And when Christianity was at last extending its conquests through the highest classes, the Roman Empire was encountering disasters that appalled the stoutest hearts, and made inexpressibly welcome the refuge offered beyond the reach

of plague and famine, of imperial tyranny and barbarian invader. The greatest theological work of the early church, Augustine's "City of God," was written under the influence of the profound shock which went through the empire when Rome itself fell into the hands of Alaric; the book is a solemn and jubilant acceptance of the transfer of earthly hopes and affections to the invisible city whose builder and maker is God. It was this slow, long darkening that gradually fell upon the Greek and Roman world, once so full of intense life and boundless expectation, which fixed the minds and hearts of men on the future life with an intensity that can hardly be conceived by us to whom the present is so full and vital. Christianity, which as taught by Christ had been pre-eminently an ideal of conduct and character, with eternity set as a background to give energy and emphasis to the present life,—speedily became, and was more and more so regarded, a prescribed and definite means of attaining a consummation which began at death. Eternity was now made the foreground of the picture; the present life had no interest or significance save as an instrumentality to something beyond. To escape hell and win heaven became the one absorbing passion in which all the energies of the new religion were concentrated. This was the end sought: what was the means employed?

At an earlier day, even under the ceremonial system of Judaism, the greatest teachers of religion had presented with wonderful clearness and force the idea that the only service required by God is that of right living and spiritual aspiration. Such was David's answer to the great question: "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. . . . He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not. . . . He that doeth these things shall never be moved." This passage is the key-note to the religion of the Psalms. The inadequacy of a ceremonial religion, and the true approach to the Deity through pure spiritual emotion, are brought out with unsurpassable distinctness. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, and a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not

despise." The prophet Micah gives this striking summary of religion: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" When from the older Judaism we pass to the life and teaching of Christ, we find the conception of religion as simply right-doing in the broadest and loftiest sense, set forth with a force and fullness, a familiarity and vividness of illustration, and a power of personal example, to which it is impossible to do any justice in a passing allusion. The typical instances of His doctrine are such passages as the blessings pronounced on the pure in spirit, the merciful, the peace-makers, them that hunger and thirst after righteousness; the summing up of all moral obligation in love to God and love to man; the promise that they who forgive shall be forgiven; the sublime representation of a great day of award, in which the sole test and condition of Divine favor is to have fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and comforted the sick and sorrowful. But to complete the enumeration would be to summarize the greater part of the entire Gospel narrative.

When from this teaching of Jesus we turn to the sentiment and practice of the Christian church in the second or third century, we find that in men's thought the test of man's acceptance with God and hope for the future had altered not a little from the simple and grand ideal which the church's founder had set up. The conception of character is still a high one, and the sense of moral obligation is strong. But we find established at a very early day, and insisted on with constantly growing emphasis, the belief that membership in the visible church, with due reception of its sacraments and firm belief in all its doctrinal teachings, constituted an indispensable condition of escape from everlasting misery and of entrance on endless bliss. To the purely moral and spiritual requirements of Jesus, there had very early been superadded a set of external conditions. And it is the sorrowful task of the candid Christian historian to show that with amazing rapidity the external requirements overshadowed and dwarfed the moral and spiritual elements of Christianity. Church membership and the sacraments and doctrinal agreement with the majority, from being subordinate and incidental accompaniments of a life of moral order and brotherly love, received more

and more the first place, until they came to constitute the most prominent elements of religion, and the chief, if not the sole, conditions of present salvation.

But this great change, so amazing and incomprehensible when we look only at the first and last stages of the process, becomes intelligible as we scrutinize its successive steps. It was natural and inevitable that, for the early Christians, a formal union with the main body of believers should be the immediate consequence of a genuine adherence to their religion. Christianity, in its early purity, was in direct contrast and conflict with the ordinary practice of mankind, at innumerable points. The contrast between "the Church" and "the world" was, in the earliest centuries, such as our society has no parallel or analogy for; it is by an utter perversion of language that the terms denoting the mutual hostility of that period are sometimes applied to the thin and almost invisible distinction which church-membership implies in our modern society. The Christians differed from their neighbors not only in creed but in practices and sentiments interwoven with the whole fabric of daily life; public amusements, personal indulgences, household relations, the offices of state, presented a thousand occasions of difference or sharp collision. Not only in such details, but in the great animating purposes and hopes of his life, the Christian convert found himself at once sundered widely from his old associates, and in imperative need of the closest alliance with those who shared his new life. The Christian Church, as an external organization, with the incidents of formal though simple initiation, and observances that gave expression to its inward fellowship, was an indispensable condition of the survival of Christianity as a spiritual religion. Membership in this visible church was at the outset no arbitrary or unnecessary requirement; it was a privilege, spontaneously and eagerly sought by whoever had an earnest purpose to follow the religion of Christ. A similar remark may be made of the "belief" which was at first inseparably connected with the Christian life; it was no arbitrary exaction, but something necessarily implied in the very idea of turning from heathenism or Judaism to Christianity. The whole appeal of the new religion lay in its presenting a new set of facts by which life was to be shaped; to "believe" those facts, to accept one living and true God, and Jesus Christ the founder and inspirer of the new society, and the

future life which he had promised, as realities—this lay of necessity in the very act and process of becoming a Christian. Here again we go on using language which has lost its meaning with the change of times. From the pulpit we constantly hear the exhortation, "only believe!" with a metaphysical and mystical definition of belief, which too often stultifies, or bewilders, or repels the hearer. But "belief" had a very simple and profound meaning when it implied the mind's exchange of the dim, unlovely, immoral deities of Olympus for a spiritual and holy God; the view of life no longer as a transient enjoyment or endurance, beginning and ending in the unknown, but as a heroic service, superintended and rewarded by a beneficent Providence.

The primitive exhortation to believe and be baptized was thus the simple, appropriate and necessary requirement of the earliest Christianity: belief,—such an acceptance by the soul of the great spiritual realities as should supply internal motives to the new life; baptism,—the simple initiation into that brotherhood which was to supply the indispensable social aid.

But, one by one, came additions of requirement and regulation—some helpful, some inevitable, many injurious. The great besetting end of religion—the substitution of some externality for the arduous, unsparing demands of right living—throve and grew in the early church with a rapidity equal to that of its external conquests. Even during its first three centuries,—illustrious though they were with a new nobility of life, with the joyful spread of "good tidings" to the poor and the sorrowful, and with the heroism of martyrs,—the church was yet a hot-bed of superstitions. Its original simple rites were already in the second century invested with a magical potency. The sacraments were channels of supernatural grace. The external elements more and more predominated over the internal. In the third century, the great Cyprian declares that "no man has God for his father who has not the church for his mother." He banishes the heretic—the dissenter from the growingly elaborate creed of orthodoxy—from all hope in the world to come, even though he give his body to the flames for the faith which he holds in an imperfect form. Cyprian, though in sterner language than was yet usual, spoke truly the growing sentiment of the church. With every succeeding age, the ritual assumes higher importance; baptism is the washing away

of sins, and the unbaptized infant is lost; without the sacraments there can be no reception of Christ; the priest's absolution clears the soul before God; the church's ministers hold and freely use the keys of heaven and hell. The growing minuteness of the creed, and insistence on its unqualified acceptance, keep pace with the development of ritualism. The passion for speculative theology, and for enforced orthodoxy, burst into full flower at about the very moment when, under Constantine, the church passed from subjection and occasional persecution into the religion of the state. The subtle Greek intellect—its old freshness and originality gone—plunged into abstruse metaphysics concerning the nature of the Godhead. The first universal council was called to decide a controversy—whose terms are so subtle that the mind can scarcely attach any real meaning to them, and whose subject is alike remote from human knowledge and from the conduct of human life; and the Christian world was divided for centuries by a schism that involved persecutions, wars, and unmeasured consignment to perdition of each party by its adversary—on the question whether the Son is *of one substance* with the Father, or *only of like substance* with the Father. A long series of similar controversies succeeded, and the verdict of the majority upon each was duly recorded as infallible divine truth, with an anathema upon dissenters. The controversies which, during the same period, took their rise in the western portion of Christendom related originally to more practical subjects, such as the nature of sin, man's dependence relatively on his own will and divine grace, and the like; but they resulted in the most minute and positive dogmatism on the deepest mysteries of human nature, and in the proscription as heretical and damning of views which, to some minds, unquestionably afford a moral consolation and incentive which are not found in Augustinianism. In a word, the whole church, East and West, having first stimulated the minds of men to great speculative activity, and sincerely believing that on the apprehension of truth in these dim realms depended the attainment of eternal salvation, directed its sternest energies no longer against immorality of life but against speculative error. The woes which the early Christian teachers had denounced against adultery, drunkenness, murder, hatred, and such like, were now proclaimed against Arianism, Pelagianism, Nestorianism. The church still made pro-

test and struggle, more or less successful, against the lusts of the flesh; still sought to cultivate that fruit of the Spirit which is love, joy, peace; but above and before all things she fought and conquered heresy of opinion, and, however she might succeed or fail in promoting morality, triumphantly enforced her creed and her ritual.

One can hardly avoid pausing to ask, Is this the history of Christianity? Must it not be the gross caricature of an enemy? But it is from Christian authorities that the material is drawn. It is Athanasius and Eusebius and Augustine and Jerome—names most highly venerated by the church—that supply to modern compilers the evidence which makes the friendliest narrative of early Christianity a story of swift degeneracy. Dean Milman, eminent in the Church of England for character and attainments, not merely an impartial but a sympathetic historian, says expressly that the one sin against which the church came to throw its whole strength was heresy; that toward all other offenses it was by comparison tolerant. Moral evils eluded and baffled it; but speculative error raised its head only to be crushed. Indeed the briefest glance at what are called the Dark and the Middle Ages—which followed the time we have here especially had in view—is enough amply to confirm Milman's statement. Through these ages the church was the dominant power in Christendom; every child received her baptism; her membership embraced the whole population. We know well how often cruelty and lust and rapine ran their dark course almost unchecked; we know how deeply at times they infected the priesthood itself; we know that while the church often made a brave and not ineffectual struggle against these evils, it often connived at them, and continually gave parting assurance of sure salvation to men reeking with impurity and branded with cruelty, if only by rite or offering they made their peace with this hierarchy. And we know that through this same period no man ever uttered a dissent from the established theology, except at dire peril of his life and the church's eternal curse.

This historical review is necessary to any full understanding of our subject. The present of Christianity can never be thoroughly understood without looking also at its past. Christianity is not merely a system of abstract truths, it is a vast series of facts. It is an historical religion, by no means fixed

and unalterable, though including within it some changeless truths; but, as a whole, possessing an extraordinary capacity for development, both in the line of degeneracy and of reformation. Its present condition as a living religion among men is the resultant of forces of which we can partially trace the historic development; it has long and strong roots, running back for thousands of years. One of these roots we have been following in this article, and these are the facts we have reached: that at a very early period, long before the Papacy, and very soon after the New Testament period, Christians came to believe that among the essential conditions of eternal salvation were membership in the visible church, and acceptance of its rites, and also an implicit belief of all the doctrines set forth by authority of that body; that these ideas grew until they overshadowed the ideas of moral rectitude; and that the controlling and intensely sincere belief of mediæval Christianity was, that to be outside of the one Catholic church, or to reject a single one of her many dogmas, was to incur eternal damnation. The mind of Europe was bound by the twofold and closely linked chain of ecclesiastical subjection and doctrinal orthodoxy.

The effect of the Reformation was to break one strand of this twofold cord, and to leave the other as strong as ever. It freed its adherents from subjection to the church's government, but it enforced, by the whole weight of its authority, a dogmatic creed no less minute and strict than the old one. Luther's great work was to break down completely the rule of the Roman hierarchy over northern Europe. The impulse that inspired him to this achievement, and enabled him to perform it, was essentially a moral impulse. He was not actuated by any abstract love of liberty or reverence for free thought; such feelings were uncongenial to the age, and wholly foreign to Luther. Nor was it a dissent from the doctrinal theology of the Catholic church that first or chiefly moved him; his theological dissent was less the cause than the consequence of his revolt. Luther, along with many other of the best qualities of the Germanic race, had very strongly that profound regard for practical morality which seems especially to belong to it. It was the shameful traffic in indulgences, with its direct license and encouragement of all manner of vice, that drew him from his peaceful professor's chair into battle. It was in the cause of purity of life, the cause of religion, not as a shield

for immorality, but as its unrelenting foe, that the great Saxon put on his armor. Only when he found that the head of the church persistently gave protection and countenance to moral corruption, did he at last deny the rightfulness of his rule. Once engaged in that daring revolt,—as full of danger and difficulty as man ever undertook,—he threw his whole strength into the fight, and took, without faltering, every step to which his denial of the pope's sovereignty led him,—a new organization, a modified creed, a line of cleavage running from top to bottom of religious life. But, throughout, the motive that upheld him, and that rallied to his side the best forces of his time, was that desire for moral reformation which had for centuries broken defeated against the walls of church authority, until now, at last, it broke down those walls. Even the alterations in theology on which Luther laid most stress had their real inspiration in this underlying assertion of freedom from an immoral tyranny. Luther's great theological watchword was "justification by faith." Partly, that doctrine was an outgrowth from his own religious experience, and the expression in a somewhat dogmatic form of the soul's priceless right of immediate personal access to the Divine Goodness. But it took definite shape, and was put in the forefront chiefly because it was the completest denial of the dependence of the soul on sacramental grace, which had put in the hands of the priesthood its most irresistible weapon.

Luther, then, and the reformers in general, denied and overthrew the authority of the Catholic church, having for their strongest and best motive a regard for that Christian morality which the church had betrayed. But nothing was further from the thoughts and wishes of the reformers than to liberate men from the obligation of orthodox belief, under the most awful penalties. That inheritance from the mediæval church they found no occasion to part with. They altered somewhat the definitions of orthodoxy, retaining, however, the larger part of the traditional creed, and they enforced it with all the greater vehemence because they dreaded the possible extent of the unsettling which they had themselves begun. They were extremely intolerant toward the differences which very soon rose among themselves. Catholicism has always reproached Protestantism with the multitude of its sects, and the Protestant defense has been that these minor differences were the legitimate

fruits of the fertile human intellect working in its proper freedom. But, unfortunately, the founders of the Reformation, while they lacked the power to suppress these differences, frowned upon them as heretical, and freely affixed the old spiritual anathemas to those who went a little beyond them in their own path.

There is a scene in the early history of the Reformation, not without pathos in itself, but deeply tragical to us who understand its ominous significance. The Swiss leader, Zwingle,—himself an originator in the Reformation, a man of noble character and thoroughly Christian faith,—differed from Luther in his view of the Lord's Supper, he esteeming it only a commemorative ordinance, while Luther gave it a mystical character somewhat approaching the Catholic idea. Their friends brought about a conference between them, and from the largeness of Luther's nature and Zwingle's liberality and kindliness of temper, a good result might well have been hoped. On opposite sides of a table, surrounded by their friends, they argued the matter long, till Luther, taking a piece of chalk, wrote on the table, "*Hoc est meum corpus*," and refused to yield one iota of what he held to be the plain declaration of Scripture. Any doctrinal compromise being impossible, Zwingle, with tears in his eyes, offered to Luther the hand of brotherly fellowship, but Luther refused to take it, and so they parted. Doubtless, the refusal cost a sharp pang to the great and kindly heart that yet was bound by loyalty to what seemed to it vital matter of Christian faith and human salvation. The real tragedy of the scene lies in the fact that, to so good and great a man as Luther, man's acceptance with God should seem to depend on the right construction of a metaphysical dogma, and an upright and faithful life appear exposed to endless ruin for misconstruing a text of Scripture. And Luther stood not alone in this, but as one in a long line of men who have been influential in human affairs, many of them distinguished by noble and even lovable characters, who have verily thought they were doing God service in insisting upon the acceptance of a particular creed as necessary to an escape from his eternal wrath.

We need not dwell upon the period of the Reformation. Its principal leaders—Luther, Calvin, Knox, and their associates—set up and imposed upon the Protestant churches by the most solemn sanctions, schemes of doctrine even more minute and

elaborate than the Catholic church had enforced. The heroic age of the Reformation very speedily passed; and the conflict between the two great hostile parties, though sometimes involving moral elements, became to a great extent a warfare in part of temporal interests and in part of metaphysical systems. Protestantism, in its various branches, upon the whole insisted even more strenuously on soundness of orthodoxy than did Catholicism, for the latter made acceptance of its government and ritual the chief requirement. We have not space here, nor is it necessary to our purpose, to trace the general wave of ecclesiastical power, the growth of secular interests, the partial reconciliation with one another of most of the minor Protestant sects. We have followed, in a very general survey, the historic development of the disposition to consider the acceptance of certain beliefs as indispensable to Christian life and to salvation beyond the grave. It remains only to glance at a very few indications of the influence of this attitude of mind in our own day.

A candid comparison of the present state of religious feeling with that which existed three hundred years ago can hardly fail to disclose among its first results a very great mitigation of the severe exclusiveness of orthodoxy. Even the Catholic church, though still in its corporate capacity adhering to its anathema on those who deny its claims, shows in the mass of its members an unmistakable disposition to soften or evade the rigor of its sentence. Very few good Catholics in our day, it is safe to assert, look for the final damnation of their Protestant neighbors in any such confident and vivid way as once was common. Among Protestants, there is no such inexorable insistence on the finer minutiae of their various creeds as characterized their ecclesiastical ancestors. The modern representatives of Lutheranism would not deny the character of Christians to the followers of Zwingle. The Calvinist and the Arminian, the Baptist and his opponent, the Churchman and Quaker, however firmly each may hold to his own peculiarity, would very rarely deny that divine grace and eternal salvation were amply possible to those who rejected it.

And yet, a very little examination will show that even in our modern Protestant churches an immense influence is exerted by the idea—held either as a definite belief or a vague but powerful sentiment—that

well-founded hope of future salvation is possible only to those who substantially acquiesce in the body of doctrine set forth by the church. This statement hardly needs proof. We may take two illustrations of it, from the opposite extremes of the Protestant body. One of the most interesting religious autobiographies ever written is the "Apologia pro Vita Sua" of John Henry Newman. The writer's exquisite literary skill is not more noteworthy than the attractive and admirable qualities of his mind and heart. In purity of purpose, in painful and patient search for truth, and in sacrifice of the dearest earthly interests to his religious convictions, he is a man whom the Anglican church may alike be proud to have bred, and the Roman church to have won. Now, at the very crisis of his long struggle between the two faiths, we find him writing thus to one who was in a position resembling his own: "The simple question is, can *I* (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English church? am *I* in safety, were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion?" Here we have a man of the finest culture and the most ardent aspiration toward truth, weighed down by the apparently unquestioned conviction that on the right solution of a most complicated and perplexing problem might hang his soul's eternal welfare. What idea could possibly be more prejudicial to that calm, dispassionate atmosphere in which truth is sought for its own sake solely, and with instinctive confidence that the soul's best safety lies in fearlessly following the truth? And what could throw more rational doubt on the soundness of Newman's final decision between the two alternatives, than the circumstance of the tremendous bribe to choose the *safer* course to which his preconceptions exposed him?

At the very antipodes from Dr. Newman's type of character is that of Mr. Moody. He is without scholarly taste or training, supremely indifferent to abstractions, intensely practical, bound by the closest ties of sympathy and mutual understanding to the common people. And Mr. Moody (in this not unlike Dr. Newman) shows not a single trace of the bitter and malign qualities by which the *odium theologicum* is fed. The whole stress of his preaching is in the line of the cheerful, buoyant and hopeful sentiments. Yet Mr. Moody teaches plainly and constantly that the only way to be saved is through belief

in the doctrine of substitutional atonement. It is impossible to find fault with him personally for narrowness or uncharitableness. Not only is he wholly kind and helpful in his spirit, but to his mind the scheme of theology in which he has been trained represents a definite, positive, unalterable set of facts; and these "facts" have to him a literal unquestionable reality which is not only unattainable but almost inconceivable to minds of a more speculative and philosophical cast. He honestly presents his view of the moral universe, and to his mind it is as clearly impossible to escape endless ruin except by faith in the literal shedding of Christ's blood for human transgressions, as to walk across the North River dry-shod. Beyond doubt, this intensely literal and absolutely unquestioning belief—which in its fullness is simply impossible to most men who have received as much education as the average minister—is one source of Mr. Moody's power over a very large class. It is equally clear that it must be wholly unfavorable to any genuine and searching inquiry into the truth of the doctrines taught; for it is idle to tell a man he may freely examine the truth of a statement, but if he concludes it is not true he will be damned. And, while Mr. Moody undoubtedly does great good,—much more good than his imitators are likely to do,—it must be recognized that along with this goes a steady, quiet repulsion of a large class of minds from the Christianity which is thus presented. Thoughtful people are not any better necessarily than unthoughtful; but in the long run it is the thoughtful class that draws into its wake the entire community. It seems worth the consideration of those clergymen who are accepting Mr. Moody's style of work not merely as good in its place, but as the sole or main work of the church—whether they are not endangering the future and permanent success of their cause for the sake of visible present results.

To recur from these special instances to general facts, we have apparent at this time on the one side, a strange disposition to turn the intensely active thought and the vast disclosure of new facts which characterize this age in the direction of earnest, serious scrutiny into religious truth. Such questions as these regarding the nature and authority of the Scriptural writings, the cosmogony which has heretofore been a corner-stone of theology, the traditional teaching of a literal eternity of future punishment;

questions yet more fundamental than these; inquiries as to the existence and essential nature of the deity; whether there is a moral governor of the universe; whether there is possible to man any sure knowledge of his Maker, or any spiritual communion with a Heavenly Father; whether there is a life beyond the grave; whether, in a word, the faiths which have been the dearest treasure of suffering humanity are outworn and mischievous delusions, or the expression of eternal truths which are to take on new glory with advancing knowledge,—these and similar questions are pressing upon thoughtful and earnest men with an irresistible demand for fearless consideration and candid answer. And over against this class of facts we have this other: the great body of professional teachers of religion are under the powerful influence of an inherited feeling that to disbelieve a certain general system of doctrine is to incur the risk of perdition; and are bound in conscience by that belief to give no countenance to any inquiry which is not pledged in advance to lead to the old conclusions. This statement by no means exhausts the grounds of theological conservatism; its force is strengthened by broader and by narrower considerations; by a natural recoil from the temporary weakening of straightforward moral energy that is inevitable when the mind is in a questioning and transitional state; and also by that less disinterested dread of change which inheres in all great "vested interests" like the church. But under all such considerations, giving heaviest weight and sharpest edge to the church's opposition to unlimited freedom of inquiry, lies this ancient, deep-rooted belief or feeling,—seen most distinctly in a man like Mr. Moody,—that certain doctrinal statements are a divinely constructed bridge which offers the only way across a fiery gulf to a heavenly refuge.

We need not further describe the two co-operating forces; nor need we dwell on the peril which their opposition implies—the danger of a religion afraid to examine its own foundations, drifting toward insincerity, cowardice, self-seeking, and the loss of the noblest religious qualities; and on the other side the danger of a philosophy chilled and deadened by want of the devout and reverential spirit which the church fosters, and becoming meager and unspiritual by severance from the great historical embodiment and representative of Christian faith, and hope, and love. The danger is evident enough: where lies the prospect of escape?

It lies, apparently, in the growing development within the church of that conception of religion in which character is central and supreme. The difficulty disappears when the church accepts its Master's definitions of religion. Humility, purity, hunger and thirst for righteousness; love to God and love to man; absolute trust in the Power that rules the universe; the spirit of brotherhood toward all mankind,—these ideals are in perfect consonance with the spirit of the most fearless truth-seeking; they supply to it the firmest basis and the noblest motives.

Such a conception of religion will not ignore the fact that intellectual beliefs have a direct bearing on character. But it will find in that fact the incentive to earnest and fearless essays toward true belief; not thinking of the Divine Ruler as watchful to smite even barest error with eternal wrath, but heartily accepting the word that they who seek shall find.

The question of how far and how fast the church is actually coming to this conception of a religion of character is one to which it is best not to give a too sweeping or confident answer. But it is to be noted, first, that the radical renovation and purification of an historical religious system is by no means impossible. Other religions than Christianity have experienced some degree of such a regeneration; but this capacity peculiarly belongs to the genius of Christianity, and is one secret of its strength. The Protestant Reformation, with all its limitations and drawbacks, was a notable instance of the self-purifying power of Christianity; the moral and spiritual renovation of the Catholic church, which was the counter-stroke to the Protestant revolt supplied another instance, though with a larger infusion of unworthy elements; and both before and since that period there have been not a few cases where either the whole church, or an important branch, has roused from corruption and lethargy to purer life and fresh conquests. It seems not over-sanguine to find in the signs of our times many indications yielding hope of another and a profound regeneration of the religious spirit. These indications point to the identification of religion with personal character, character at once in its simplest and largest sense; as right-doing,—the faithful, patient pursuit of all moral excellence; as aspiration and toil toward a perfect manhood, a manhood firmly planted in fidelity to all human and earthly relation-

ships, and bound by conscious and vital kinship to the spiritual power of the universe. This religion, when fully developed, will recognize goodness as the one thing needful; it will find the noblest employment for all lofty and spiritual faiths in applying them to produce integrity, purity, love, joy, peace, in the lives of men; it will find in such fruit the best approval of the faiths that nurtured it; it will, let us hope, by making men morally better, and purifying their minds of the animalism, bitterness and selfishness that dim the moral vision, enable them to discern as by intuition the great spiritual realities about which we question, thus making good the promise that the pure in heart shall see God. While a religion of character will thus be in the strongest sympathy with spiritual faith, it will not condemn any man, whatever his belief, who in his life is pure and benevolent, it will not be afraid to accept the teaching of Jesus, that the supreme test-question is whether we have ministered to the hungry, the naked, the sorrowful, and the sinning. It will affirm without reservation that the only real heresy is wrong-doing.

It may be asked on what grounds there can be based any hope that the church at large is likely to accept such a conception of religion. We would by no means be understood as giving an altogether confident or positive expression to such a hope. The elements of ceremonialism and dogmatism are very strong; they often display a fresh vitality that might astonish us, did we not reflect, first, that these elements have for many centuries been worked deep into the blood and bone of Christendom; and, next, that they have a powerful ally in human nature, which finds great ease and attractiveness in a religion that says "Don't try to reform yourself; don't labor painfully to be good; you have only to believe and be safe." It is not impossible that such conceptions of religion, and the kindred conception which makes ritual and sacrament, rather than belief, the substitute for character, may for a long time predominate in the Christian church. Such a result would indicate a future that is painful to contemplate, but is not therefore impossible. But, on the other hand, there is a tendency in the church—a tendency broader and deeper than the surface shows—more and more to give to character the first and supreme place. This tendency exists even in denominations which are in their organization most highly ecclesiastical and dogmatic. In these de-

nominations there are a great many religious teachers who, occupying various attitudes toward the theological systems of their churches, agree in making it the grand aim of their work to promote right living in their hearers. The best and most influential of these workers are not polemic; they have seen the unfruitfulness of doctrinal controversies; they have no desire to break with the churches to which they are bound by habit not only, but by affection and usefulness. They make far less noise than the champions of tradition, to whose voices anxiety and apprehension give a kind of shrill vociferousness. They constitute no party or sect; they have no shibboleths; they differ widely among themselves on questions of theology. But they are working in an almost unrecognized fraternity, whose common object is to make Christianity a living power in the hearts and lives of men. They are open-minded to all new light; they look to science as a friend rather than a foe; they accept it as their business to use all truth old or new in making stronger, sweeter, better men and women. We can take no census of these workers, nor can we weigh and estimate the influence of their spirit among the conflicting forces of the time. But we may remember that "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation," and in the very quietness of this work we may see a hopeful omen.

Further, it is to be remembered that "Christianity" and "the church" are no longer convertible terms. The church, as an organization, has immense moral power; in the very principle of organization it builds on the social element which is among the strongest forces of human nature; and among its instrumentalities there are many which are most admirably adapted to move and control men. It includes measureless influences of sympathy, memory, association; no comprehensive out-look toward the future of religion can fail to take large account of the organized church. But, after all, we shall find at the present day some of the purest and most beneficent aspects of Christianity outside of the pale of any church. The imposition of a creed at the church-door seems to shut out some of the sincerest and most spiritual men and women; and though the church loses them, they are not lost to the community. Of the great moral reforms of our day, some, like the temperance movement, have been taken under the care of the church; but others, like the anti-slavery cause, and the present

effort for political reform, have had to find leaderships elsewhere. Some of the greatest achievements of the practical Christian spirit, in thought and life, have been wrought under the indifference or hostility of the church. It must be said that toward these dangers in our commercial and political society which give most concern to thoughtful men, the church, as an organization, fails to display any such sensitive apprehension and energetic opposition as she shows toward church innovations in philosophy. Not unnaturally or illogically, from her traditional stand-point, she is far more enthusiastic in the work of "saving souls" than in that of purifying the government, or raising the standard of public and private morals. It would not be unjust to add that those denominations and those churchmen who are most serviceable in these directions are to a great extent—by no means exclusively—those who are under the open ban, or at least the

marked suspicion of the ecclesiastical majority, as of unsound or doubtful orthodoxy. Many times before now the "heretics" have been the salt that kept life in the church, and it may be so again.

But, after all, the church is not Christianity. Even if the church should fail to recognize the supremacy of character, and thus wed faith to free thought, we may still look with hope to that large and vital Christianity which is nobly expressed in literature, and more nobly expressed in countless humble lives, to meet the emergency. As Abraham left the land of his fathers, as the children of Israel marched through the wilderness to the promised land, as the Pilgrim Fathers turned their backs on the Harlem Meer and the Zuyder Zee to build a new nation in the free West, so man still leaves behind him the old abodes that he has outgrown, to find a home larger, fairer, nearer to God.

EXPERIENCE IN POST-OFFICE APPOINTMENTS.

I BECAME a member of Congress on the 4th of March, 1869, at a time when a great many changes were about to be made in the offices of the country. Andrew Johnson had succeeded in filling the larger part of them with Democrats, or with such Republicans as indorsed his policy, and when General Grant became President it was universally expected that most of these heads would drop into the basket.

Nearly all the post-offices were to be considered vacant, and I was asked to make recommendations of postmasters to be appointed in my district. It was known to every office-seeker in the state that I would be asked to do this, and I was literally overwhelmed with applications. I saw that I must go through all those papers and undertake the difficult task of providing berths for more than one hundred patriots, and that I must select them from a thousand applicants, each of whom supposed himself just the man above all others who had earned and ought to have the place, and who was, besides, the direct instrument by which I became a member. Most of these applicants were very profuse in the expression of their good-will toward me, in which some of them, I doubt not, were sincere; perhaps nearly all thought they were.

But when one of them, who was then in Washington, wrote home to a friend with what pride he had seen me rise in the House, and how ably I had spoken; and when the friend copied the paragraph and sent it to me, I could not help suspecting that there was a little "ring," for both the writer and his friend were applicants for office, while the fact was, I had not yet risen in the House or attempted to speak at all! To the honor of this army of applicants it must be said that only three of them ever offered any bribe of money to secure an office. One of these wanted a route agency, and wrote me that he was poor, but that if I would secure him the place, he would give me a hundred dollars. His letter was put in the grate and never answered. Another visited me in person and applied for an Indian agency, but he said he did not want that I should work for him for nothing, and I could have a thousand dollars if I procured him the place. His application was never presented to the department, nor his name mentioned by me in connection with an appointment. Another, with whom I had a personal acquaintance that had prepossessed me in his favor, sent me word by letter that he would give me fifty dollars if I would secure him

an Indian agency. Because of my former respect for him, I replied to his letter, and told him plainly that if he meant his offer in earnest, I should not only not do anything for him, but should see that he got nothing from any other source. He answered me in a letter which he meant to be sarcastic, closing with the insinuation that he had probably not offered enough. Many of the applicants (and I will admit that they did not see the bribery of it) assured me that if they were appointed, I should have working friends who could do for me more than any others. Believing that those who were my friends for the sake of office were scarcely the persons to be intrusted with government interests, I avoided the appointment of any of them, choosing from among those who made no other professions than that they considered themselves capable and would try to discharge the duties acceptably. I was on one occasion taken into the office of one of my newly discovered friends and button-holed for a long time, and assured that there was no other person among all the applicants for the post-office which he desired who could bring so many votes to my support for a renomination as he. I told him frankly that I did not regard the post-offices as my personal perquisites to be dealt out for my own benefit, and that I should have two controlling principles; first, the best interests of the government service, and second, submission to the popular will whenever I could ascertain it, provided it did not indicate a person who, in my judgment, was incompetent or otherwise unfit for the place. This friend was not appointed, and a little more than a year from that time, when the people of the district were beginning to talk of a candidate for the next Congress, he attacked me bitterly in the newspapers. It was easy then to measure the depth of the friendship which he had so earnestly professed.

In one of the towns of the district an editor was seized with a desire to be appointed postmaster. He did not speak to me about it himself, but I suddenly found people coming to me and writing to me in his behalf. I knew, of course, that he had suggested it, and I caused him to be informed that I meant to be governed by the wishes of the people within the post-office delivery; that several applicants had circulated petitions; that those who had done so, as far as I knew, were all good and competent men, and that I intended to recommend the one

who should furnish me the best evidence that he was the choice of the people. This did not suit the applicant in question. He claimed that I owed him the office for the support his paper had given me, and said that he would present no petition to the people, and that if I did not make him postmaster he would "blow me out of water" through his paper, or words to that effect. I did not make him postmaster, and he opened fire upon me at once. During three campaigns he kept it up with a persistence and vigor worthy of a better cause. He did not "blow me out of water," nor out of my place in Congress, but he did his utmost to make good his threat, as I supposed he would when he uttered it.

A case in another town was peculiarly embarrassing. There were two prominent applicants for the post-office, both of whom were my friends, and, as I believed, sincere ones. Toward both I had the most friendly feelings, but unfortunately each of them stood at the head of a small faction of Republicans, and each was intensely hostile to the other. I knew that the appointment of either would introduce discord in the party, which I naturally wished to avoid. I should have been satisfied to recommend either if the other had been out of the way. Hoping that something would turn up, I delayed the appointment. To my great relief, the one to whom my sympathies were the more strongly drawn wrote me, saying that he realized the embarrassment of the situation, and for the sake of harmony had decided to withdraw his application; he hoped, however, that I would secure the appointment of a friend of his, whom he named. This person was entirely worthy; and the other applicant having meantime withdrawn, I immediately recommended his appointment. I really wanted to oblige the man, to whom I felt under considerable obligation, so far as I could do so without injury to the party; and although I knew I should awake the enmity of the other original applicant, yet, as this could affect only myself, and as I believed the new candidate competent and honest, I did not hesitate a moment. But no sooner had my friend obtained the appointment of his man than he indited a letter to a newspaper of the district, published by a relative of his, in which he opened the vials of his wrath to an extent exceeding anything I had ever seen before. The relative accompanied the letter with an editorial which, for villification and abuse, has seldom had its equal in the newspaper

literature of the day. And this attack was but a preamble of what was to follow. For months and years I was the standing subject of that newspaper's maledictions. Whenever the editor lacked another subject to write upon, he resorted to the representative in Congress. If he needed three lines to fill up a column, he found room in them to utter a denunciation of the member of Congress. If he needed a column, or two columns, of padding, he could fill all with anathemas against the member of Congress. The most of it was low, coarse, ribald abuse, and the rest was slander; but he seemed to enjoy it, and as it did me no harm, I paid no attention to his madness.

In another part of the district there was a quiet little country town, and here I thought I should escape all trouble. The post-office incumbent was a good Republican, who had not bowed the knee to Andrew Johnson. Moreover, the people apparently desired his retention. However, some months after I had taken my seat, to my surprise I was informed that a man was circulating through the country, away from the town in question, a petition for the removal of the postmaster and for his own appointment. I determined that when the application reached me, I would reply that no change was contemplated at that place, and that I would put the application on file at the department for future consideration in case a vacancy should occur. But, to my still greater surprise, soon after this, I received a letter from one of the two editors of the Republican paper in the place asking for the appointment of his partner as postmaster, a request which was accompanied by the resignation of the incumbent, and a letter from him recommending the appointment of the new man. Here was a vacancy, with but the one applicant, and in a day or two thereafter I made the recommendation for appointment. I had scarcely done so before a score of letters reached me from some of the best and most trustworthy citizens of the place protesting against the appointment, and some of them informing me that the postmaster's resignation had been procured through misrepresentation, he having been made to believe that I was going to have him removed and the man appointed who had circulated the petition. I at once caused a suspension of proceedings at the department, and then wrote to the postmaster, stating that I had never had a thought of his removal, and that if he still desired the office, he might withdraw his

resignation. He replied at once in a very grateful letter, saying that he had resigned only because he thought he was about to be removed; that, being a poor man with a large family, he did not know what he should do without the office, and much more of the same sort. As I afterward learned, the editors had seized upon the circumstance of the circulation of the petition (even if they did not actually procure its circulation) to make the postmaster believe he was to be removed; and they told him that if he did not wish to see the man appointed who had thus attempted to injure him, he could prevent it by resigning, and sending on with his resignation a letter recommending the appointment of the editor. It was a clear case of "bulldozing," but a bungling piece of strategy. It was sure to be exposed, and the schemers should have known that, when exposed, it could not and would not be sanctioned or sustained. It is scarcely worth while to say that these men were angry at the failure of their plans. But to say that they were angry does not sufficiently emphasize the state of their minds. They were furious. They hurled firebrands in every direction. They devoted their paper to the work of defaming the representative, and when they found they could not break him down, they abandoned their party and tried to break that down. Gross abuse, bitter vituperation and infamous slander characterized the columns of their paper for years.

Thus three newspapers were engaged together in the work of defamation, and they pursued their task with steady, malignant industry. As each campaign came around, they all insisted that I made discord in the party, and ought not therefore to be renominated, when the only firebrands that had been thrown were those lighted and scattered by their own hands. Like the three tailors of Tooley street who styled themselves, "We, the people of England," these editors vehemently declared, "The people of the district are dissatisfied with their representative in Congress." At each successive convention they gathered around them a little knot of men who had wanted office and failed to get it, and said, "See the discord which he has created," and, boisterously declaring that I could not be re-elected, they tried, by all disreputable means, to make their assertion good. Then, having succeeded in diminishing the Republican vote, they declared that I had done it, although, in spite of their hostility, I ran ahead of the ticket.

I could relate other similar instances, but these will be sufficient to establish the conclusion that a cogent reason for the reform of the civil service in the manner of making appointments is to be found in the consideration of the benefit and relief of members of Congress. I am out of the field now, and I write only on behalf of those who are yet in this "sea of trouble," and are having a similar experience. The worst phase of the subject is, that many a representative will yield and do a wrong thing. If, however, he pursues an upright, independent course, he opens a hornet's

nest about his head; he soon finds that his usefulness is crippled, that whatever he does is misrepresented and belittled, and that the country is robbed of the time which should be given to legislative work. The proper department officer should bear the responsibility for official appointments. Being independent of the district, he can act independently, and when he acts, all will acquiesce, because, as he is not going to be a candidate for Congress, the disappointed ones cannot get a chance to stab him, and their passions will gradually subside.

CLEMATIS.

Coy frequenter of woodland ways! It flings
 A frolic wealth of sweetness broadcast where
 The undergrowths are thickest, and the air
 Is vibrant with the rush and whirl of wings!
 From branch to branch its hardy tendril swings
 In wild, dense tangles, where no foot will care
 To follow, and the brown wood-thrushes rear
 Their broods unstartled. Here the vireo sings
 In answering cadence through the fleet, free hours
 Unto the rhythmic growing of the flowers,
 Whose revelation in each dusky place
 Is of blithe strength, unworn, and fine, shy grace,
 As of rare souls, that joyously their own
 Best lives do live, though knowing them unknown.

RIPE CORN.

THE golden ear peeps through the husk,
 The faded tassels dryly rustle.
 So, ho, boys, ho! From morn till dusk,
 We'll at it then with shout and bustle!
 So, ho, boys, ho! Now for the tussle!
 The lively work, we'll weather it!
 The ripened corn, we'll gather it,—
 Ho, boys, ho! We'll gather it!

JUNE CHANTRY.

HE went along the village street in the still, mellow glow of the October afternoon. And as he walked, all the beauty and serenity, the grace and color and tenderness of the time, took personified shape in his mind; and then, as if his thought had projected itself upon the scene, it put on bodily presence before his eyes and came toward him along the path. He lingered and watched her coming, feeling the dusky sunshine grow hot on his cheeks. He was not a backward fellow usually; though reserved with most people, he was apt to be rather incisive when he did speak, and was sometimes even strenuous in support of his very decided opinions. But at sight of this fair, fragile girl, a great timidity overcame him and he met her with a shy smile, putting out his hand.

"Good-afternoon," he said. "It's a beautiful day for walking, don't you think so?"

"Yes," she answered in a voice clear but very light, with the thrilling quality of a violin-string across which the bow is drawn slowly and steadily. "Yes, it's a very lovely day." Then, as if something in his manner suggested the question, "Were you going to stop at our house?"

"Yes," he answered. "I was thinking of it. Are you going far? Should I be in the way if I came with you?"

He smiled, and a sudden gentle playfulness, characteristic of her, broke out in her face and voice.

"Not if you keep your own side of the path," she said. Then she added seriously, though the inward laughter still lingered in a certain deepening and richness of her light tones, "I should like you to come. I was going to see my friend, Annie Landreth, but I can go home now and see Annie again."

"Oh no," he replied; "I was going to ask you to go out. It is too fine to stay in-doors."

So they strolled along, chatting lightly, looking at a tree on fire with autumn's red and yellow flames or the flood of gold poured over field and hill-side. He paused and looked down a lane that led to the river.

"I'm envious of Miss Annie, do you know?" he said, smiling but plainly meaning it. "I was going to ask you to come

out on the river. It's such a day as we may not get again, and I have to go to court to-morrow."

"Well, I think Annie would survive if she did not see me till to-morrow," she replied, the inward laughter welling up in her voice and eyes again. "The river looks very tempting; don't plead too hard unless you really feel the envy you affect."

He laughed a pleased, low laugh.

"Come, then," he said, but added with a change of voice and face, "It was no affectation, though; I wouldn't change places with many people this afternoon."

She glanced up at him without any sign of displeasure, but interposed a gentle banter to that strain.

"You're rehearsing your part for to-morrow now. You will be assuring the butchers and oystermen on the jury of your distinguished regard and confidence, and draw tears to their eyes with your unaffected horror at the fellows on the other side."

So, while they strolled down toward and along the river-bank and embarked in the pretty skiff,—while he pulled slowly up among the hills and she watched the sliding, enchanted picture over which the warm haze cast a glamour and the sunlight and glowing foliage a glory of color,—while the current lapped low on the shore and bubbled musically against the prow,—while they floated down again toward the village as the sun sank behind the illumined hills, he talked to make her talk, listened to the vibrant sweetness of her gentle tones and watched the play of color and expression in her pure, speaking face, and shy, calm eyes. He felt that she was pleased and kind, and he was happy, happy, happy! When the low sun broke suddenly through the hills and stretched its shining pathway across the flood to her and transfigured her for a moment, making her hair a halo and her face as it were a flame, it seemed to him like an attestation of his feeling that she was no creature of the common earth but of some diviner race. That feeling was strong upon him and made him silent as he regretfully drew the boat to shore and helped her to land. Apparently to break the spell, as they walked away she asked him about his cases at the coming court, and he told her of one in which he was to appear for a poor widow. He grew warm in the narra-

tion and by the time it was finished they were at her gate. He opened it for her but lingered.

"You don't think a lawyer's enthusiasm is always insincere?" he queried. "Your jibe a while ago was not all true?"

"Oh, I'm only a woman, you know," she returned, the inward laughter swelling again in her throat. "You don't expect reasonableness in a woman, do you?"

He laughed softly.

"Only a woman?" he answered. "Do you know I was thinking, when the sunset shone on you down there, that you looked like something more?"

"Oh," she returned, with the same still laughter, "you were very much mistaken then; I should want much more than wings for that." Then she sobered suddenly. "But you don't think I question your sincerity in your case. I should like to hear you 'judge the fatherless and plead for the widow.'" She gave him her hand and said "Good-night."

He held it a moment.

"Good-night," he said, adding, with an only partly successful attempt to speak, lightly, "The longest excursion must come to an end, and the best friends must part."

"To meet again," she answered. "*Auf wiedersehen!*" and then she was gone.

The enchanted, brief afternoon had already turned to dusk; but, as he went his way, her light, pathetic, happy tones sounded and sounded still, and the light of her countenance pierced the gloom with the radiant brightness of morning.

This young lawyer, Gilbert Davney, was not so fond of June Chantry's father as he was of June. Rockville Chantry—"the Hon. Rockville Chantry," as the county papers styled him—was a large, smooth-faced, pleasant-spoken, shining gentleman, with a hand and word and smile for all comers. He was very popular; some of the first ladies said he was the only gentleman in the place. As may have been inferred, he had represented his district in the legislature, and was a very public-spirited citizen. In the minds of the patriotic gentlemen who devoted their lives to the salvation of the country and the service of the people, his opinions carried weight, and he was, indeed, commonly spoken of among them by the endearing diminutive of "Rock" Chantry. But, strange as it may seem, Davney did not like him. He naturally wanted to be friendly with June's father, and was scrupulously polite to him, but the politician's effusive

kindness always seemed to freeze up his gentle feelings and make him cold and still. Nevertheless, there was one thing about him that Davney was quite sure was deep and sincere, and that was his love for June. He had brought her to Riverloop a mere child, and there were no more of their name in that region. All that was good in him went out to his gentle, unworldly daughter, and there was no reserve in her return. To her, and for her, he was another man than the one all the world saw. There was nothing he would not, and did not, do for her but part with her. He had even dared unpopularity in endeavors to establish a good school in the town in order that June might be educated at home. He had not always thriven, but she had never known want. She had grown up with the best that money could buy, and it never occurred to her to ask where the money came from. Other people asked behind his back who were very polite to his face, but June knew only the side of him that no one else saw. Davney used to ask himself how such a daughter came of such a father. Her instincts were all so true and fine, her intelligence so keen, her appreciation of humor exceptional in her sex; and, withal, she was so modest and so good. He wondered what her mother had been like; June had told him once that she named her from the month in which she was born.

Davney went to the court-town of Hillsfield, across the county, the next morning. The case that occupied most of his attention was the one of which he had told June. A stock company, called the "High Rock Water-power Association," had been organized in Riverloop some years before, in which some of the best men had taken shares, and Davney's client, a soldier's widow, had been induced to invest her little fortune. After a very fair apparent success for a year or two, one of the managers had absconded one night, and investigation showed that the concern was bankrupt and deeply in debt. What had become of the money had never been clearly made out; but the result was that, in addition to the loss of the invested capital, a suit had been brought against the stockholders, which most of them had preferred to compromise. But this widow, having nothing left but a cottage and garden, was likely to be turned into the street with her children. Much sympathy was felt for her in Riverloop, and Mr. Chantry had been active in promoting a subscription to pay Davney to defend her.

Davney had got the case put over one term. He had satisfied himself that the whole affair was an organized fraud, to which the suing creditors were parties, but he had failed to find proof. There were many little circumstances, none of which amounted to legal evidence, but which all fitted into one another, and wanted but a central link to unite them, which he had come upon in working up the case, but which would go for nothing as the matter stood. On this Tuesday morning, then, he was sitting in the court-room, going over these indications in his mind for the hundredth time rather despondently, for the case was coming on to-morrow. All the clues, as he followed them one by one, seemed to center upon a man named Raines who had been in the employ of the High Rock Company. He was more sure than ever that this man could clear up the whole black business if he would. Raising his eyes, then, whose should he meet watching him from among the audience but those of the man in his mind. When the court adjourned, he went among the lawyers and jurors from Riverloop, but no one knew of any business Raines had there. When the court was assembling again, Davney spoke with the sheriff a minute or two, turned and saw Raines watching them.

"Sheriff, I wish you'd keep an eye on that man this afternoon," he said.

He managed to get five minutes' talk with the district attorney. As Raines was going into a hotel that evening, Davney touched his shoulder.

"I want to see you a minute. Come in here."

When they were in a private room, Davney locked the door.

"Now then," he said, his voice deep and strong, with abhorrence, "you know all about this damnable High Rock business. I know that the whole thing is a conspiracy to defraud. I mean to make it hot for the whole gang. The best thing you can do is to save yourself while you've got the chance."

The fellow tried to brass it out, but Davney's tirade took him off his feet. He fell into a chair and could not say a word. Davney threw him a paper and bade him read it. It was a guaranty that he should not be prosecuted if he gave such evidence as would convict the other conspirators.

"You give me your word of honor that this paper will clear me if I show the thing up?" asked Raines.

"Of course; that is the district attorney's signature

"Then I throw up my hand," he answered. "They'd sell me out cheap." He put the paper carefully away.

Davney questioned him closely and got papers from him. He said,—

"There's been one hand on the tiller of this thing all through; I want to know whose it is. Who was your head man?"

The answer was—"Rock Chantry."

"Rock Chantry!" Davney repeated slowly. He sat down and turned white and weak. "Go out now," he said. "Keep this quiet: be on hand to-morrow. Don't try any tricks. You're watched."

He locked the fellow out. He felt as if, riding in full career, he had been flung against an unseen wall. He was bruised from face to feet. "Her father, her father!" was all he could say. An hour ago he had been so strong; he had always felt such contempt for people without the courage of their opinions, such scorn of the mercantile principle that business men cannot afford to take sides; he had preached that he was unworthy the name of man who could not put aside his own interest and do the right, let what would come. He had been proudly confident that he could despise considerations of ease, or fortune, or reputation for conscience' sake; had sometimes felt the ardor and exaltation of them that court death for honor, for country, for love. Yes, he had longed for a chance to prove to June that chivalry was not dead. Where was his pride now? his scorn and despite? Low in the dust.

Then began that conflict between settled convictions that have become habitual, and assaulting, clamorous, passionate desires and fears, that will rise and wage in the man whose fate leads him unsuspecting to such a dividing of the ways.

Duty? It was no such simple matter. Did he owe no duty to this girl—this tender, spotless, compassionate creature? Could it be any man's duty to strike her for another woman's sake, much less he of all the world? Had he a right to do evil that good might come? Could there be any justice in destroying her life and his own to keep a roof over this woman's head? It was preposterous; it was monstrous. He would sleep under a hay-stack all his life long to prevent such misery. Crowding suggestions, sophistries, regrets and resentments were followed by more and more cowardly whisperings, which, for a while, held entire possession of him.

It could yet be hushed up. Raines had confessed to no one but him; his fears could be allayed. The people would not let Mrs. Tiernan suffer; he would take it upon himself to see that they did not; he would deny himself to help her, and save money to buy back her house. Then he suddenly remembered seeing Chantry himself going about with a subscription-paper in the same behalf; and at sight of that reflection of all the wretched deceit and subterfuge in which he thought to plunge beyond return, he turned with fear and loathing, rose up and went out, and sought for the judge.

"Judge Mandred," said Davney, "I have a case coming on before you to-morrow. I have just discovered evidence which involves persons whom I cannot expose."

The judge extracted the general facts with a few sharp questions.

"And who is the head devil?"

"Rockville Chantry."

The judge expressed a very frank and forcible disgust.

"And do you want to shield such a — scoundrel? Is he any relative of yours?"

Davney flushed and was silent a moment.

"I want to shield no scoundrel; he is no kin of mine. But he has a daughter who is very unlike him."

The judge sat facing him a minute, stern and silent, turned away and smoked awhile in abstraction. Then he turned back and said:

"Some one has got to do this; you can't have another adjournment. If you had time to coach other counsel, you would only be doing it with another man's hand. It would do Chantry no good nor you; they know it is your case, and any one else would give him a rougher handling than you would be likely to. But I leave it to yourself; is there any one else who knows the case well enough to do your client justice?"

Davney's head fell. He rose slowly and turned away. The judge came over and opened the door for him. His face remained stern, but he gave his hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Davney," he said. "I'm sorry I can't serve you; but I must do my duty, and you must do yours."

"Thank you," he replied, and came away.

Already it was nine o'clock at night. In fifteen or sixteen hours the case would be called. He heard the droning call of the clerk, the sharp, unsympathizing voice of the judge, the pleas of counsel, his own turn coming on remorselessly. He knew now

what those sounds must mean to the quaking criminal. It was impossible; human fortitude was unequal to such a strain. Yet, again, he was counting the hours,—fifteen? No, only twelve! Not twelve! He bowed his head and groaned. It could not be; it was more than strength could bear. Yet he counted the hours. He was capable of no resolve, no courage. The piercing keenness of his anguish was the instinctive feeling that it was inevitable. He made no motion toward it; all his soul turned from it, sickening. Yet he felt it, saw it coming, already so near, coming with the terrible, unhesitating swiftness of doom. He knew he should do it, though he felt he could not.

The time was so short, and one of the hours fast slipping away! He wished he could hold them back; then he felt his helplessness, his utter impotence; how could he hold the world? Yes, that was it; it was the world against one man. There was no staying it, no resistance, no escape.

And only yesterday—at the word there leaped out of the darkness the pure, sweet, saint-like face, kindled as with the glory of heaven by the sunset fires, and one great wave of yearning swept him toward her, body and soul. He must go to her, now, to-night; once more before it was impossible. Means and distance were of no account; he had started to walk the twenty miles before he thought. There was no train; he ran in search of a horse, found one, mounted as he was and rode away. He took the nearest road across the rugged hills. The day had been overcast, the night was dark and growing chill, the winds wandering dimly, and scattering the falling and fallen leaves; for him the night was nothing; he galloped up hill and down, mile after mile, steeped in one long dream. It was broad afternoon, still, warm, effulgent; peace and beauty and happiness on field and river; June Chantry, the center, the breadth and height, the light and sweetness of all. He saw her every look, and smile, and flush; her features, her attitudes, her walk, her pretty hand trailing in the water, her eyes reflecting the glowing scene. He heard her every word again and the welling, subdued laughter; felt the touch of her hand and her weight thrown modestly, trustfully upon him, as he helped her from the boat. It was nearly one when he rode into Riverloop village, dark and asleep.

The Chantry house was black under the shadow of its trees whose crisping leaves rustled dimly in the raw wind, as he rode

by to put up his horse. He came back up the street, there was no one abroad; it had been spitting at intervals since midnight, and now it was snowing. He was loth to alarm the house, but he had no time to waste. Fortunately, no one heard the bell but June. She turned the blinds and looked out. Davney spoke to her from below:

"Is that you, June? Will you please to come down?"

It was a minute before she answered:

"Has anything happened? My father—is he sick, or hurt?"

He felt the cold at his heart and a sudden sense of faintness, and his voice turned hard.

"No; he's well. I saw him in court."

She came down presently and opened to him. The wind blew out her light; he stepped in quickly and closed the door. And, in so doing, he seemed to shut out all that was desolate and fearful; and within, with her, was a heavenly peace. The fire-light touched her face and hair with its ruddy glow; gently and silently she moved about, dusting the snow from his clothes, drawing a chair to the fire and kneeling to make it burn, making him come and sit down, doing with him as she would by a touch or a sign. An overpowering yearning and tenderness crept upon him as she stood beside him then, with one little hand on the arm of his chair, and looking wistfully, confidently in his face; he felt as if all the good and order of the world were in that fire-lit room.

She spoke low with the vibration of restrained anxiety in her light voice.

"Have you come far?—from Hillsfield? Is there a night train?"

"I came on horseback," he said. "I have to go back by morning."

Her eyes but not her lips asked more. He took her hand and held it, bowing his head.

"June," he said, "you are so good to me, and I am in such trouble that I can't tell what I may say to you. Will you please not to mind nor answer. I do not assume anything; I know you are good to all, and I will not misconstrue your kindness or your silence. I am afraid I ought not to have come to-night, and I know I have no right to speak to you. I would not hurt or trouble you for a great deal; but I can't do what I ought to-night. I can't be sure of what I may be led to say; but, for both our sakes, you must not let any kindness or compassion you may feel, lead you to

respond; and I could not bear any cross or denial from you now."

He was silent a moment, and June gazed at him in steadfast, wondering concern.

"Yesterday," he went on, "I thought there was nothing in the world that could make me hurt or vex you, and now my very coming must alarm you, and I cannot even tell you why I came."

Her look of anxious inquiry merged into one of confused pain and she dropped her eyes awhile. Then she looked up and said with a mild, kind, steady, low voice,

"Can you not trust me? You should not doubt my friendship. I am sure I would do anything I could to help you."

"Oh no, June," he answered, "I don't doubt you. If I doubted you I should believe in nothing else. I am sorry I vex you, but I can't help it. I ought not to have come, but I could not stay away. I may never be able to come to see you after to-night."

The glow of the fire-light on her cheek could not hide her sudden pallor.

"Are you in danger?" she asked huskily.

"No, not of bodily harm." Then with sudden eagerness, "I wish I were! I wish it was war. To march out with drum and banner and fight for country or freedom, or for your sake,—that would be joy!" He stretched up his arms.

She stood straight before him, her eyes kindled and cheeks flushed, and an ardent tremor in her heightened voice, and she answered:

"And should I hold you back? Has no woman died for her country? Have not women sent away sons and brothers to battle, and borne dread and suspense worse than death?" She reached out her hands and he took and held them.

"I know, I know!" he responded. "I have often thought of it. The woman's is the harder part: to wait on the shore and watch and listen is a hundred times worse than to be out amid wind and waves. I have often thought of it. But there are worse things in the world than I ever conceived, things so bad that worse and better mean nothing."

But she held to her own high strain:

"I don't care; the greater the trouble, the greater the reason that we should help one another. I don't ask you to tell me what it is, you know best about that. But you have no right to close my mouth. If you come to me in great trouble and say such things to me, you have no right to forbid

me to answer. I will speak ; you shall not come and give me such love and honor and go away to struggle and suffer without knowing that you take mine with you."

He drew her to him and laid her cheek against his own. An unspeakable bliss flooded over him and drowned pain and fear for a time.

"Dear June, you are very good to me. You give me a greater happiness than I am fit for, more than I dared to hope." But quickly came back recollection like a sharp thing in his throat, and he bowed his face upon his breast.

"Oh, June, you don't know what you do. I have no right to let you. I had no right to come."

She stood up with a tremulous, reproachful face.

"Oh, why do you speak so? If I were in trouble or danger, you would desire nothing better than to take my part. Can you not believe that of me? Whatever it is, hardship, sorrow, disgrace, I claim my part. I'm not afraid. I want no better lot than to share your good and evil. Do you not care for that?"

"Care? Yes, more than for the hope of heaven. Yes, you will share it all."

There was a great bitterness in the last words. But there came a sudden reaction,—a rebound of his crushed spirit. He straightened up. His voice took on its habitual depth and strength, and more; he bent his head and spoke tenderly:

"Never mind, never mind! Why do I vex you? Why should we fret for to-morrow? To-night is ours; to-morrow is in God's hands." (The thought went through his heart that already it was to-day. But he would not regard it.) "Let us be happy to-night! Why should I not? There is nothing outside this room I would take in exchange. Help me, June, help me to be thankful for to-night, and trust God for to-morrow!"

"Yes, yes,"—her voice and face were suffused and her eyes full,—“He has been very good to us, and shall we not bear what He lays upon us—‘Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.’”

So they comforted one another, and shut themselves in with their great new happiness, hemmed round and pressed upon by crowding dread and foreboding. And the hurrying minutes counted out the bitterly grudged hours; and before they thought, the dim and cheerless dawn looked in upon them and chilled their hearts.

June went and looked out and came back shivering.

"It's snowing and wild," she said. "The ground is all white. You must not go in such a storm. Wont you wait for the train?"

"Oh no, that is nothing. I must go; it is time I were on the road."

But he did not move. A great weakness overcame him, and he sat very still. His face was bent from her, but she saw. She stood beside him and looked at him with a strong, still, eager inquiry.

"You wont go away without letting me know how to sympathize with you? You will trust me; you're not afraid to trust me? Haven't I a right to know now?"

"It is the case I told you of last—last—night before last. I have found out what I suspected, and it comes very near home. Dear June, don't ask me any more; it would be like suffering it twice."

"Never mind, then," she answered, downcast.

He bent down to her, and could not rise or speak distinctly for a little while. When he could speak, he said only "God bless you! Good-bye!"

And he tore himself away.

Then he was in the saddle again, and ere yet it was fairly light he was galloping out among the barren hills where there was not a house for miles. He was whitened with the sleet that beat in his face, but he hardly knew more than he cared. Great tides of passion swept through him to and fro. Now it was the thought of June that filled him with fierce joy, and he stood and leaned in his stirrups, letting the rein swing, and dashing into the storm,—and shouted and laughed like the neighing of horses in battle. But close on the heels of joy trod the thought of what was before him, and wrung him with anguish and dread till he sobbed and cried aloud amid the tempest as madly as he had rejoiced. It was impossible; it was impossible; he could not; he would not; it was not in man! And all the while, though he wept and shrank and refused, he never drew rein, but was riding, riding hard through wind and sleet, up hill and down, mile after mile, that he might not be late!

The court-house bell was ringing as he rode into Hillsfield; there had been no snow-fall here. Ever since then, when he hears of the Judgment Day, he thinks of that black morning, and that jangling bell; the town seemed to rock to and fro with the discordant clang-clang, clang-clang

The judge had been less genial than usual this morning; had hardly noticed the group of lawyers chatting amicably preparatory to their professional battles, and sat apart, looking forbidding enough. When the clock pointed to nine, he stepped over and spoke to the clerk, and still did not mount the bench. Wondering eyes began to glance from the clock to the most punctual judge. At ten minutes past, Davney came in, bent and old, pale, unwashed, disheveled, his clothes and hair crusted white with sleet and snow. He spoke to no one, though all eyes turned upon him, and silence fell upon the room. He looked round the house and saw that Raines was present. The judge got up when he saw him, and came across to him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Davney," he said. "We're waiting for you. You've been where there's snow, I see. Here, Ruggles,"—he called an officer,—“take Mr. Davney's coat out and shake it. Your case will be called at once; I suppose you'd like to have it over?”

"Yes, sir, if you please."

Court was opened; "Venable *versus* Tiernan" called, a jury chosen, Davney only challenging one or two men peremptorily. The plaintiffs stated their case, and proved it by witnesses and documents. The news had gone abroad that the High Rock case was on, and of Davney's strange appearance, and the house rapidly filled. Chantry was there, bland and broadclothed, whispering busily with the county treasurer.

Davney rose slowly and began to speak. His pallor, his haggard and disordered appearance, the depth and solemnity of his voice, were more telling than any oratorical display. There was no whispering now; all eyes and ears were bent.

He said he had little to do with the formal case presented by the plaintiffs; care had been taken that it should be regular and complete. The defense he should put in was simply that the entire enterprise, from its inception to the present time,—the incorporation, the management, the defalcation, the bankruptcy, the prosecution of the stockholders,—had been one ingenious, continuous and remorseless conspiracy and robbery. He called Jeremiah Raines. He elicited from him the infamous narrative, and the authorship and meaning of the papers he had supplied. Instinctively he had kept back as long as possible a certain name, but he could not have contrived any way to give it greater emphasis, for the audience

were wrought up beforehand, not only to a deep abhorrence but to eager expectation; and when the well-known name of Rockville Chantry came from the witness at last, a moment of unbroken silence followed, succeeded by a burst of fierce hisses. Then there was a sudden bustle behind Davney, and he turned mechanically. The people about Chantry rose with a common feeling and drew from him, and, as Davney turned, their eyes met. For a minute they looked at one another with equally pallid faces; the one, stolid, haggard, expressionless; the other, an embodiment of hate and fear. The judge commanded silence, and in a low, clear, peremptory tone:

"Mr. Davney, proceed."

"That is all," said Davney, and sat down.

Raines having been cross-examined, Davney called some prominent men to testify to signatures, and rested his case.

The judge examined the papers, passed them to the jury; and said:

"This case need go no further; I direct the jury to find for the defendant. What do you say, gentlemen?"

The jurymen whispered together.

"For the defendant," said the foreman.

The court ordered judgment with costs and additional allowance, and called the next case.

Davney found his way out and to his hotel, fell on the bed, and slept heavily for hours. Then he got up and washed and dressed himself. He took the afternoon train for Riverloop. Chantry was on the same train. The news had reached Riverloop, and flown from mouth to mouth. There was not a house in the village it had not entered, save one. In stores and on the streets, knots of men gathered and talked excitedly, and there was no division of opinion. A crowd collected at the station at dusk to await the train. As Chantry got down, some rough fellows stood in his way. He had regained part of his habitual assurance, and he said, with exaggerated urbanity and a persuasive touch:

"Make room, gentlemen; let us pass."

But they stood their ground, and the fellow he had touched asked, sulkily and profanely, who he was a-shovin'. He found the way blocked wherever he turned, and by the time he got off the platform he was badly rumbled.

"High Rock! High Rock!" began to be shouted. Then, "High Rock Chantry!" Something knocked off his shining high hat,

and it was kicked about with hoarse and derisive cries and laughter.

A little further on he emerged into a lighted place, bareheaded and coatless, pelted and buffeted. Suddenly Davney appeared by his side, and the crowd fell back. Some one called out:

"Davney! Davney! Three cheers for Gil Davney!"

"Keep off now," Davney shouted.

He waved them away, and walked on beside Chantry without looking at him or speaking. A mob of boys and loafers followed, hooting, but no more molestation was offered. They reached Chantry's door. Chantry went in, and Davney stood on the threshold. June stood inside in the full glare of the lamps, speechless and motionless, her eyes upon her father, and her look made Davney feel as if he were in hell.

The battered man turned on him and cursed him, and tried to force the door upon him. He paid no heed, only barred the door with his body, and called to her:

"June! June!"

All things swam before June, and she turned about unconsciously; but it seemed to Davney that heaven and earth turned their backs upon him, and with one loud sob he wheeled away, and Chantry locked him out.

Chantry turned and spoke to June, as he never had before. She could not answer; she trembled as though at the point of dissolution. That could not be her father—that shaken, battered, wild-haired, bent old man with the dark face and blasphemous tongue! She shrank from him into a corner, and he turned his back and sat bowed before the fire. A dreadful silence followed, and lasted a good while. Then suddenly the father's body heaved; he lifted himself, covered his face, and began to sob. Swift as a bird, then, the girl came fluttering to him and threw her arms about his neck. The fountains of the hard man's nature, that only she had kept from drying up, broke forth and he wept like a woman.

"Oh, June," he complained, "to think that you should turn against me! You were all that I had; I did everything for you; I never let you want for anything. I have been troubled many a day to know how to make my way, and I never showed you an anxious face or denied you anything. Whatever I have done was for your sake; I should never have come to this but for you. And now when the whole world turns upon me you take sides with them and

shrink from me; you choose between me and the man who has put me to shame. Go away; you are no daughter, but an ungrateful girl."

She clung to him, though his words beat her like murderous blows.

"Oh, stop, father!" she cried hoarsely. "You are mistaken; you don't know; I will not go away; I am your daughter; nothing shall separate us. Oh, why did you not let me know? I would have worked; I would have suffered anything. How could I know; you should have told me. I would have shared want or trouble with you gladly, and then worse would not have come. But, never mind; it has come now, and we will share it together. We will give up everything and go away. I can teach or sew, or do anything."

He raised his face and looked into hers. He spoke to her once more, and she answered. Then she lay like dead upon his breast a good while. Finally she got up, brought a basin, washed his face and smoothed his hair, and made him clothe himself. She set out the supper that had been awaiting him and made him sit down to it, though she tottered now and then as she went and could not speak. Then she put on her hat and cloak and went out, saying only:

"I will be back soon."

How she went, hurried and shrinking, through the dark streets, and the more dreaded lighted places with their groups of excited men, she hardly knew; but she came to Davney's door and rang timidly. His sister Grace let her in. She asked for him, and the elder lady regarded her with a grave tenderness and drew her gently toward her.

"Come in, June," she said softly. "Gilbert is lying down. He is ill to-night, but he will come down to you."

She lingered a moment when June was seated.

"Can I do anything for you, dear? I should be glad."

The tears sprang to June's dry eyes. She pressed them against the kind hand.

"Oh no, you're very good; but you can do nothing for me. No one can but God."

Grace soothed her with silent caresses, and went for her brother. He had heard the voice and got up. She met him in the hall. "June," she said softly, and he went in.

She was sitting still across the room, her face in shadow bent upon her hand. He leaned against the closed door, waiting.

Presently she raised her head and looked at him with a far-off, unearthly gaze, as perchance our dead friends look at us out of heaven. She motioned toward a chair near her and he came slowly and sat down. Both were quite calm, and when Davney spoke after a little, his words, though very low, had the full, deep sound of a voice heard at prayer through cathedral aisles.

"Do you blame me, June?"

"No. That is what I came to tell you. I could not come after to-night, I have promised."

He bowed before those unfaltering words, as they tell us great trees break silently under the sierra snows. But June was unshaken; the crushing weight seemed to have pressed her into the ground and fixed her immovably. She sat still. Then she said slowly, with a hoarse strain in her voice:

"Don't do that, Gilbert. We have no time. I must go soon. Tell me what I must do."

He sat up slowly, calmed by her calm.

"You must take him away to-night," he said. "To-morrow may be too late."

She started up. But he took hold of her, impelled by a rush of passion.

"Oh, June, you mustn't go; I can't let you go; I can't bear it! It is not right!"

She began to shake then, but she answered with a low but passionate intensity:

"Oh yes, it is right. 'The iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations;' I am his child; I cannot escape. He has done everything for me; he has cared for nothing else. He did this for my sake. I have profited by his sin; I must share the penalty. I cannot escape. I have eaten the bread of robbery." Her eyes fell upon the ruby on her finger. "See, I have worn furs and jewels that belonged to the hungry and cold." She stripped the gold from her finger, her wrists, her neck and breast. She heaped it in his hands.

"Take them, they burn me! Sell them and give the money to the rightful owners. I have nothing; the clothes I have on are theirs. Oh yes, it is right!"

There was a strain in her voice like a cry of resentment that pierced him and broke him up. He poured the trinkets on the table and bent in still but irrestrainable sobbing. Instantly she was softened. She forgot herself; she sank on her knees and took hold of his wrists.

"Oh, forgive me!" she pleaded. "I was hard; I was wicked. But it's gone now;

I don't rebel; I am going to do my best and trust God. You know what we said last night; you will help me,—you will share it with me?"

"With you! Yes, I could share anything with you; but without you —"

She could answer nothing to that.

"You must take my place," she went on. "You must be my representative in righting the wronged. We shall leave the house and everything for their benefit, and I want you to take charge of them, and do what is right with them. You will, won't you?"

"Yes, yes," he mourned. "I will do anything for you, anything you tell me. Don't let me trouble you. But I can't give you up. I shall want to be dead and have to live."

"Oh, Gilbert!" Now it was her turn. She fell away from him and broke into abandoned weeping. She crouched on a low seat, and he threw himself down at her feet. He could only look at her and yearn impotently to save her from sorrow and pain; that pure flood washed away all selfish considerations, all resentment and hardness.

He did not try to stop her; he felt that her crying was the best thing for her bitterly full heart. But he half rose after a little and took her hands from her streaming face, and spoke to her.

"I am sorry, June. Don't mind me. I was selfish; I was a brute. But I will be good. I will do what you wish me to."

She was still crying as she replied, but there was no bitterness in it:

"I know you will. I was hard too. Forget my wicked words. I do love my father; you know I would not desert him. He has loved me better than everything; he has no one else but me. And I had rather know the truth than live on in that dreadful way."

"I know," he answered. "I knew it from the first. There is no other way."

Her voice grew more clear as she replied, and a light of inspiration came in her face.

"What does it matter? It is not what we have, but what we are. 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble.' It is a little world; we cannot be far apart. 'The same sun will shine upon us and the same heaven inclose us.'"

They sat silent awhile; then both stood up. June said slowly:

"I trust you to act for me in doing all that is possible for the people we have wronged. I should suffer remorse as well as —"

She faltered and could not finish the sentence, but went on with a tremor:

"I will think of you doing that and feel as if I were righting them myself. It will be a great satisfaction to me. Will it not to you? Shall you not like to think that you are doing it for me?"

The eyes that looked up at him were full still, and he turned his own aside. But he answered:

"Yes, yes. That will be my greatest joy."

He meant to bear up and not make it harder for her; but in spite of him his tone plainly said he did not expect great joy. She looked at him a moment with an expression between weakness and entreaty. He felt a loosening of the knees and sat down close beside her without looking at her. She looked in his face intently and then said:

"You won't let this hurt you? You won't be less steadfast or faithful? less gentle or true, because—because of me?"

Her eyes dropped, and her face grew more and more tremulous. He saw it.

"No," he answered, quick and strong. "No. I ought not. I will not. I will try to deserve —"

His voice broke in spite of him, but he would be strong. He put his hand on her forehead and cheek; he stroked her hair.

"And you?" he said.

Her eyes looked into his.

"I shall not change."

She took one look, sighed and turned away. She would not let him come with her. Grace met her in the hall and saw her safe home. Then she went back to her brother. In the morning Chantry's coachman brought Davney the key of the house and asked him for orders. He said he had driven Mr. and Miss Chantry to the Northern Railway terminus.

Three years afterward Davney was walking in a city street. Among the thronging people he was looking, as always, for one face and form. There was no reason that he knew why any one of the passing thousands should not be she as well as another.

There was one coming now who looked like her so far away, and the nearer she came the more like she looked. He stopped before her and put out his hand. She knew her ruby ring on his little finger before she looked up.

"June."

"Is it you, Gilbert?"

Neither seemed surprised. He held her hand. Neither said more for a moment. Both were older. She saw there was gray in his hair.

"I am very glad to see you," she said.

"Have you been well?"

"Yes, quite well. Have you?"

"I am well. We have done nicely."

She asked about Grace mildly, and one or two more. Then there was another silence in the midst of the roar of Broadway.

"Is there any change, June?"

"No."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No, I think not."

"And I may not come with you?"

"I am afraid we must not. Thank you for being so good."

He cannot remember anything else that passed, only how he stood watching her till the human river swallowed her once more.

Grace's boys ran to the door to meet Uncle Gil. that night, but they came back quieted and Grace went out. They looked at one another. Then she said:

"You have seen June?"

"Yes."

He did not go out again for a week, and no more was said till at the end of that time the two were sitting together. Davney asked abruptly:

"Gracey, do you think God is good or just?"

She let her hands fall in her lap and looked away out of the window.

"He has been good to me."

He looked at her and his expression changed. He stood up and spread himself as if tired with long sitting in one position.

"Yes, and to me," he cried. "I would not change places with any man in the world."

And he went out about his affairs.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves;
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
And poured its treasures out upon the leaves.

THE POLYZOA.

THE polyzoa—or multiple animal, as the name may be freely translated—are always composite existences when mature. Each bud, as it develops, remains attached to the parent form, and in its turn gives rise to other buds,—the mode of gemmation common to vegetable, and to many simple forms of animal, life.

The form finally assumed by each polyzoan colony is dependent upon the particular mode of its gemmation. Some of these curious organisms spread their lacy meshes over the bottom stones, others spring in grassy tufts, each spear of which, under the microscope, shows itself to be a linked chain of elaborate cells; others again imprison the sea-weed in silvery nets, or creep over foreign bodies like delicate mosses, or wave their graceful plumes with every motion of the water. Here, we find great coral-like masses erecting themselves,—the work of myriads of tiny polypides; and there, the submerged stones, or broad fronds of algæ, are incrustated by these fairy architects of the sea, with laminae of delicate frosted tubes, sculptured in the most wonderful and beautiful patterns. The edges of dark rock pools, and the deepest recesses in ocean caves, are adorned with mimic forests of microscopic proportions, all alike the work of one or another member of the polyzoan group.

The beautiful forms—traces of which are found everywhere, on the earliest as on the

the polypide is very much like a zoöphyte. The two were always classified together till closer study, directed less to external form

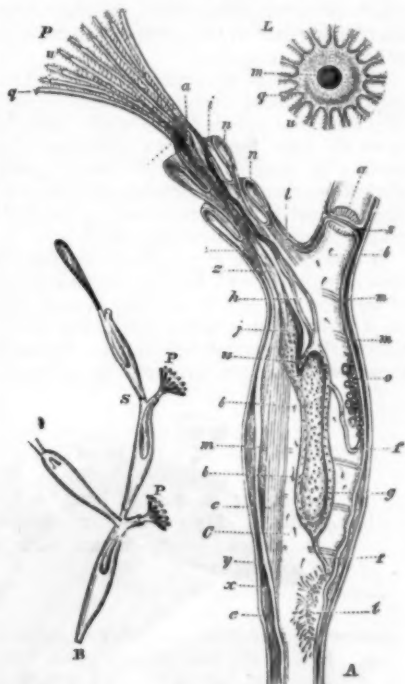


FIG. 11

A, *Paludicella Ehrenbergii*: a, mouth; b, spermatozoa floating in perigastric space; c, perigastric cavity; d, principal muscle; e, excreted shell; f, funiculus; g, stomach; h, intestine; i, anus; j, gizzard; k, muscles of tentacles; m, circular muscles; n, n, permanent invaginations; o, ovary; p, tentacular crown; q, tentacles; r, testis; s, cilia; t, eciocyst; u, endocyst; v, oesophagus. B, same. (Syllabus.) C, Tentacular disk from above; m, mouth; g, tentacles; n, cilia. [After nature.]

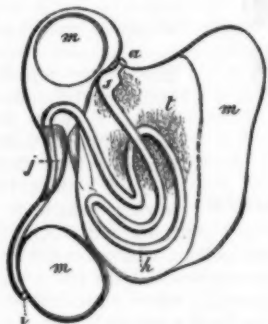


FIG. 2. FRESH-WATER MUSSEL.

a, Mouth; s, stomach; b, intestine; i, anus; f, heart; r, reproductive elements; m, muscles. [From nature.]

latest rocks—are merely the indestructible shells, secreted by the living animals or polypides of the polyzoa. In external form,

and more to internal organization, proved them to belong to different kingdoms of the animal creation.

The delicate polyzoön, which spreads abroad its wreath of tentacles for the capture of prey, which shrinks into its cell for safety at the slightest alarm of danger, is found to be nearer of kin to a clam or an oyster than to an actinia or a hydroid, and belongs to the sub-kingdom of the mollusca.

Instead of being a simple animal sac with one orifice,—the form rendered familiar to us in our study of the zoöphyte,—the polyzoön is an elaborate and complex structure. There are, it is true, certain points of resem-

blance between our polyzoön and an actinoid, or a hydroid polyp. Like them, it is a sac composed of two membranes—ectocyst and endocyst. It possesses, in common with the zoöphytes, the power of secreting about its outer surface a shell, sometimes calcareous and sometimes chitinous. It has, like the polyps, at its upper surface a disk, around which are arranged tentacles, for the catching of prey, and in the midst of which is an orifice for its reception.

Here, however, the analogy ceases. The polyzoön, instead of being a mere animal sac, with one opening into which prey is received, and from which unassimilated material is ejected, really possesses a complete alimentary canal, with mouth,—œsophagus, gizzard, stomach and intestine,—which is suspended in the investing sac.

A comparison of Fig. 1, which is a typical form of polyzoa, with Fig. 2, a representation of the structure of a fresh-water mussel, will show at once, even to the most casual observation, the structural resemblance between these two representatives of the mollusca.

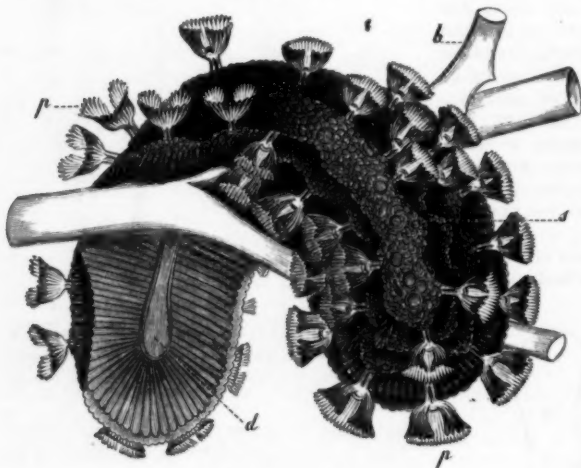


FIG. 3. *CRYSTATELLA MUCEDO*.
A, Branch upon which it rests; d, contractile disk; p, polypides; s, statoblasts. [After Allman.]

The lettering of analogous parts, it will be seen, is similar.

In the animal sac of the polyzoön, surrounded by the perigastric fluid, the entire alimentary canal is suspended, its two openings, buccal and anal, leading into the outside space. In the body of the mussel, the entire digestive system is in the same way included, with its two orifices also opening outwardly. The outer, structureless invest-

ment, or ectocyst [Fig. 1, x], forms a cup or cell for the protection of the delicate internal organs. This cup is lined with the endocyst, y, a soft, organized, flexible bag which reaches above and beyond the upper rim of the ectocyst cup, and is gathered closely around the base of the tentacular crown, d. The sac, C, thus formed by the endocyst and its investing ectocyst, is filled with a perigastric fluid, in the midst of which hangs down, like a loop, the alimentary canal.

The disk, in most marine species, is circular, and around its edge is ranged the single row of tubular tentacles, which project upward and outward, forming a sort of funnel, from which is derived their name, *Infundibulata*. The disk in the fresh-water species is usually of a deeply crescentic form, the tentacles being disposed around both the concave and convex edges, giving to these species the name of *Hippocrepeia*, or horse-shoe like [Figs. 3, 4].

The tentacles of the polyzoa [Fig. 1, A, q] not only serve to capture prey, but they also perform the office of lungs, and aerate the life-sustaining perigastric fluid. They are covered with tiny lashes, or cilia, whose rhythmic vibrations create within them a mimic whirlpool, into which myriads of the smallest of small fry are drawn. The tentacles are not contractile, but, at an alarm, coil up, and are drawn into the cell in a flash.

The mouth *a* is situated in the disk, conveniently below the vortex of the tiny whirlpool, and engulfs the food washed down to it. Below the mouth is a pharyngeal chamber and a gullet, *s*, well furnished with vibratile lashes, that urge the food downward, and aid in the act of swallowing, which is mainly effected by a peristaltic movement, like that of our own gullets. In some species, before the stomach is reached, the gullet widens out into a gizzard, *j*, where a preliminary trituration of the food is effected. In the others, the stomach, *s*, is divided into two portions, the upper of which answers the purpose of a gizzard, and the lower, of stomach proper.

The polypide has no separate biliary glands like those found in the higher mol-

lusca, but the inner coat of its stomach is composed of bile-secreting cells [Fig. 4, 1]. The second layer of the stomach is formed of hexagonal cells with a bright nucleus [Fig. 4, 5]; and the third is muscular. The process of digestion may be watched, in certain varieties, through the transparent walls of the body. The contents of the stomach are then seen to be constantly moved up and down, the lower portion being every now and then shut off from the upper by an hour-glass constriction. Here the food separated from the main mass is moved about, and finally forced back by a powerful muscular contraction. Just where this constriction occurs, on the side of the animal opposite the main nerve center, a tube, *h*, sets off upward, and terminates just outside the tentacular crown, *i*. This is the intestine, and it is opened or closed at its point of junction with the stomach by means of a valve.

From the base of the lower stomach a cord, *f*,—the funiculus,—may be seen connecting that organ with the testis, *t*. This cord appears to have some close connection with the process of reproduction. The testis is composed of a mass of cells, from the nucleus of each of which is developing a spermatozoön. In the figure [Fig. 1, *t*] the mature spermatozoa may be seen escaping and others floating freely in the perigastric space, *b*; opposite the base of the intestine another funiculus leads to the ovary, *o*.

The bag-like endocyst, in the marine varieties, is entirely drawn in when the tentacles are retracted, and as entirely turned out when they are spread: in the fresh-water varieties the turning out is not complete, one or two circular folds, like tucks around the bag, occur in the endocyst. Two such invaginations may be seen in *Paludicella* [Fig. 1, *n*, *n*]. Just where the bag of the endocyst is drawn together around the base of the tentacular crown is placed a sphincter muscle, *d*, which, when the polypide is retracted, draws closely together, and completely shuts the little hermit away from the outside world. By means of its elaborately developed muscular system the animal can expand or con-

tract at will, but the tissues of the body are no longer in themselves contractile as in the case of the hydra. They have become differentiated into muscular fiber and non-contractile tissue.

In this higher form we find, too, a simple but perfectly manifest nervous system. In Fig. 4, a heart-shaped nerve ganglion may be seen, *w*, sending a nerve, *x*, *y*, into each tentacle. Besides the individual nervous

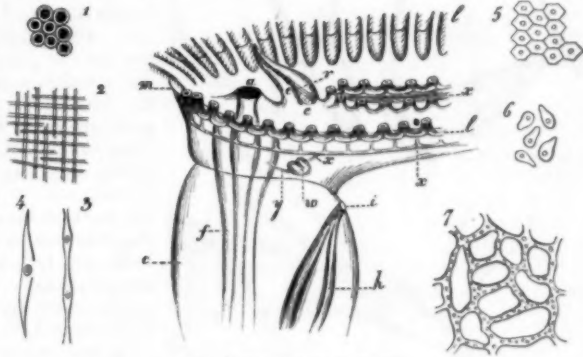


FIG. 4. ANATOMY OF LOPHOPUS.

a, Epistome; *a*, mouth; *x*, *y*, nervous cord; *w*, nerve ganglion; *f*, anus; *t*, tentacles, cut off so as to show tubular structure; *e*, transparent cup-like membrane; *i*, internal coat of stomach; *a*, muscular fiber of endocyst; *b*, same, more magnified; *4*, still more magnified; *5*, middle layer of stomach; *6*, cells and tubular network of endocyst; *7*, cells more magnified. [After Allman.]

system a common system of nerves has been discovered binding into unity the many individuals composing a colony.

With all this elaboration of details in certain directions, the polyzoa show a singular simplicity of structure in others. A polypide possesses no blood-vessels, no heart, no lungs. The perigastric fluid does common duty for all the organs that are wanting; it is an aquiferous system bearing air and the results of digestion to the various parts of the body where they are needed. It affords the medium for conveying the spermatozoa to the ova. It is, in fact, a sort of maid-of-all-work, performing for the animal economy all the services for which no special provision has been made. This fluid is probably sea-water, loaded with particles of food, air, and other matters; but how it gains entrance into the perigastric space is a mystery, no orifice having ever been found. Water may perhaps transude through the walls of the stomach to which it has free access through both mouth and anus, or it may be conveyed by means of an infinitesimally minute system of canals found to exist in the endocyst of certain varieties [Fig. 4, 7].

Many of the colonies of marine polyzoa

have most curious appendages called *vibracula* and *avicularia* which aid in protecting, or in providing for the community. The former [Fig. 5, B] are long bristles set somewhere in the vicinity of the animal cell, and



FIG. 5.
A, Avicularia; B, vibracula. [From nature.]

supplied with an elaborate set of muscles, by means of which they are kept in constant motion. The in-setting current of water, created by the timed lashings of the tentacular cilia, would, of course, cause an accumulation of dirt and *débris* about the mouth of the animal cell. The vibracula are supposed to play the part of scavengers and to clear away this accumulation by their unceasing sweeping movements.

The avicularia, A,—so called from the curious "bird's-head" shape which they so frequently assume,—are scattered here and there, without any special order, over the surface of the colony. They are usually set in a movable socket, and both the head itself and the lower jaw have a strong set of muscles by means of which they nod up and down, and snap their beaks in a most vigorous and amusing manner [Fig. 5, A]. The living animal seems to have no vital connection with the vibracular and avicularial cells.

These would seem to be quite isolated, seated upon their thick knobby sockets outside the calcareous shells of the polypide. We must, however, conclude that there is some connection between them. Gosse suggests that some delicate and subtle, but living tissue, may not only line but cover the strong cell, as is the case with the spines of the sea-urchins. Again and again the snapping jaws have been seen to catch prey, and the avicularia were, in consequence, rather hastily supposed to be the colonial purveyors. This cannot, of course, be their true use, as the prey caught is much too large for our dainty polyzoon, which feeds upon the microscopic life involved in the whirlpool created by its cilia. And besides, anything caught by the beak of the bird's head would be caught *from* and not *for* the mouth, and would be effectually beyond the reach of the animals themselves. Gosse suggests that the office of the bird's head is indirectly rather than directly beneficial to the polypides. "When a small aquatic animal is seized by the snapping jaws of the bird's-head cell, it is held firmly there till it dies, and it then offers an attractive bait to the infusoria of the surrounding water. The presence of decomposing animal matter in water, he tells us, invariably attracts swarming myriads of these creatures, which breed so fast as soon to form a cloud of living atoms around the decaying body, quite visible in the aggregate to the unassisted eye; and these remain in the vicinity, playing round and round until the organic matter is quite consumed. Now a tiny annelid



FIG. 6. BICELLARIA TUBA. [FROM NATURE.]

or other animal, caught by the bird's head of a polyzoon, and tightly held, would presently die; and though in its own substance it would not yield any nutriment to the capturer, yet by becoming the center of a crowd of busy infusoria,—multitudes of

which would be constantly drawn into the tentacular vortex, and swallowed,—it would

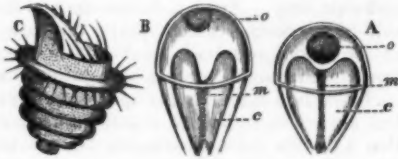


FIG. 7.
A, B, Marmosium of *Bicellaria ciliata*: c, capsule; m, muscle;
o, ovum. C, Ciliated embryo. [After Hincks.]

be ancillary to its support, and the organ in question would play no unimportant part in the economy of the animal." The birds' heads in Fig. 5 were drawn from a bit of *Flustra avicularium*; in the head with the closed beak, the muscular apparatus is very apparent; the closest scrutiny, however, utterly failed to detect any in the head when the jaws were open.

The fresh-water polyzoa have some other peculiarities which accompany their crescent-shaped disk. Running around the outer rim of the tentacular crown is a delicate, transparent membrane [Fig. 4, *m*] not found in marine polypides. Along with this there is always found a curious ciliated appendage which covers and guards the mouth, called the epistome [*e*].

The mode of propagation most common to vegetable life, and to the lower forms of animal existence, is budding. This mode is retained by the polyzoa; but another very common mode, that by fission, is lost. Though the life of the polyzoa is very simple it still shows a marked advance upon any life which we have yet considered. These little creatures possess distinct organs for the performance of special functions, and are not like the hydroids and actiniae, mere aggregations of cells, each containing within itself the essential elements of life, and from which a complete organism may be evolved. We have seen that any portion cut from a hydroid is capable, under favorable conditions, of developing itself into a perfect animal, just as a bit of the stem, or even the leaf of certain vegetable organisms will strike root, and finally develop into a

perfect plant. The formation of new individuals by fission, whether it be by self-division or by artificial section, disappears as we reach the higher and more specialized life of the polyzoa.

There are six different kinds of cells found on the polyzoa; these all increase alike by budding. In the earlier stages no difference can be detected between them,—that is, for example, an immature polyzoön cannot be distinguished from vibracula, or avicularia of the same degree of development. If we take an erect specimen of plant-like polyzoa,—*Bicellaria tuba*, for instance [Fig. 6],—in a living, and unmutated state, we shall find the animal cells in

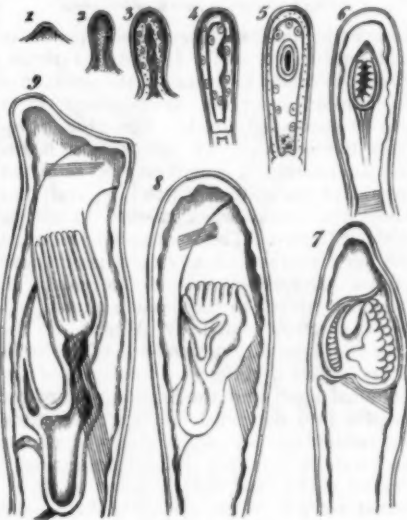


FIG. 9.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, Progressive forms in development of gemma
into perfect polypide. [After Allman.]

every possible stage of development. On the tips of the branches the cells are in course of formation; below these they contain polypides still immature; below again, the various branches show cells in which the polypides are in the full vigor of active and predatory life, while lowest of all the cells are seen either to be empty, or to contain certain apparently lifeless "brown bodies." This is a generalized description, and gives a fair idea of a polyzoön colony, though the animals in these different stages of development are not marked off from one another by any distinct dividing lines.

Of the four modes of reproduction



FIG. 8.
1, 2, 3, 4, Progressive forms in development of embryo. [After Allman.]

among the polyzoa, three are asexual, and one is by ova. In Fig. 1, the relative position of the testis, *t*, and of the ovary, *o*, may be seen. The spermatozoa, as has been already said, develop from the nucleus of the cells (or vesicles of evolution) of the testis; when mature they escape and propel themselves, by means of a vibratile cilium, through the



FIG. 10. STATOBLASTS.

A, Side; B, edge view; C, inclosed in investment.

perigastric fluid till they finally penetrate and fertilize the ova. In certain varieties, *Bicellaria ciliata*, for instance, the ovum after fertilization undergoes development in a sort of marsupial pouch. This [Fig. 7] retains the ovum, *o*, by means of a heart-shaped capsule, *c*, which may be retracted by aid of the muscular band, *m*, and thus allow the ovum when mature to escape without injury. The marsupium is often the nursery to several successive generations of ova. The whole process of development, from the ovum to the mature animal, has been carefully noted by Allman, in the case of *Alcyonella fungosa*—one of the freshwater polyzoa. After the formation of the germinal spot, and the breaking up of the vitellus into the usual mulberry-like mass, the contents of the egg are seen to assume an oval or roundish shape, possessing a central cavity, and richly ciliated on its external surface. This ciliated embryo—still confined within the walls of the ovum—undergoes the changes represented diagrammatically in Fig. 8, 1, 2, 3, 4. Finally, one polypide shows itself, and then a second, within the upper turned out or evaginated portion [Fig. 8, 4 *a*]. The two polypides grow in size and develop into perfect animals—the external membrane of the ovum growing to meet the requirements of the growing animals. This finally gives way, and the embryo swims freely through the fluid of the perigastric space. After a time the entire sac becomes developed into an ectocyst, which with the endocyst constitutes the cell of the new polyzoön. A colony of alcyonella, by the budding out of new polypides from these two, which have developed from the ovum as has just been described.

The *Cristatella mucedo* [Fig. 3] is one of the most beautiful of polyzoan colonies. It

begins with a single plumy crown projecting above the investing cell, which is formed of endocyst only. From a definite spot in the side of this form,—which is to be the parent of the colony,—a bud develops, and then from another spot, another bud springs out, each new bud in its turn giving rise to others; but always according to a definite plan, so that a mature colony invariably assumes the form of an oval disk, convex above and flat below. Upon the upper surface of this disk in three rows, concentrically arranged, are the orifices from which the polypides emerge. These [*p*, *p*] are so disposed as to alternate with each other, and to leave an oval space in the center in which statoblasts [*s*] are developed. On the under surface, in the center of a radial arrangement of tubular cells, a corresponding oval space may be seen. This is a contractile disk, *d*, by means of which the whole colony can creep about over the stones or the stems and leaves of aquatic plants. The ordinary colonies of

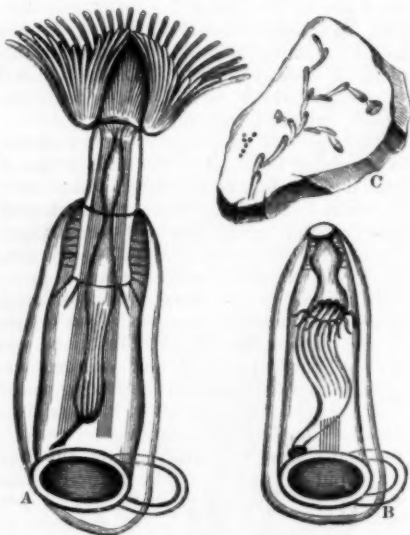


FIG. 11. POLYPIDES STILL ATTACHED TO VALVES OF STATOBLASTS.

A, Exserted; B, retracted; C, polypides and statoblasts. (Natural size.) [After Allman.]

cristatella are about an inch long, and from an eighth to a quarter of an inch wide. To the naked eye it has the appearance of a bit of greenish-gray silk chenille. The glass shows that the fluffy, silky look is caused by the numbers of exserted delicate flower-like polypides. Most of the polyzoa are found lurking under stones or in shady

crevices, and are easily alarmed, so that the least movement near them causes them to fold up and stow away their tentacles for safety; but cristatella rejoices in the brightness and warmth of the sunshine and does not withdraw its tentacles unless very roughly treated. "This exquisite little polyzoön," Allman says, "seems, in fact, capable of existing only under the full influence of the light, and in the midst of the innumerable vortices excited in the surrounding water by the vibratile cilia of its tentacles." The form produced by gemmation of the ordinary kind is illustrated by *Paludicella* [Fig. 1, B]. The form assumed in the course of development from a small bud to the mature polypide is shown in Fig. 9, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, showing successive stages.

Another mode of asexual reproduction, found in certain fresh-water varieties, is by means of statoblasts [Fig. 10 A, B] which develop in cristatella in the central oval disk, and in other varieties in the funiculus [Fig. 1, f]. Their form and delicate sculpture are shown in the figure. They are not eggs, but a kind of internal bud which develops, and is freed after the death of the parent organism, and its consequent decomposition. When these statoblasts happen to fall in a favorable place the polypide within them develops; the valves then open and the crouching Venus arises out of her fairy-like shell, and floats away in her tiny boat over or through the surrounding waters.

By a fourth mode, which is truly marvelous, the older cells of certain salt-water colonies are re-peopled when their earlier tenants die off. Before the death of a polypide in such a case, an hour-glass constriction is seen to take place in the lower part of its stomach [Fig 12, A]. This constriction deepens till the lower stomach looks like a separate organ, and in the meantime the polypide dies, leaving this globular body, of a brownish color, still attached to the funiculus. This is the brown body, which has already been alluded to as the sole tenant of many of the older cells of a colony [*Bicellaria ciliata*]. From this body,—germ capsule as it is called,—a new polypide arises. Fig. 12 shows the successive stages of such a development in A, B, C, D, E, F.

This mode of reproduction is so unprecedented that Claparède, one of the first modern naturalists, came to the conclusion that the delicate gray buds of the new polypide, seen among the brown matter of the old, was the result of a retrogressive metamorphosis through the same stages (only in a reverse order) in their decline as in their development. The scientific imagination in this case is nearly akin to the poetic, and might well express itself in one of the loveliest lines of Keats's beautiful poem:

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again."

The empty animal cells of a polyzoarium

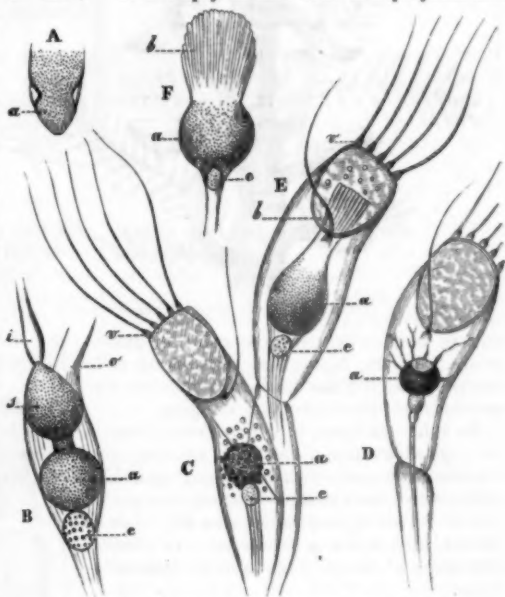


FIG. 12. *BICELLARIA CILIATA*. DEVELOPMENT OF NEW POLYPIDE FROM GERM CAPSULE.

A, a, Lower part of stomach. B, digestive sac removed from cell; a, oesophagus; s, stomach; g, globular appendage to form germ capsule; c, oval gold-colored body in funiculus; e, intestine. C, Germ surrounded by oil globules. D, Germ capsule just beginning to form. E, Polypide developed from germ capsule. F, same removed from cell. [After Hincks.]

are sometimes re-peopled by a true budding from the inner lining of the cell wall. Colonies of cristatella and lophopus [Figs. 3 and 4] are also multiplied by fission, but this is very different from true self-division, as it is the colonies, and not the individuals, which divide, and it is really a division, and not a multiplication.

Some varieties, among which is numbered the beautiful *Anguinaria spatulata*, instead of producing buds immediately from the animal cell, send up their gemmæ from a creeping stolon. Its irregular creeping stem

winds about the stalks of certain sea-weed,—those clothed with hair like fibers being generally chosen,—and sends up every now and then tubular processes terminating in cups [Fig. 13]. In the living state, this

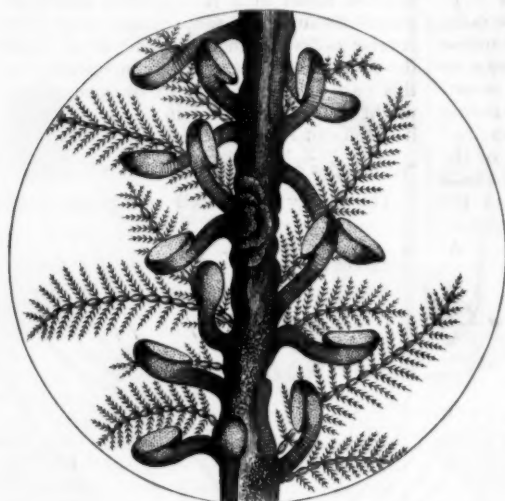


FIG. 13. ANGUINARIA SPATHULATA. [FROM NATURE.]

variety is of a delicate rose-color, or glossy white. In the figure, the cup-shaped cells are polyzoa, and the feathery fronds are the sea-weed to which they are clinging.

In other varieties, of which *Crisea eburnea* is a good example, the cells are long and tubular, arranged on a branching plant-like plan, with round orifices looking to opposite sides. This species belongs to the infundibulata, and forms a common, very minute, coralline, of which Fig. 14 is a representation.

Some of the most common, as well as the most beautiful of the polyzoa are the *Flustra*, or sea-mats. These develop, by lateral budding, into beautiful filmy textures, rivaling the most delicate lace. Fig. 15 gives, side by side, the representation of the texture of an exceptionally fine piece of round-point lace, B, and a bit of *Flustra paraceta*, A. The same magnifying power is used for both—100 diameters. Gosse, in describing a living specimen of flustra, uses such a felicitous figure that the temptation to borrow may be pardoned. It is the leafy sea-mat [Fig. 16] of which he is speaking. It spreads itself out, when mature, into a film about three square inches in area, which is composed of two layers of cells placed back

to back. Let us suppose, with him, that each one of these myriad cells is a baby's wicker cradle, which it resembles in shape; now let us take twenty thousand such cradles, glued side by side, so that the bulging upper portion of one row of cradles shall fit into the concave curve which marks the side of the lower portion of the next row beyond it—quincunx fashion; when this is done, turn over the plate formed of the twenty thousand cradles, and fasten to its back twenty thousand more, arranged in the same way, and placed bottom to bottom,—this, in everything but size, will represent the three square inches of sea-mat. The head of each cradle is elevated above the level of the lower portion, and over each is drawn a thin transparent membrane with a curved slit over the pillow end. Such an opening may be seen in Fig. 15, A, a. Here and there about the surface, instead of the cradle, may be seen a tiny round box with a convex lid. To the naked eye, these look like the minutest of seed pearls studding

the delicate lace. These are the avicularia of the flustra which open and shut their little lids as comically and energetically as do the birds' heads their beaks. Each cradle, it may be seen, sends out four stiff spines over the adjacent ones; these rise obliquely across the neighboring bed and guard it from many



FIG. 14. CRISEA EBURNEA. [FROM NATURE.]

dangers. To the cells containing the pearls there are no spines attached, as they would hinder the movement of the lids, nor on that side of the adjacent cells, as the avicularia want no protection.

"Suppose, yet again," says Gosse, "that in every cradle there lies a baby, with its

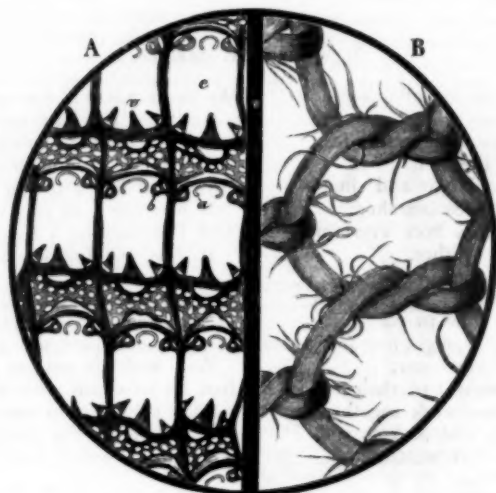


FIG. 15.

A, *Flustra paraceta*; B, round point lace. [From nature.]

little knees bent up to its chin, in that zig-zag fashion that children, little and big, often like to lie in. But stay! here is a child moving softly. He slowly pushes open the

semicircular slit in the coverlid, and we see him gradually protruding his head and shoulders in an erect position, straightening his knees at the same time. He is raised half out of bed, when lo! his head falls open and becomes a bell of tentacles! The baby is the tenant polyp."

This fanciful description is so graphic, and so wonderfully suggestive of the appearance and movement of a polypide as it exerts itself, that it is worth more than many perfectly accurate accounts which would in the end be less true, because less intelligible.

These fragile little creatures, by means of the delicate filmy corals that they leave behind them, have written the records of their lives all over the rock tablets of the past. Just as the great mountains of ice in the polar seas, and the heaped-up masses of snow upon Alpine peaks are built, layer upon layer, of such delicate frost tracery as a clear cold night leaves upon our window-panes, so the vast accumulations of the palæozoic lime-stones are the work of millions upon millions of these tiny polyzoa, heaping up beauty upon beauty, till every detail of delicate grace is lost in the mighty aggregation of solidity and strength.

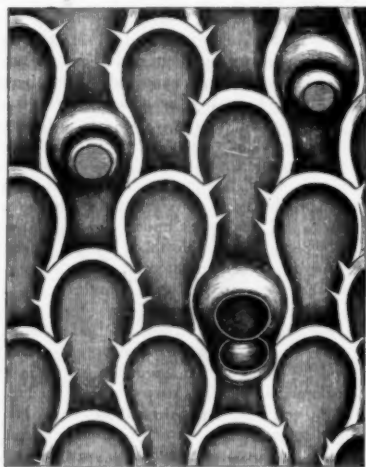


FIG. 16. FLUSTRA. LEAPY SEA-MAT.

A VINTAGE SONG.

ONCE more the year its fullness pours
 To cheer the heart of toil;
 Once more we take with gratitude
 The blessing of the soil.
 I hear the children laugh and sing,—
 They pull the grapes together;
 And gladness breathes from everything
 In this October weather.

The winter days were long and dark,
 The spring was slow to come;
 And summer storms brought fear and doubt
 To many a humble home.
 But rain and sunshine had their will
 And wrought their work together,
 And see! we heap our baskets still,
 In this October weather.

My heart has had its winter, too,
 And' lain full bare and gray;
 I did not think a spring would come,
 Much less a summer day.
 How little did I dream that life
 Would bring us two together,
 And I should be a happy wife
 In this October weather!

Doubtless the frosts will come again,
 And some sweet hopes must die;
 But we shall bear the passing pain,
 And smile as well as sigh;—
 Nor let us cloud with fears of ill
 This golden hour together;
 For God is in His garden still
 In this October weather.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Great Strike.

It would not be a pleasant task to review the list of influences which led to the great strike. Some of them—more important than has been popularly imagined—have had little notice; and they lie so far back, or so deep down, that they are not likely to be talked about. That the railroad force of the country has been very badly demoralized, is evident enough; but if we should say that its demoralization had come mainly through its rulers and employers, we should be met with pretty universal incredulity, if not with indignant protest.

The example which directors and managers have set to those in their employ has not been a good one. The men who have done the hard work of the railroads have looked on and seen others get rich by illegitimate means. They have seen whole boards of directors drop off gorged from schemes that have left the stock interests without a drop of blood in their veins. They have seen stock watered, tampered with, robbed. They have seen railroads which had absorbed the livings of trustful widows and orphans managed solely for the private interests of their presidents and directors. They have seen roads built with bonds that were lies, and were known to be lies. They have seen roads in ruinous competition with each other, while they were compelled by this competition to do their work at small wages. They have been made to work upon the Sabbath, and have been practically shut away from all religious instruction by those who, with sanctioning faces and conveniently obtuse consciences, have "taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the House of God in company." The railroad

corporations are very few that have manifested the slightest interest in their employes, beyond getting out of them what it was possible to get for the consideration agreed upon.

All this is shockingly true, and all this has had a great deal more to do in preparing for the strike than most people have imagined. Yet there is nothing in this to justify the strike, or, rather, the form and features it assumed. Nobody in the world questions the right of any man to refuse to work for the wages offered him. Labor is a value which a large number of men put into the market for sale. If the man who has it to offer cannot get the price he asks for it, he has an undoubted right to withhold it, precisely as if his labor were a bushel of wheat, or any other commodity. The simple fact that he has been in the habit of selling his labor satisfactorily to a corporation gives him no claim upon the corporation. The fact that a man has sold iron, or oil, or coal, to a corporation, and has received his money for it, gives him no claim upon the corporation. He has parted with his value, received the equivalent, and there is the end. He has no right to insist that he will forever sell iron, or oil, or coal to the corporation at his own price.

Now, there are among these strikers—however bad some of them may be—good and true men, who are mistaken as to their rights. They do not own a dollar of the railroads they help to operate; they have not a power that is not delegated to them; they have no right except to the wages which they have agreed to work for. They have no right to keep others from working at wages at which they themselves refuse to work; they have no right to

obstruct the passage of trains; they have no right to attempt the control of property which does not belong to them. We do not doubt that many of the strikers have been shocked and disappointed at the outrages which have been committed in their name, or professedly on behalf of their cause. Such excesses were inevitable in the nature of the case. The moment the strikers took an illegal step—the moment they placed themselves outside of the law and beyond their right—they became the companions of thieves and outlaws, who recognized the relationship at once, and joined them, or undertook to lead them. They had a perfect right to refuse to work for the wages offered them. So long as they simply refused, and stood to argue the matter fairly they would have had the moral respect if not the sympathy of the people around them. The moment they laid a finger on property not their own, or undertook to control the running of trains, they became a mob of conspirators against the rights of property and the public order, and placed themselves upon even footing with the worst elements of human society.

And now that it is all over, it is a good time to ask once more what good has come from this strike, and what good has ever come of any strike. The laws of nature which, after all, govern the laws of trade, or are the laws of trade, can never be overcome or circumvented by a strike. Labor will always command its value—no more, no less. We mean by this not that it will not vary—not that it will not fall below or rise above its value at any time—but that during any ten years of industrial history it will command its average or aggregate value. Strikes are always mistakes; they are often crimes. Nothing under heaven but ignorance can make them anything less than crimes in all the future. This great strike has been a foul disgrace to the country. It has made us contemptible in the eyes of the world. It has done no good to any human soul. Nobody is the richer for it except some wretched thief. Property has been put out of existence, life has been sacrificed, the wheels of returning prosperity have been stayed, a new distrust has sprung up between employers and employed, and absolutely no good has been accomplished.

The day of the inauguration of trades unions and labor organizations in this country was a day the blackest and fullest of menace to the popular prosperity and peace that ever dawned upon the nation. They have been an unmitigated curse to employers and employed alike. The nature and purpose of many of these organizations are simply outrageous. They have been despotic toward their own members, oppressive toward the class in whose interest they pretend to have been established, impertinent and intermeddling. They have assumed the right to control property and business in which they had no more right than if they lived in the moon. They have practiced a despotism which would long ago have been howled out of existence if it had been indulged in by any other class, and now when many establishments are run entirely for the sake

of giving work to the laborer, and without the slightest hope of yielding profit to capitalists, they strike! There should be in the good sense and good principles of the great mass of laborers a reaction against this wretched crime, and this stupendous foolishness.

Pauperizing the Clergy.

We had occasion, in a recent article on the general topic of pauperism, to speak of the bad influences of charitable aid when rendered to young men preparing for the Christian ministry. As everything we said was conceived in a spirit of the warmest friendliness toward the profession, we were not quite prepared for the acrid, not to say contemptuous, criticism with which it was received by a portion of the religious press. We had supposed that the desirableness of independent means in the acquisition of an education, for any profession, was beyond controversy. We had supposed that clergy and laity alike regarded it a misfortune to a young man to be in any way obliged to accept aid in preparing himself for the work of his life. Indeed, they undoubtedly so regard it still; and if it is for any other reason than that it tends to degrade and pauperize him, we have not learned it.

But one religious paper, which ought to be ashamed of its childishness, has undertaken to controvert this very widely held opinion. We have not its words before us, but the point it makes is that if it pauperizes a young man to have his education given him, it will pauperize him equally whether it is given him by the hand of charity or by the hand of his parents! Another religious paper copies this with approval! We should do both papers great injustice if we should assume that they do not know better than this. The sophistry is so puerile that one feels humiliated in being compelled to expose it. A man who takes the responsibility of introducing a child into existence assumes certain duties and obligations which place him in relations to his offspring such as he holds to no other human being. The child possesses certain rights in his father's labor, his acquired capital, his home, his conditions, that can never be alienated except by his crimes. Among these rights is that of a preparation for the work and duty of life. Now, the difference between the position of a boy who feels that in his education he is receiving his natural and legal right, and of one who knows that his education comes to him as a gift of charity to helplessness, is about as wide as can be conceived. Nobody knows this any better than the charity student himself. If he is manly, his position galls and worries him, and he is never happy until he has in some way paid off his debt. If he is not manly, it has a powerful influence in making him a pauper for life. We say, then, that the religious paper which declares that the influence of charitable aid is the same as parental is not candid. It knows better and ought to be ashamed of itself.

More plausible, and more candid without doubt, is a correspondent of a secular paper who compares

the student at West Point with the charity student. At West Point, a young man receives not only his tuition, but his support, without charge; and the influence of this education is not regarded as a pauperizing one. On the contrary, it is looked upon as a most honorable and stimulating one. Now, why should not an education bestowed by the government have the same effect upon the mind of the recipient as one bestowed by the gifts of the benevolent? We may state as a fact that it does not, and that everybody is conscious that it does not. We may assume, therefore, that there is a sound reason for this difference in the facts. The government thinks it worth its money to have an educated body of men, learned in the art of war, to be always ready for service. This body of men, in surrendering themselves to discipline, and holding themselves ready for what is expected of them, have the consciousness of rendering an equivalent for what they receive. They are ready to pay their debt in the only way in which it is desired to be paid, or can be paid. The aid they have received is in no possible sense a charity. It is given by the country for a consideration; it is accepted by the student who perfectly understands the nature of the equivalent he renders.

There are those, undoubtedly, who would undertake to point out a parallel between the church and the government, and to maintain that the young man who gives himself to the church renders an equivalent for all the church may do for him, in preparing him for service. We are not, however, talking about what may or might be, or what ought to be. We are talking about what is, and the simple fact is that the aid given to the students for the ministry is, and is felt to be, charitable aid. It carries no such self-respect with it as is entertained by the son who is educated by his father's money, in the enjoyment of a heaven-bestowed right, and no West Point pride, bred in an institution that takes no note of rich or poor, but identifies itself with the governmental interest and honor.

Whatever we may have written upon this subject, first or last,—and we have written a good deal upon it,—we have had at heart the interest of the Christian ministry. The body is disgraced by a large and not rapidly diminishing mass of men who occupy in their parishes the position of paupers. How and when they became willing to be the constant recipients of gifts we do not know. We do not think they are the sons of men who were able to give them an education. We do not think they are men who wrought out their own education. We have no doubt that they are men who began by being helped, and who, to the disgrace of their profession, have remained willing to be the recipients of charity from year to year. If there is a man in this world who should be in independent circumstances it is the Christian teacher. Generous support is a matter of right, and any minister who will consent to receive the payment for his work with even the smell of charity upon it, is a pauper. This is what we ask for,—a body of men who hate charity as it relates to themselves, who are

"touchy" as it concerns their business rights, and who compel their parishes to understand that their money has its equivalent in ministerial work as truly as in any work. This, too, is what we ask for,—a body of young men who will be willing to wait five years that they may earn money rather than touch a dollar of "help,"—a body that will enter the pulpit mortgaged to no society of old women of either sex, and with a sincere hatred of all the influences that tend to degrade their profession in the eyes of a practical business world. And we cannot conceive how anybody can find fault with these views and wishes and motives of ours, unless they touch to consciousness a pauper spirit within himself.

Regulated Production.

IN a recent number of "The Popular Science Monthly," we find an important and most suggestive article from the pen of O. B. Bunce, which attempts to enforce the policy of "regulated production." There is no question that the popular doctrine that the supply is always regulated by the demand, and that demand will always elicit supply, does not work with the requisite nicety or sensitiveness. A demand springs up, let us say, for paper. Immediately hundreds of mills start into action, each anxious to do its utmost to meet that demand with supply. They are operated night and day, and before they can feel the subsidence of the demand, the market is glutted. Then the mills are reduced to half time, or the gates are shut down altogether. Thousands of workmen and workwomen are either reduced in wages, or deprived of all wages; and then, of course, comes distress. They cease to be consumers of anything but the bare necessities of life, and thus every interest with which they hold relations is made to suffer with them. They buy no cloth, they live in the cheapest quarters, they drop all luxuries, and their over-production becomes, in every respect, a popular disaster. The demand brought the supply, but the supply for a year was produced in six months.

We all remember with what opposition the introduction of labor-saving machinery was met in England. The laboring classes had an instinct that there was somewhere in it mischief for them. In this country, less opposition has been manifested, because the labor market, until within a few years, has not been over-supplied. In the development of a new realm there has been enough for everybody to do. It was not long ago in this country that the instincts of labor began to apprehend trouble from over-production. The labor-saving machinery was all invented, however, and in use, and the only remedy that seemed to offer was a reduction of the hours of labor—the shortening of the day's work. This could not work well, because it was not universal, and it was a clumsy resort in every respect. No manufacturer, paying a fixed sum for eight hours' work, could compete with another who paid only the same sum for ten, eleven and twelve hours' work. The matter got into the hands of demagogues, guilds and societies have

endeavored to control the capitalists, and there has grown out of it a long train of mischiefs.

Now, for a series of years, labor and capital alike have been in trouble. Capital has not been able to buy labor, because it could not sell its product. Labor has not been able to buy anything, because it could not earn anything to offer in exchange. It has seemed like an irremediable dead-lock. We look for better times, but they do not come, and there appears to be no mind so gifted with foresight as to be able to predict the date of renewed prosperity. Machinery in vast and multiplied organizations, and capital in large accumulations, lie idle, while labor lives from hand to mouth and waits for something to do. In the meantime, fictitious values have died out, speculation sleeps, and at what point matters can possibly begin to improve surpasses conjecture. Large exportations of produce may start consumption again, and so set capital and labor at work; but nobody knows anything about it.

Of this one fact, however, all men at this time have come to be well aware, viz., that we have the machinery and the labor for producing more of the ordinary materials required in civilized life than we can sell. The further fact, to which we have already alluded, that "the law of demand and supply" works clumsily, and often disastrously, when left to itself, is also pretty definitely apprehended. There would seem, therefore, to be no alternative policy but that of "regulated production." That this is possible in limited spheres has already been abundantly proved. There is at this time in Massachusetts a society of paper-makers who are intelligently and successfully "regulating" the production of their mills. They understand that if they run their mills day and night, as they did when business was good, they will produce paper in such quantities as to raise the price of stock and reduce the price of paper, as well as glut the market. So, by keeping the supply as nearly even with the demand as possible, they manage to run their mills half time—that is, only in the day-time—and to make a profit on which they and their employes can live. This is what may be called "regulated production;" and we know of no reason why the policy may not be adopted by every manufacturing interest in the country.

The government, of course, can have no voice in this regulation, but it can be of incalculable assistance in rendering it intelligent. It can ascertain—

approximately at least—how much paper, in all its varieties, how much muslin, how many shoes, how much woolen cloth, how many sewing-machines, reapers, plows, hoes, shovels, how much cutlery, how many hats, are made and sold in a single year. It can also ascertain the producing capacity of the respective groups of manufactories, and thus reduce to the simplest sum in arithmetic the problem of regulated production. This sum, intelligently ciphered out, nothing remains but honest co-operation, free and frank intercommunication, and fraternal loyalty. Our American Silk Association, for instance, with its printed organ, its regular meetings, its thorough intelligence in all matters relating to the supply of the raw material, and the demand for the manufactured product, can so regulate the production of silk that the whole interest can be kept in a healthy condition.

Mr. Bunce cites the combination of the coal companies which recently exploded, with such disastrous results, as a perfectly legitimate one, provided it had been entered into in order to prevent an over-production of coal. We heartily coincide in this opinion, and presume to add that if this had been the only motive of the combination it would not have exploded. The combination to prevent an over-production is not only legitimate—it is necessary. The attempt to force prices and profits on coal, in order to sustain a speculation in railroad stocks, or to bolster up roads that have no legitimate basis, was what burst the combination. Such evils will always correct themselves, though, in the correction, they inflict great disasters. The present low price of coal is not a benefit to anybody, in the long run. The consumers of Pennsylvania cannot suffer without inflicting injury upon the manufacturers of New England and New York, who get their coal for less than it costs to produce it. Regulated production, with all that it promises, means, however, contentment with modest profits—a toning down of the old greed for sudden and enormous wealth. It means also the entrance upon untried fields of enterprise, increased intelligence, and a development of skill. A limitation in quantity will bring an improvement in quality, every man trying his best to lead the market, or to make his market sure. We know that when a manufacturing interest is enormous, like that of iron, or cotton cloth, it is difficult to associate the capital involved, but it can be done—ought to be done—must be done.

THE OLD CABINET.

TO THE OLD CABINET:—Dost thou remember, most ancient and honorable furniture, the country house from which thou wast removed, to take up thine abode in the loud and multitudinous city? Not, O venerable secretary! that in thy new home thine ears are cracked with noises, and thy brain made dizzy with the endless procession of men.

No, the house over which thou lorest is hidden and compassed about by sky-confronting walls. The jingling of the horse-cars; the long, high note like that of a flageolet which the freight-car wheels make as they sweep round the corner under the Washington monument; the cry of the peach-vender and the hot-corn man; the shrill noon-whistle of the

factories; the rumbling of the wagons; the booming of the clock in the steeple; the drone of the hand-organs; and at night the bellowing of extras by the deep-voiced and mendacious newsboys—all these sounds come to thee, in thy city hermitage, mellowed and mixed with the nearer and gentler songs of the barber's trained canaries, the singing of the telegraph wires high over thy head, the fluttering of the vines about thy windows and, the household clamor of the parrot which calls "Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up!" from the second story window of thy next-door neighbor, the carpenter.

But surely thou hast not forgotten thy former home! It is of this that I send tidings to thee. In the corner where thou once stoodst, the chintz-covered sofa has taken thy place. But the fire on the hearth is lighted, as when thou wast here, on cool days of summer. Out-doors, the gigantic button woods came out late this year, but they are in full foliage now and show no signs of the mortality which hath taken hold upon others of their kind. The black-heart cherry-tree whose twigs used to knock against the window of the room above, *that* had gone the way of all black-hearts, before thou didst depart from these shades. But now it has been followed by its brother that stood at the edge of the grove. It was farmer Abner's ax that put the poor old creature out of its misery: the last of its sturdy race. It was burned, not buried; and as in life its fruit and shade had given pleasure to many, so was its last end gay and hospitable. The grove is not much changed. The myrtle has spread still wider over the deserted flower-beds. The branches of the pines stretch out still farther, but the sound that the wind makes in their tops is the same as when thou didst last hear it.

WHEN a man goes back to the scenes of his childhood, one of his most curious experiences is that of looking over fences beyond his former range of sight. A fence or hedge once bounded his thoughtless vision in a certain direction, when a boy; now he stretches up and looks over or through and sees how the land lies. Then it is that he discovers that the blacksmith's garden does not open out into infinity, but that it backs up against the shoe-maker's yard. For that vague, yet fixed landscape of the mind, suggested to the youthful gazer, a new one is substituted—correct and limited. He is disturbed, he has even a feeling of melancholy. It is thus that one by one the conventions of life are brought into a new view as we grow older. It is thus that science opposes itself to imagination. Say what any poet or man of science will, the first effect of science upon imagination, as upon religion, is deadening. Keats was right when he drank "confusion to the memory of Newton." The scientific spirit is opposed to the emotional and the imaginative spirit. The poet or the man of religion may recover himself, and be all the stronger and wider in his poetry and in his faith for the shock and for the broader knowledge; but that there is and must be a shock it is idle to deny.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked about

the necessity that the modern poet should gather "material" from science. He certainly ought to know all that he can learn in every direction. But when it comes to his poetry he can ignore science, like Keats, or make much of it, like Tennyson. But Keats is the greater poet; not, indeed, because Tennyson's science has hurt him, but simply because the author of "Hyperion" is more of a poet than the author of "In Memoriam."

IN revisiting the old town, year after year, it is interesting to watch how different families "turn out." One constantly sees careful training result happily and honorably. On the other hand, there are the A—s, who live down near the little brick school-house. They have been a notoriously bad lot as long as I can remember,—the parents, at least,—a drinking, brawling, cursing couple, who brought up their children apparently like pigs. Marvelous to relate, every one of those children has turned out well.

This I remember about the father and mother: quarrel as long and as loudly as they might, they were always together—or not far apart. To this day, in their bent and halting old age, they go trailing up the road after the cow,—just as they have done for the past thirty years,—the woman walking a rod or two behind the old man; and as both are deaf as posts, they keep bawling at each other at the top of their lungs, in conversation which may be either friendly or unfriendly.

A YOUNG missionary made an address here Sunday morning. I was anxious to hear how he would justify his conduct in going away from his present congregation, his wife and his three children, to be absent three years on the fever-stricken West African coast. Although he did not enter into all the particulars of the case, I knew that he had been over there before, with a plucky young wife, who, however, was compelled to leave. I knew, too, that he had not asked to be sent, but had merely put himself in the hands of the Board, who had thought it necessary to use him. I went to church a good deal prejudiced, but I thought the young man made out a strong case for himself, if not for his superior officers, and perhaps incidentally for them also. Men accept equal dangers for the chance of a fortune, he urged, why not for the sake of religion. The lists of European army officers anxious to be sent out to the military stations in that country are crowded, simply because promotion is more rapid. Shall a "soldier of the Lord" be less willing? The least convincing part of his argument was in reference to "conversions." It was painful to hear him make so much of the mere repetition of the Lord's Prayer by an imitative old savage woman. He brought forth better instances than this, however, and in his own mind seemed to be well satisfied with the results of the work at the "station." He moreover laid special stress on the doing away with certain brutal customs, even among those not fully "converted."

As I walked home, I said to myself: Whether

he is right about his mission or not, he has builded better than he knew. The spectacle of a man who, every one is perfectly aware, would not swear falsely about his income, or stuff ballot-boxes, or log-roll in the legislature, or sell his newspaper for an office, but who, on the contrary, is leading, in this sordid and selfish and deceptive world, a pure, ideal and unselfish life,—such a spectacle exerts a spiritual and ennobling influence which it is impossible to estimate. A talk like that calls the hearer out of himself. It is an appeal to his imagination. It is like reading the "Arabian Nights." Better still; it is like reading "Paradise Lost." For not only the imagination is excited, but the higher feelings and aspirations are stirred; and to many who heard the young missionary that morning, the grinding routine of the week-days has a tendency to deaden both mind and spirit. Whatever that young man may accomplish in Africa, it is evident that he has performed a good work in the United States. He has done his part toward bringing about those days of general goodness when we may expect an international copyright, a better understanding between labor and capital, and the reform of the civil service; and when it will be thought neither odd nor infamous for a president to keep his faith with the people.

IN the hammock under the pines it is pleasant to re-read Milton, and profitable to read therewith Landor's "Conversations" about him.

One comes to believe when one reads Milton, Wordsworth and many others of the greatest, that only poor writers and modern Frenchmen fear to be dull. I remember asking a young writer why she did not cut a sentence down by one-half, thus making it clear and unaffected. She was astonished at the suggested pruning, and naively declared that she supposed if she wrote "that way" people would say that she wrote stupidly. What she lacked was self-confidence. She should have made her sentence simple and brief, for the same reason that Milton made "Paradise Lost" at least twice too long,—because she had no doubt that what she said was worth while.

But after all, who would want Milton trimmed; and whom would we trust to do it? Certainly not Landor, who, though one of the most acute and liberal and just of Milton's critics, has his own cranks, and if he could would omit some of the most memorable verses. If you cut Milton wherever he is dull, or priggish, or shows any kind of bad taste, then you must cut out of Landor all that is narrow and extravagant. Let them both stand as they are, for the example, edification, and intellectual exercise of mankind.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Wood Fires.

WE grant, as has recently been said, that an open fire is "incompetent to heat our houses;" but we believe it can be made such an important factor in the culture of children, that we have no hesitation in urging others to try it. In houses that are wholly warmed by furnace, the family circle is likely to become impaired. The children take their friends to their own rooms, and the mother rarely becomes intimately acquainted with their associates. Around a wood fire, all naturally come together; what interests one, comes in a little while to interest all, and the children learn to be open and free. The fire warms the heart as well as the body. A wood fire lit early in the evening when the children are home from school is all that is necessary. When the boys get used to coming in from the cold and snow to find a cheerful hickory fire blazing on the parlor hearth, with the room not too nicely furnished for them to use, they will not want to leave it for any outside attractions. The moment the familiar whistle is heard in the evening, let some kindling wood be thrust under the logs. The pleasant sensation produced by a blazing fire, if repeated every day, winter after winter, amounts to a great deal of happiness in a boy's life-time, and will never be forgotten. It is difficult to overestimate the value of this central gathering-place for the whole family. Wood fires are not dusty, and when used not for heat, but for

cheer, and only in the evening, are not costly. The moderate heat of a furnace or stove is sufficient for the parlor by day, and but little wood in the fire-place is necessary to make it comfortable at night. Indeed, the register often has to be turned off and the doors have to be closed to keep the heat of the house from rushing into the parlor. The wood fire ventilates, and thus, not only are the feet kept warm, but the head remains cool. Half a cord of hickory wood lasts us about a month, and we use it on Sundays after church, and on other days if we have friends to dinner, or the children are to be at home. In spring and fall an open fire-place is particularly useful. Every one knows how the furnace is disliked in moderate weather, but by using at such times the wood alone, the desired heat is obtained and far more than the cost saved in the coal that would be burned to waste. If the fire-place is painted black, there will be a good background for the red flame, and the brick-work will not be made to look shabby by the smoke. Let it be a good hearty blazing fire or none at all. Better to save in fine furniture, or in rich desserts, than put on logs sparingly. Brass andirons are the best, for they never wear out, and the labor in keeping them bright is much exaggerated. The wood should be sawed in but two pieces, so as to reach clear over both andirons. A lot of corn-cobs will make a hot, quick blaze, just before the children go up to bed, and will make their slumber all the sweeter.

HANNAH SNOWDEN.

New Varieties of Berries.

Of the hundreds of new seedlings varieties of small fruits that are introduced each year, with high praise and flattering recommendations by the originators, and the warm indorsement of the prominent lawyer, minister and store-keeper from the town where the fruit was raised, only very few ever live long enough to get even a position on the "promising list" of our national or state pomological societies.

Some of these new-fledged aspirants show at first distinctive traits of superior qualities that would indicate to a fond owner, a bright and prosperous future for the bantling, either in size or productiveness or vigorous habits of growth. But with age and experience under different modes of treatment these qualities grow worse instead of better, and by common consent the varieties are soon consigned to a place among the long list of worthless and rejected fruits, never again to be heard from.

Beginners should deal sparingly and with caution in these new and high-priced novelties, no matter how those interested in the sale of plants may speak of their extraordinary qualities, in the advertising or "local" columns of the newspapers. That there is occasionally a rare and valuable new seedling introduced there is no question, and the merits of such are soon recognized and appreciated. But where there is one such instance, there are, speaking within bounds, at least five hundred where the seedlings never get as far as standing alone, before they are fated to oblivion, for lack of any qualities that would warrant their perpetuation. Seedling fruits not infrequently gain local and merited reputations on account of special cultivation or the character of the soil and climate; but when such fruits are transplanted to other and different quarters they turn out to be of little or no value for either garden or field culture. This is the reason why there are, comparatively speaking, so few varieties of fruits that ever attain a high standing in any wide range of territory, and these influences affect the character and growth of small, more than that of large, fruits.

Last season's experience in strawberry culture has developed no marked changes worth mentioning. For family use and garden culture, among the older varieties that have more than held their own, may be named the "Charles Downing," "Seth Boyden" and "Triomphe de Gand," with the "Wilson Seedling" and "Neunan" for market or field cultivation. There are some few new varieties of strawberries that give marked indications of thrift, size of berry and productiveness. Within the confines of their birthplace and under the tender care of their owners, some of these new sorts have attained extraordinary size, while the quality of the fruit is quite promising. But it is yet too soon to allot any of these even an approximate place in the scale of merit. In course of a year or two they will drop into their proper position.

A few of the most noticeable and worthy new kinds are the "Great American," the "President Lincoln" and the "Duncan." The first and second produced during the past summer some of

the largest berries ever grown in this country. If with ordinary cultivation these sorts grow as large and yield as abundantly, they will certainly be valuable acquisitions to the now limited list of choice sorts. The "Duncan," while not so large in size as the others, is productive, firm in texture and of good quality, and bids fair for a place among the market sorts. Another year's trial with these berries will place them where they belong.

In the raspberry fields this year's experience has made few acquisitions to the list for general cultivation. For years past the great desideratum was to get a hardy red raspberry as productive and of as good quality as the "Hudson River Antwerp." Of the new sorts, the "Philadelphia" is hardy and very productive, but soft and inferior in quality. The "Brandywine" is tardy in growth when the vines are young, produces average crops of bright, firm berries of very poor quality. The "Highland Hardy" is one of the promising hardy sorts, a free grower, an early bearer, and with fruit of bright color and good quality, commanding higher prices in open market than the "Antwerp." The "Winant" is another of new sorts that gives strong indications of becoming a valuable addition to the hardy list of red raspberries. It makes a stocky growth of cane and bears freely of a large, handsome berry of good quality and showy appearance. The "Cuthbert" gives promise of being a large, productive crimson berry, and of fine quality. The drawback to this sort is its lateness and irregularity in ripening its fruit. The latter, however, would not be an objection in garden culture for home consumption.

There are no changes or additions worth recording in blackberries. The two varieties that still hold their own for garden and field cultivation are the "Kittitiny" and "Wilson's Early." The first named is by far the better for family use, while the productive habits and the brief time of ripening gave the "Wilson" special advantages for market purposes.

P. T. Q.

Cookery and Cooks.

STEW-PANS and gridirons have seen three changes of rulers in as many generations. Our grandmothers, in the majority of cases, were their own purveyors and cooks. They broiled venison and stirred mush in western cabins, or, if they were so lucky as to be the mistresses of a household, themselves taught the slave or white "bound girl" the mysteries of salting beef or whipping syllabubs. Their daughters, grown rich and fashionable, suddenly dropped the whole matter into the hands of German Lena or Irish Ann, fresh from the cabin and pot of potatoes. Then came the reign of disorder, dirt, and dyspepsia, until it occurred to some bold reformer about ten years ago to present cookery in theory and practice as a fine art, and to offer it again to the consideration of women. The bait took. Ranges and saucers were suddenly discovered to have their æsthetic, scientific, even sentimental, side. Our young matrons crowded to study under Professor

Blot; private classes were established. Even young girls in New York and Philadelphia, last winter, had their cooking clubs. The leading newspapers find they can fill column after column for their women readers with acceptable recipes for frying, brewing, and baking.

Now, we have one word of advice for our zealous readers, especially such among them as are young housekeepers. It is right and proper that they should understand cookery in its hygienic and chemical bearings, especially if there are any invalids in their families. Certain hereditary tendencies to disease require as a preventive certain kinds of food; the physical peculiarities of each child demand a peculiar diet. Yet this is a matter which few physicians will enter into in detail. Every intelligent woman ought to understand it for herself. She ought also to exercise such supervision over her kitchen that she may be confident when a meal is served, that it has been cooked and served with the daintiest cleanliness. Every woman ought to be able also, with her own hands, if need be, to make tea, coffee, and bread, and to cook a wholesome, savory meal of meat and vegetables. Farther than that it is not necessary she should go; unless, indeed, she have a genius for the art, and take such pleasure in it that she finds in it her true vocation.

In the first place, cooking in its recondite branches is an art which requires apprenticeship and long, faithful practice. Many an eager young matron watched the croquette or soufflé turned out of the hands of Professor Blot, apparently the simplest thing in the world, and, going home, made a miserable botch of it. Two-thirds of the recipes given in the papers as practicable require appliances, sauces and skill quite beyond the reach of any private household. Little Mrs. Bligh can no more make one of Francatelli's simplest entrées, than that great *chef* could have equaled her in darning Bligh's coat, or disciplining the children. Let the shoe-maker

stick to his last. Mrs. Bligh's table will be more wholesome and acceptable to her guests if she offers them only the savory roasts and broils and the simple desserts which she or any intelligent girl can prepare; let her eschew elaborate dishes until she can afford to employ people to make them who have taken cookery as the business of life, and who understand it as she cannot do.

One word, too, upon the subject of cooks. It is a popular belief that the ignorant Irish still rule in our kitchens. This is no longer true. They have fallen out of employment in most respectable houses in the larger cities, and their places are filled by Scotch, Swedes, Germans, or Irish no longer ignorant. The majority of servants in the houses of the readers of SCRIBNER, we venture to say, are self-respecting, partially educated women, with intelligence sufficient to reward culture. Housekeepers would find it to their own interest to lay aside the popular habit of regarding them as churning machines, and to treat them in their human capacity.

The same amount of study and interest given to the cook, her work, her personal story, hopes and capability that is now given to crockery, would result in a better moral atmosphere in the house, and we have no doubt in an improved table.

Note on "Blue India China."

THE writer of "Blue India China," in the August number of SCRIBNER, wishes to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the story of the willow pattern plate, there referred to, is now being printed, with a wood-cut of the plate, in the "Tea-Cup," a little sheet issued monthly by the Oriental Tea Company, 85 and 87 Court street, Boston, Mass., in which it will occupy two or three numbers. By inclosing a five-cent stamp to the above address one can have the numbers sent free to any part of the United States.

NOTE.—Contributions to this department of a practical nature are invited and will receive prompt attention.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Gill's "Life of Poe."

"ABOVE all," said Talleyrand to a young diplomat,—"above all, no zeal." Mr. Gill would have done well if he had remembered this little anecdote while he was writing his "Life of Poe." He is too zealous. In a word, he is so violent a partisan that he has injured the cause he has espoused so warmly. He has convicted Griswold of many flagrant errors, and we are glad to have him convicted of them: for no one now cherishes animosity toward Poe,

whatever he may have done thirty years ago. And no one has any respect to spare for Griswold. This fact being understood, the besmirching of Griswold is certainly unjustifiable. He was no saint, perhaps, but he was not a sensualist, as Mr. Gill charges, and a libertine of a very low order. It is not true that "he knew no standard of morality higher than his own." Mr. Gill is mistaken in saying that Poe's susceptibility to the influence of drink became manifest during his first period of isolation from his child-wife at Richmond. It began while he was at the University of Charlottesville. Mr. Gill errs in attributing the passage on page 33 of his "Life" to Griswold. The paper in

* The Life of Edgar Allan Poe. By William F. Gill. Illustrated. C. T. Dillingham: New York. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger: Philadelphia. William F. Gill & Co.: Boston. 1877.

which it appeared was written for the "Southern Literary Messenger," by the late J. M. Daniel, at the request, not of Mr. John P., but John R. Thompson. The error is a slight one; but, as Mr. Gill is a lover of accuracy, we call his attention to it that he may correct it in a future edition. He writes more vaguely than a biographer should. If "a contemporary of Poe writes" this or that, why not state the name of the contemporary? The merest penny-a-liner that writes in the least of the Boston journals is a "contemporary" of Longfellow or Emerson. Let us know who the "contemporary" was, and who was "one of the most respected clergymen in Massachusetts," alluded to on page 79. We should also like to know in what magazine or journal "Hans Pfaal" was first published, and also the date of publication of Locke's celebrated "Moon Hoax." We presume "Hans Pfaal" appeared in the "Messenger," if the "Messenger" was in existence when it was written. Mr. Gill has never seen the "Manual of Conchology" to which Poe put his name,—has never handled it and inspected it visually,—and compared it with the original edition, which, he says, was printed in Glasgow in 1833, or he could not have written his account of Poe's wholesale "conveying" (supposing Griswold's statements to have been correct), and his light dismissal of the charge. Baudelaire was caustic when he described Griswold as "the pedagogic vampire;" but he was not original when he wrote: "Are there no regulations in America to keep the curs out of the cemeteries?" Hannay was beforehand with him, for he wrote in his generous but ill-considered little memoir of Poe: "One pious scribbler told us—very soon after his death (have they not in America, as here, a rule at all cemeteries 'no dogs are admitted?')—"

"His faults were many, his virtues few."

The severe treatment which Poe received in the biography by Dr. Griswold, which has for so long obtained general acceptance, has perhaps secured in the end a fuller account, and a more satisfactory vindication of his life and character, than would have been placed before us had his original hope been fulfilled and the work of editing been left to the poet Willis. It is no wonder that Griswold's view of him was received, for but few persons have known that in 1850, soon after the publication of Griswold's memoir, Mr. Graham, of "Graham's Magazine," printed an indignant protest against what he thought a calumnious outrage upon the memory of the man he had known and employed. Since then, Mr. Stoddard and other writers have also shown the falsity of some of Griswold's statements.

It is now well ascertained that Poe's intoxication was a thing caused by even the smallest quantity of wine, and took the form of terrible despondency or of strange and highly intellectual but deranged orations on abstruse subjects, and that he was a kind husband, gentle-mannered in his association with many persons, and exceedingly industrious about his writing. Still, that he was subject to intoxication and was at times in-

tensely irritable, are facts sufficiently attested. The excessive susceptibility to liquor is to be charged probably to his father, who was a drinker; and Poe's descent from an old line of Italian nobles who went to Normandy and thence to Ireland, mixing their peculiar traits with the ardor, the simplicity, the powerful affections of the Irish character, may account for his keen sensitiveness as well as for some of his metrical predilections. When we reflect that, in addition, he was bred in our high-tempered South, we have another factor in the difficult problem of his life. It should be remembered that the imaginative literature which we now boast could hardly have come into existence when it did, had not our authors in most cases found other means of support than the poor rewards of writing which the first half of this century yielded in this country. Lowell and Longfellow have had private fortunes and collegiate places; Bryant, from an early date, was connected with the newspaper press, and Whittier was for years a journalist. Cooper had an estate. Dr. Holmes has been a successful physician and medical professor. Hawthorne could perhaps never have reached his best fruition but for government employment. Poe was almost alone among the more important literary aspirants of that time in being absolutely dependent on the work of his pen. The few who were placed in similar circumstances and succeeded, like Willis and the now-forgotten Fenno Hoffman, wore themselves out with overwork; but Poe had not the business talents requisite to gain even their transient and harassed ascendancy. It is not difficult for any one who knows the literary life, to conceive how great was the strain, therefore, to which Poe was subjected. With his delicate and emotional organization it would hardly have been wonderful had he sunk into the depths where Griswold's unsympathetic report placed him. All things considered, then, it must be admitted that he made a brave fight, but was overborne by a legacy of drink, by an overweight of genius naturally morbid, and by the asperity of circumstances.

Fisher's "The Californians."

CONSIDERING how much has been written about California and its people, one may well excuse in the average Californian all the self-conceit with which he is usually credited. Perhaps, no other people now living has been so analyzed, and no inhabited country has been gone over so thoroughly with a microscope. And, after all, we fail to discover any novel or unique developments of character in the Californians. Their state is no longer wonderful since its rapid growth has been arrested and its golden wealth has ceased to flow in a torrent. California, we take it, is an epitome of the republic. If we have any striking national characteristics, they are to be found in their most pronounced form in the Golden State. Is the average American quick

* The Californians. By Walter M. Fisher. London: Macmillan & Co. pp. 236.

in a quarrel? The Californian is only a condensed expression of this universal peculiarity. Is the American a florid boaster? The Californian impoverishes the language in his attempt to catalogue the glories and advantages of his state, the splendor of its achievements and the enormosity of all that appertains to it. He calls a chicken-stealing panther of his beloved thickets a "California lion." His humble flounder is dubbed a "turbot," and the seals that howl dismally along his coast are known as "sea-lions." The steel-blue sky that arches over the bleak and wind-swept city of San Francisco is described as "Italian," and no words of praise are sufficient for the landscape, which is green with sparse tufts of wire-grass three months in the year, and brown and ragged with dryness all the rest of the time. The Californian lives, boasts and enjoys himself as much as if the fantastic beauties and glories about him were real instead of imaginary.

What is all this but slightly forced Americanism? If the American believes that this is the greatest country in all creation, the Californian only caps the climax when he complacently calls his own, "God's country." To the Californian, then, comes the Eastern or foreign visitor, note-book in hand, and with the deliberate purpose of analysis, research and learned publication. Since he is so much written about, the already twice-proud denizen of the soil beholds himself as a demigod of fame. His comrades regard each other through magnifying glasses.

Mr. Walter M. Fisher's book is the latest contribution to the voluminous literature for which California and the Californians have furnished an excuse. Mr. Fisher is an Englishman who was engaged in assisting Mr. H. H. Bancroft in collating materials for his work on "The Native Races of the Pacific." During his sojourn in California, he acted as one of the editors of "The Overland Monthly," and, according to local reports, assisted at the final obsequies of that lamented periodical. Returning to London, and with a ludicrously vivid idea of being at a safe distance from California, he has written a very free-spoken book in which the most careless reader will discover a determination to "get even" with his late entertainers. It is impossible not to see that Mr. Fisher writes like a man with a grievance.

The game is not worth the candle. There is no occasion whatever for this furious onslaught of sarcasm, philosophy, learning, and pedantry. Mr. Fisher, with much malice aforethought, and with manifestly sanguinary intentions, lays out his work as a general would plan a battle. To each particular object of his ferocious disquisition he devotes a special and conspicuous chapter. Thus we have for headings such titles as these: Their Country, Their Pioneers, Their Spanish Californians, Their Chinese, Their Reprobates, Their Women, Their Men, and so on to the end of the book, which, by way of final flourish, has for a title for the concluding chapter, "Pro Aris et Focis."

The author's style is smart and flippant. He means to be as quick and effective as a California

rifle: his weapon has the crisp rattle of a peashooter. All the dramatists, philosophers, poets, and satirists, ancient and modern, are lugged in as by their ears, and the pages of the book are garnished with inverted commas from the beginning to the end. It is edifying to find how much the author knows, and how prodigiously he has read. What Heine thought, Dr. Dasent said, Calderon imagined, "poor M. Crevel would have said," and all the rest said, sung, or remarked, illustrates Mr. Fisher's learning. But it does not signify. The author's intention was to abuse the Californians, and he has done it to his heart's content.

Racinet's "History of Costume."*

THE Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co. of Paris, a firm that disputes with the house of Hachette & Co. the honor of supplying France and the world with the most useful books at the cheapest rates compatible with the greatest excellence in editing and "making," have recently published the beginnings of a work which, by making its appeal chiefly to the eye, is sure of a welcome in this picture-loving age of ours. This is "The History of Costume,"—"Le Costume Historique,"—by A. Racinet.

The author of this work is well known already to that portion of our public which is interested in the decorative art by his illustrated work on ornament, "L'Ornement Polychrome,"—intended to cover much the same ground with the late Owen Jones's "Grammar of Ornament," though with more variety in the objects illustrated, and better fitted, by its size and mode of publication,—separate plates in a portfolio,—for every-day use.

The title of the book, "The History of Costume," is sure to be misleading. Racinet gives the word "costume" almost as wide a sweep of meaning as Viollet-le-Duc gives to "furniture" (*mobilier*), in his now famous "Dictionnaire du Mobilier." In fact, Racinet's book, when it is finished, will supply a multitudinous illustration to Viollet-le-Duc's dictionary, with the addition that, while this comes down only to the Renaissance and is confined to France, the work of Racinet deals largely with the Renaissance, and even follows the stream down to our own time, or, at any rate, to the age immediately preceding our own. Thus, in the first part of the work, of which two parts are already in the market, one of the prettiest plates is that which shows a double row of ladies, eighteen in all, dressed in the costume that prevailed in France from 1794-1800. These are the dresses worn by the great-grandmothers of the generation that is now preparing to say its farewell to the stage; and, as was shown at the delightful Martha Washington tea-party held lately in this city, hundreds of these dresses exist here to-day, laid by in presses and trunks as reverend heirlooms.

As in Viollet-le-Duc's great work, so in this of Racinet's,—the field surveyed consists not only of

* The History of Costume. By A. Racinet, Author of "Polychrome Ornament." Paris: Messrs. Firmin-Didot & Co. New York: J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway. Published by Subscription.

costumes proper, but of arms, armor, drinking-vessels, objects used in the service of the church, modes of transport, harness, head-gear and modes of dressing the hair, domestic interiors, and furniture in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The scope of the work will thus be seen to be considerable, and when it is understood that it will contain no fewer than five hundred plates, of which three hundred will be in colors and in gold and silver, and two hundred in tinted light-and-shade (*camaiieu*), it is evident that there is room and verge enough for an ample presentation of the subject. Each plate is to be accompanied with an explanatory text, and when the work is finished, there will be added an historical study, so that little will be wanting to make this one of the completest encyclopædias of the sort that has ever appeared.

Those people, however, who care but little for the explanations that accompany illustrations, even when they are as brief and full of meat as those supplied here, and who care still less for the historical disquisition that is to bind all these plates together, cannot, if they would, help caring for such a collection of objects, pictured as they are in these plates with all the perfection of the latest discoveries in color-printing, and in printing in metals and in tints. A charming taste has presided over the selection of the subject, and the abundant learning that has been brought to bear in the collection of illustrations from so wide a field of human action is made to seem like play, so lightly is it handled.

In publishing the separate parts, no scientific arrangement is observed in the order in which the subjects are presented. We have ancient Egypt, Assyria, Rome, Greece, India, Europe in the middle ages, and from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, Japan, Turkey, Syria, Russia and Poland mixed up for the present, as if the work were an illustrated report of a fancy ball; and, to most of us, the gay parade as it rolls along is none the less pleasant for this want of order.

The portfolios in which the prints are contained are a little short of eight by nine inches square, a size which makes them very convenient to handle. Each portfolio will contain, beside the twenty-five explanatory sheets, twenty-five plates, of which fifteen will be printed in colors, and ten in tinted light-and-shade. A part will appear once every two months, and the price, to subscribers, will be four dollars and fifty cents each part. When the work is completed, the price is to be raised.

Landor's "Imaginary Conversations."*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR is one of those authors who are either admired exceedingly or read with indifference. Few people who know anything about him are content with a half-way opinion. Being thus read sparingly, but with keen relish, his chances are probably excellent for having his reputation

hoarded and mellowed into a well-sustained perpetuity as one of the literary luxuries allowed to discriminating souls; but as his limited constituency has only encouraged small editions of his works,—soon exhausted,—his immortality will perhaps need a succession of publishers with an ardor for pure artistic writing, who will occasionally reprint him, as Messrs. Roberts Brothers are now doing. Some years since they gave us "Pericles and Aspasia," and we now have before us two volumes of the "Imaginary Conversations" in prose, with the third engaged to appear shortly. One cannot re-peruse these books without a fresh sense of surprise at the richly stored mind which they disclose, the combi-native faculty which applies a marvelous variety of reading with such delightful ease and tact, and the wary and acute intellect so teeming with observation of men, manners, laws, literature, philosophy, and so fertile in wise suggestions. The dialogue between Plato and Diogenes is delicious; scarcely less so is that between Anacreon and Polycrates. Read this exquisitely wrought simile from "Marcus Tullius and Quintus Cicero": "Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference. Look at any long avenue of trees by which the traveler on our principal highways is protected from the sun. Those at the beginning are wide apart; but those at the end almost meet. Thus happens it frequently in opinions. Men who were far asunder come nearer and nearer in the course of life." A more subtle beauty of a kind, which here and there touches the printed lines with a rift of light, is embodied in the remark on the "invisible flowers" of the grape-vine, which Landor lends to Epicurus: "The scent of them is so delicate that it requires a sigh to inhale it." The second series, comprising the conversations of sovereigns and statesmen, gains all the attractiveness that attaches to what lies nearer our time ("Washington and Franklin," by the way, would make good reading for members of Congress); and we believe the contents to be quite as well turned and full of humorous innuendo as the ancient dialogues.

New English Books.

LONDON, August 4.

LIKE other professions, the publishing trade is settling down for its autumn holiday; and indeed, during the past month, very few books have been issued that are worthy of record. The season, by common consent, is allowed to have been a dull one, both for literature and art. To this condition of things the shadow of war in the East has no doubt largely contributed. Books always stand a bad chance of being noticed when the newspapers contain matter of more immediate and absorbing interest. The increase too of high-class periodicals like the "Nineteenth Century," the "Contemporary," and "Fortnightly" Reviews, etc., makes them formidable rivals of the old-fashioned "standard" books,—the product of some months' thought of arrangement between author, printer, and publisher. In these rapidly recurring monthly numbers, it has become of late years the fashion for leading men of

*Imaginary Conversations. By Walter Savage Landor. First Series: Classical Dialogues, Greek and Roman. Second Series: Dialogues of Sovereigns and Statesmen. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros.

every pursuit in politics, science, art, theology, etc., to claim the confidence of readers, under their own names, on almost every topic of rising interest. Formerly, when a man had anything of importance to communicate to the public he printed a pamphlet on it, and every bibliographer knows the immense extent of the pamphlet literature of England from the days of the Commonwealth to a recent period, and the difficulty or impossibility of securing valuable matter endangered by its appearance in this fugitive form. Now, the paper of the politician, philosopher, or critic, is safely housed in one of these "Monthlies," from which, in due time, it is garnered into a volume of the writer's "miscellanies," and takes its place in the library shelves. The more old-fashioned, anonymous "Quarterlies" barely maintain their existence, and live more on their old reputation than on anything else. It is remarkable that this mode of intercourse between the public and the leading minds of the age has found no favor in the United States, where, of all other places, it would seem to be most available.

Among the great writers of the day who have their own way of addressing themselves to readers, no one equals Mr. Ruskin in singularity. He has now some eight or ten periodicals, of various forms, and uncertain dates of issue, in progress. Two of them are recently commenced,—“St. Mark’s Rest: The History of Venice, written for the Help of the few Travelers who still Care for her Monuments,” and a “Guide to the Pictures in the Gallery of the Venetian Academy.” Besides these, in the late volume of the “*Bibliotheca Pastorum*,” he makes an appearance in a new character, that of a critic and commentator of an old English author, Sir Philip Sidney. It is entitled “*Rock Honey-comb: Broken Pieces of Sir Philip Sidney’s Psalter, laid up in Store for English Homes, with a Preface and Commentary.*” 8vo. The original work was first published from an old MS. in 1823, where it is attributed to Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. Mr. Ruskin says it is “better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection.” The Commentary and Notes, though “prepared for school service,” are, as might be expected, of a very peculiar nature. Mr. Ruskin, who has lately been seeming to fall into a kind of ultra-montane quietism, is now strong and vigorous again in his old puritanic wrath, showering contempt on “the modern Charles Dickens manner of Christian who would have nobody hanged,” and entering with the highest zest into the denunciations of wickedness and the wicked that pass current under the name of King David. It is unfortunate that this fine writer should adopt the bad habit of calling the people whom he does not agree with disagreeable names. An artist of some celebrity is said to have commenced legal proceedings against him on account of the unmeasured criticism of his work in the current exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, contained in the July number of “*Fors Clavigera*.” In spite of his many inconsistencies, the influence of

Mr. Ruskin’s opinions on the artistic taste of the public was exemplified in one of the most remarkable fine-art sales of this year. It comprised between fifty and sixty water-color drawings by Turner, the property of his late friend and patron, Mr. Munro. The greater part of these were about the size of the palm of one’s hand,—the drawings for the title-page vignettes of the small edition of Walter Scott’s works, where they are engraved the exact size of the original. The sum realized for this little lot of drawings was twenty-one thousand pounds, or about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. In the ante-Ruskin days, before a critic of surpassing eloquence had expatiated with loving admiration on the powers of the great painter, they would have been considered dearly purchased for five hundred pounds.

The newly elected Oxford Professor of Poetry, Principal Shairp, of the Scotch University of St. Andrews, who certainly unites in his own person two offices that have never before met together in a single individual, has just published a charming volume “*On the Poetic Interpretation of Nature*,” 12mo. It includes an inquiry into the true sources of poetry, and the relations of poetry with science; what it has to dread from the prevalence of the latter, and what modification it may have to submit to. The way poets have dealt with nature, among the Hebrews and the classic nations, is considered, and the return to the acknowledgment of its influence in the modern English school, closing with a view of “Wordsworth as an interpreter of nature.” As late as the days of Keble the Oxford lectures on poetry were delivered in Latin, but Professor Shairp wisely seeks a wider audience than a mere academic one.

An interesting volume of Shaksperean dissertation is furnished for readers in “*Shakspere, the Man and the Book: a Collection of Occasional Papers on the Bard and his Writings*,” by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. Dr. Ingleby is known as one of the most acute of the many minds who find their chief enjoyment in the study of Shakspere, and his thorough exposure of the unfortunate (to say the least) “discoveries” and “new facts” of Mr. Collier relative to the great dramatist will not be forgotten. His present volume includes papers on “*Shakspere, the Man*,” and “*Shakspere, the Book*.” In the first division are comprised matters personal,—on the spelling and meaning of the surname, the portrait of Shakspere, his birthday, etc., etc. As regards portraits of the poet, Dr. Ingleby runs counter to ordinary opinions in violently denying the correctness of the Droeshout engraving, and the Stratford monumental bust. Against these he upholds the Somerset portrait, attributed to Cornelius Jansen, and the supposed *post-mortem* cast of the face discovered in Germany by Dr. Becker. “*Shakspere, the Book*” includes papers on Hamlet, the sonnets, etc., and is distinguished by the usual independence and shrewdness of the writer, who promises another volume to embrace further elucidation of his theme.

Two collections of the miscellaneous writings of

eminent men, exemplifying the greatest possible opposition in modes of thought, have just appeared. "The Miscellanies of Cardinal Manning" (whose earnestness as a polemic does not obscure his talents as a writer on historical and belles-lettres subjects) comprise lectures and reviews delivered or written during the last fourteen years, and form two volumes, 12mo. The "Critical Miscellanies," by Mr. John Morley, embrace many of his studies on a subject that he has almost made his own—the condition of France in the eighteenth century and the preparatory steps to the great revolution, and in addition, his severe analyses of Macaulay's papers and J. S. Mills's religious views, on popular culture, etc. "Mortimer Collins, His Letters and Friendships, with some Account of his Life," by Frances Collins (his widow), is the record of a life spent in literature, where, however, the writer has scarcely left an abiding name. Many of his works of fiction met with success at the time of publication, and Mr. Collins possessed a vigorous personality that stamped everything proceeding from him with energetic earnestness; while a love of poetry, a country life, and its simple pleasures, saved him from the Bohemianism so often the fate of those with whom literature is the sole dependence.

As yet the war has not been a prolific source of book-making. A very interesting volume "Montenegro: Its People and History," by Rev. William Denton, gives a new view of the country and its people, by whom some at least of the warlike virtues of the heroic ages are reproduced; even if they are accompanied by a harshness and severity that seem out of place in the nineteenth century, and in regions where provocation is unknown. The outlying dependency of the Porte—Egypt—is claiming attention both for its own importance and from its connection with the Turkish empire. Ample accounts of its present state and prospects will be found in two recent works, "The Khedive's Egypt, or the Old House of Bondage under New Masters," by Edwin de Leon; and "Egypt as it is," by J. C. McCoan, late editor of the "Levant Herald." "Two Years of the Eastern Question," is promised by A. Gallenga, the well-known Anglo-Italian traveler and writer; and the new and elegant edition of Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," just completed, in six cabinet volumes, may almost be referred to as a book bearing on the present times, enriched as it now is by the later views of the author. For other portions of the world we have a very lively and entertaining book by a traveler who treats of ground almost entirely new in "The Sea of Mountains: an Account of Lord Dufferin's Tour

through British Columbia in 1876," by Molyneux St. John, 2 vols. The writer is connected with the press in Canada, and chronicles very amusingly the fortunes of the viceregal party whose route necessarily led them across a portion of the United States when the Governor-General and his lady met with a reception flattering to their own personal qualities, and creditable to the population among whom they played the rôle of "distinguished strangers." "A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia," by G. L. Arnold, and "Through Norway with Ladies," by W. M. Williams, both describe pleasantly what may be called family experiences in the northern regions, where hitherto a love of "sport" has carried the English salmon-fishers; but where increased facilities of locomotion now cause their footsteps to be followed by the ordinary wanderers in search of a change and "the picturesque."

A book, somewhat of the old type of thoroughness in its treatment of a subject is "Servetus and Calvin: a Study of an Important Epoch in the early History of the Reformation," by R. Willis, M.D. 8vo. The writer has gone completely over the existing documents relating to the life of the vain, arrogant, and irrational Michael Servetus, whose career was so fatally opposed to every consideration of prudence or worldly wisdom. His professional studies have enabled him to do justice to the genius unquestionably possessed by Servetus, whom he pronounces to be "the most far-sighted physiologist of the age," as well as "a man of great honesty and sincerity." His relations with John Calvin were such as might be expected from a knowledge of the opposite natures of the two men, and afford a painful subject of study, though a necessary one to all who would rightly appreciate the men and the motives that actuated their conduct in that crisis of the intellectual history of Europe.

Of all the names drawn from neglect by the searching grasp of modern critical research, there is none more remarkable than that of William Blake. In his life condemned as a dreamer if not a madman, both his drawings and his poetry now command prices that seem unaccountable to those whose experience extends a few years back. His greatest work of mingled verse and art—interwoven text and design—"Jerusalem, the Emanation of the Giant Albion, 1804," is called by his biographers "the most marvelous of all his apocalyptic utterances." Only two or three copies have turned up since the artist's death; the last one sold for one hundred pounds, this spring. It has just been reproduced (100 copies) in beautiful fac-simile and will be a treat to the lovers of the mystical in song and art.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Improved Pneumatic Dredgers.

THE increased size and depth of modern ships and the general introduction of sewage works in our cities have combined to raise the subject of port and river navigation to a question of the first im-

portance. The ships demand deeper water and the waste of cities constantly tends to fill up the channels. The success of the South-West Pass Works (a species of natural dredging) and the success of the Suez Canal point to dredging as the best means

of obtaining those desirable ends—1st, the removal of the silt and, 2d, deeper water. Projects for clearing out the Mississippi in place of building retaining banks, or levees, are already attracting attention, and all appliances for raising silt from port and river bottoms thus deserve attention. Among these are two new forms of pneumatic excavators. One of these employs an iron pipe 12.20 meters (40 ft.) long, and 76.2 centimeters (30 in.) in diameter, suspended vertically from a derrick on a steam-barge. The top of the pipe is closed air-tight and the bottom is left open. A steam-pipe takes steam from the barge to the top of this pipe, and beside it is a small water-pipe and an air-lock, controlled from the barge. In using the excavator the pipe is lowered into the water till it touches bottom, where its weight causes it to sink in the silt. The air inside is locked in as the pipe descends, and the moment it comes to rest steam is turned on, at once drives the air out through the air-lock. This done, a water jet is opened and the steam contained in the pipe is condensed at once, forming a vacuum into which the silt and water below instantly rise, partly filling the pipe. The pipe is then raised with its load of silt and water to the surface and may be discharged into scows. This excavation is at present employed in raising auriferous gravels for mining purposes. The other form of dredges employs four large iron tanks arranged in pairs on the deck of a steam-barge. These cylinders are air-tight and are connected in pairs at the top with a large pipe that goes overboard, and by means of flexible hose reaches the bottom of the river, fill or dock that is to be excavated. At the bottom, the hose ends in a semicircular nose that may be guided over the surface of the silt as desired. Other pipes connect the tanks with air-pumps, and suitable discharge-doors are placed below each tank. The work is performed continuously in this way: the air-pumps exhaust one of the pairs of tanks, and as soon as a vacuum is obtained the suction-pipe is opened and the loose silt near the pipe is drawn into the pipe and thus into the tanks. As soon as this process begins, the pumps begin to exhaust the second pair of tanks, and by the time the first are filled and discharged they are ready for a load. To facilitate the work a chain may be employed to guide the nose of the suction-pipe, and to loosen up the silt by means of a jet of water from a hose, or the bottom may be stirred up by explosions, and the hose may be guided by ropes from the barge.

Novel Method of Book-binding.

A NEW process in book-binding is announced that offers a radical departure from the methods usually employed. The sheets of the book are first carefully trimmed at the front and back to secure straight sides, and then the back is cut, reducing the book to single sheets. Vertical lines at equal distances and a diagonal line from corner to corner are drawn on the back to serve as guides. A thin coat of glue is given to the back, and then the binder sorts the leaves into two piles, taking up ten or more sheets

at a time and placing them in alternate piles. Each pile is then given four saw-cuts at the vertical marks, two to the right and two to the left in a diagonal direction and at an angle of 45° and a few millimeters deep. The two piles are then laid together in their proper order. The diagonal mark on the back here serves to show if all the heaps of leaves are in their proper order, and it may be seen that, if they are in the right place, the saw-cuts in the sheets will cross each other and leave a hole where they intersect through the entire pile of sheets. Strips of cloth are then pasted to the edge of the first and last pages, and by the aid of a needle the binding-cord is passed through the holes and knotted at the ends and the binding is finished. The fly-leaves and covers may afterward be added in the usual manner.

The Electric Candle.

THE electric candle, already described in this department, has been reduced to still greater simplicity, and continues to maintain its valuable properties in electrical lighting. The two carbon rods, placed side by side, are now separated by a thin strip of kaolin, and by employing an alternating, in place of a direct, current, the difficulty attending the different rates at which the rods burn is avoided, and they may be made of the same size, and may be burned at either end of the candle. In use, the candles are placed in opal glass dishes and are hung high overhead in the shops or railway stations to be lighted. The candle is designed to burn just below the rim of the dish, so that the direct glare is softened, while the full light shines upon the wall and ceiling, and is thus reflected and diffused, so that the intense shadows that accompany this light may be softened. Six or more candles have been used on one circuit where a "Gramme" or "Alliance" machine has been used, and each light is reported to have a photometric value of about 1,600 common candles.

Incised Designs on Felted Fabrics.

ALKALINE solutions of caustic soda or potash have been recently employed to cut or eat away parts of the surface of felted woolen fabrics for the purpose of ornamentation. The solutions, mixed with dissolved Irish moss so as to form a thin paste, are laid on the fabrics by means of stencils or engraved rolls, and the fabrics are then dried leaving the solutions to set. The goods are then steamed under a light steam pressure, till the softened paste dissolves away the fabric to the desired depth. The design being thus developed on the fabrics they are thoroughly washed to remove the caustic paste, when the design appears incised on the surface, and the goods may be dyed or otherwise treated as seems desirable. For cotton felts a dissolving solution formed by saturating a strong solution of ammonia with oxide of copper and mixed with a stiffening or paste of glue is used. The figures thus incised in the fabrics are reported to be neat, clear and durable.

Effect of Wrapping-Papers on Dyes.

It has been found that woolen fabrics dyed in aniline colors, particularly magenta, have faded or changed color when wrapped in white paper. Investigation has shown that white paper prepared from rags, straw or other materials that have been bleached with chlorine, retains a portion of the chlorine for some time after it is made. Aniline colors are susceptible to the influence of chlorine, and change their shade when in contact with it, and even the exceedingly small quantity of chlorine in a sheet of wrapping paper is reported to be sufficient to change the shade of dyed fabrics so that the colors are disfigured and spoiled. To avoid this difficulty it is recommended to use blue wrapping papers for such goods, as these papers are colored with ultramarine, which tends to neutralize the effects of the chlorine.

New and Cheap Antiseptic.

BISULPHIDE of carbon has been recently reported as possessing remarkable antiseptic and preservative qualities, but the offensive smell and inflammable character of this substance make it both dangerous and troublesome. Zöller reports an improved treatment of bisulphide of carbon by mixing it with an alcoholic solution of caustic potash, with which it combines to form xanthogenate of potassium. This salt adds no taste or smell to substances with which it is mixed, and has all the antiseptic qualities of the bisulphide of carbon. A long series of experiments

reported by Zöller places this salt among the best preservative agents known, and its cheapness will undoubtedly soon cause its general introduction. In medicine, the xanthogenate of potassium is reported useful as an antiseptic, but if any bad effects are feared from the potassium, the xanthogenate of sodium may be used instead.

Memoranda.

POWDER paper as a substitute for gunpowder is announced. It is made by impregnating paper with a mixture of potassic chlorate, nitrate, prussiate and chromate, powdered wood charcoal, and a little starch. The dried paper is rolled into cylinders the shape of a cartridge, and, in use, is said to give $\frac{1}{2}$ more power than an equal weight of powder, with less smoke, and with no greasy residue left in the gun after firing. It can only be fired by direct contact with fire.

In coal-cutting machinery, the usual vibrating bar armed with teeth, after the manner of a common field-mower, has given place to a long, horizontal, round bar, covered with fixed steel teeth. This is caused to rotate rapidly, and, at the same time; it is pushed forward laterally by suitable feed-motion machinery. By this arrangement, the machine cuts out a smooth horizontal cavity about 10.2 centimeters (4 inches) high, and 152.5 centimeters (5 feet) long, when the bar is withdrawn, and the miner easily breaks down the coal. The machine is designed to be used with compressed air as a motive power.

BRIC-À-BRAC.**REACHING OUT AFTER THE UNATTAINABLE.****An American Stage-coach.**

SINCE a trip on the top of a stage-coach has become so deservedly popular with New Yorkers, a great deal of attention has been drawn to the subject of staging for pleasure, and there seems to be but one objection to the system so admirably carried out by Colonel Kane and the coaching club.

This objection arises from the fact that everything pertaining to these stages is strictly in the English fashion. The stage itself is an English vehicle; the driver is as much like an English stage-coach-driver as it is possible to make him; the guard blows his horn as Britishly as he can; the horses, which are English in all their appointments, are

changed in the English fashion, while the driver and the passengers, like Englishmen, get down to take a glass of English ale; the stage is whirled up to the tavern in regular English style, and, indeed, there is scarcely any difference between one of these New York coaches and an English stage.

Now, to a truly American mind, there is something distasteful in all this. If stage-coaches are to be run for the amusement and diversion of our people, why not have some of them based on an American model?

It may be well enough to give the people of our large cities an idea of how staging is, or was, carried on in England; but would it not be as well to show them how it is conducted in the far West, where there is a system of coaching which is distinctively American?

It would not be difficult, in the vicinity of New York, to make arrangements for running a line of stage-coaches strictly on the American plan. Any of the partly opened streets in the upper portion of the island would do for a starting-place, and a rough bridge, in imitation of those in use in the unsettled portion of the South-west, might be thrown over Spuyten Dayvil creek. The route could then be laid out along some of the least frequented country roads, and some of the low-lying places might be filled in with corduroy.

Then one of our Western stage-coaches, with six mules at full gallop, and a driver who was accustomed to guide them with the lines in his teeth and a rifle in his hands, would tear along the road, with all the clatter and bang and wild excitement that you could get on a road down near the Mexican border. The mules would be of the kind that no driver could stop between stations, and if he could keep them in the road it would be all that would be expected of him.

At certain points there would be armed men, ambushed by the road-side, whose duty it would be to fire at the stage as it passed, and as each of the passengers would be required to carry a rifle, very pretty sport could be had by peppering the bushes as the stage dashed along.

At other points, the stage would be stopped, and each passenger carefully robbed by highwaymen. This part of the exercises might be made very effective. The valuables taken could be returned on application to the stage office, or they could be kept as perquisites by the obliging attendants.

Sometimes the services of Indians or Mexicans might be obtained, and an attack on the stage by a small party of either of these would give variety to the proceedings.

Refreshments, such as are found at the stations on the prairie roads, would be furnished at the stopping-places, and many persons be thus afforded opportunities, which they could not otherwise obtain, of eating the crust off an immense lump of dough, hastily baked over a hot fire, and put on again after the departure of each coach, to be re-crusted for the next load of passengers. Some pork



WHEN THE BAND BEGINS TO PLAY.

and beans, and hot fried cakes, could also be served, if thought necessary.

Miners would be hired to play cards in the coaches and all the cards, knives, and revolvers necessary could be furnished by the company.

By careful attention to these and other details, a line of coaches might be established, which should represent, with accuracy and fidelity, some of the characteristic methods of travel in our own country. And it is scarcely necessary to say that this would be a great educational boon to people like the citizens of New York, who will soon begin to believe that there are no stage-coaches excepting those modeled and run upon the English plan.

ALFRED FORINAND.

Sleep.

THE weary portals of the sight we close;
And, in the bark of Somnus, sails unfurled,
In snowy wreaths of cloud, our souls are hurled
At mercy of each fitful breeze that blows.
Then from the depths that prescience never knows,
We through a varied flood of dreams are whirled,
And wake to find the life-stream that has curled
For ages round our planet, changeless flows.
And so, when drowsy death shall seal our eyes,
And from lamenting friends we pass away,
It may be that, awaking, we shall rise
Refreshed and strengthened for a longer stay,
And find the same old earth, the same blue skies
That we but lost in slumber yesterday.

ANDREW B. SAXTON.



Mr. Gently, having heard that there is a mad dog on the premises, goes out with the intention of dispatching him, but is suddenly petrified by the recollection of having recently been chosen to honorary membership in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Mirror.

I WOULD my lady's mirror be,
So might I hold her image fair.
And then perchance she'd smile on me,
Seeing her face reflected there.

I never could her mirror be,
For when she smiled on me, ah, then
My heart would hold the image sweet
And never give it back again.

WALTER LARNED.

Jaffrey.

I AM pretty, I am young, I am sixteen in truth,—
I canno' think o' weddin' so early in my youth!
An' Jaffrey he is old, full fifty years or more,
But he has acres broad, and gold a goodly store.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope waits day after day

For my answer.

My mother she is dead and my father's sick and lame,
An' if I marry Jaffrey there's nay a' one can blame;
For hardship and hunger come creeping in the door,
An' if I marry Jaffrey they never will come more.
Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope waits day after day

For my answer.

I worship dusky velvets, the sheen of jewels rare;
An' if I marry Jaffrey, I'll never know a care.
What matter Jaffrey's age when I'm a lady fine,
An' if I marry Jaffrey his gleaming gold is mine.

Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I will no' say nay!
So Jaffrey in hope, waits day after day
For my answer.

Hush, silly heart! Oh, hush! for Jaffrey loveth me;
An' if I marry Jaffrey a good wife I will be;
And love is but a fancy; there's many wed with-
out;

An' when I marry Jaffrey, then love will come,
no doubt.

Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I surely will say yes, an' I never will say nay!
So Jaffrey, in hope, wait yet another day
For my answer.

Another day, another day, another day did bring,
Till gone the gloomy winter, till come the bright-
ning spring;

The robins in the apple-tree have chosen each a
mate,

And I have learned what true love means before
it was too late.

Though Martin he is poor and the years may
never come

Which will find us man and wife in our humble
cottage home,—

Be the future as it may, my pathway is made plain,—
And now I know what true love means, I see the
sin and shame,

The misery and sorrow for Jaffrey and for me,
The bitter, bitter, bitter wrong, if wedded we
should be.

Ah, me! ah, me! alack! a-well-a-day!
I canno' say yes, an' I ever must say nay.
Go, Jaffrey, go! I canno' bid ye stay
For my answer.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

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